



THE COURT AND LADY'S MAGAZINE, MONTHLY CRITIC AND MUSEUM.

A Family Journal

OF ORIGINAL TALES, REVIEWS OF LITERATURE, THE FINE ARTS,
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c., &c.

UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

N E L L Y C O N N O L L Y, A N I R I S H T A L E.

CHAPTER I.

THE keenagh, or wild Irish lament, rose at intervals from an isolated hut, situate on one of the wild bogs of Cavan, announcing that one of its inmates had received the priest's last benediction; and now stretched a corse within its recent home, was alike the source to Erin's characteristic children of frantic grief, extravagant ecstasies, and indecent glee. It was the wake of Biddy Connolly, a woman who, though in impoverished circumstances, was held in high respect by her class, as well from her amiable qualities, as from certain hereditary pretensions to rank and consideration which she derived from an ancient lineage—a family said to have been once great and wealthy, and powerful in the land. But there was one among the party, then and there assembled, who mingled not in the idle gossip of praise, nor yet gave vent to the sudden wail of boisterous grief, who sat beside the body where it lay and leaned over its unanswering features in the attitude and depth of silent sorrow. This was the only daughter—the only child of the deceased. A few old crones, seated in a circle near her and attentively engaged in chat, raised the loud wul-wullah whose notes grew more protracted and sonorous when any fresh-comer crossed the threshold, while a pipe and tobacco were immediately supplied to either male or female who chose to revel in the indulgence. Nor was whisky pure, nor whisky punch wanted to complete the entertainment of all whose attendance on the occasion showed their respect for the departed. Many were the private stills which afforded the “mountain dew” around Cavan. The revenue officers were not particularly vigilant in that district, or the people were particularly successful in eluding the surveillance of the legislature, for at the period of Biddy Connolly's wake, the real “potheen” flowed much more readily from the spigot of every shebeen house, than the more hallowed barley-juice which is blessed by the dues of the exciseman. But to return to the mourning daughter of the house of Connolly. She was in the prime of youth. We

will not date her age with nice exactitude, nor dilate minutely on her charms of bust and figure, form of features, mental solidity, and excellence. Her firmness was such as might besem her sex, and her attainments such as might be reached by a curious feminine capacity, aided by the instructions of her priest and the affectionate advice of her mother. Suffice it to say, that her years just marked the time when parents watch and tremble, and lovers crowd to woo, and that her attractions were numerous enough to disconcert the plans of single blessedness built by many a professed sneerer at the arrows of the amorous god; and many a peasant and farmer among the hills and marshes by the river Erne, was duly sensible of the merits personal and otherwise of Nelly Connolly; and with the feeling which levels alike the beggar and the peer, "sighed and looked, and sighed again." And there was hardly a sturdy tiller of the soil in the surrounding parishes, whose heart beat not high, when his feats of wrestling, leaping, and stone-throwing, and his prowess in the hurling-match, were observed and marked by Nelly Connolly, and who looked not proud when she applauded. But when did an object of admiration fail to produce rivalry; and when did rivalry not engender jealousy, with all its dark train of fears, forebodings, recriminations, enmities? And how could Nelly Connolly, with her pretty face, scarlet cloak, and bonnet with white gauze veil for fair days and Sundays, hope to escape the general destiny of all flesh? Gold will expect to purchase compliance and wedlock, and the aspirant unblessed with fortune's favours will aim to win by attention and daring, what another would accomplish by overtture and rich proposals. Such was precisely the situation in which Nelly's circumstances involved her. Among the suitors for her hand were two whose superior claims for manhood and for wealth were tacitly acknowledged to leave little chance for the remainder of the crowd of competitors. Patrick Casey was a "strong farmer," one well to do in the world. He was vigorous and jocund, and those qualities, rendered eloquent by his fine assortment of pigs and black cattle, waving corn-fields, well stored haggart, and comfortable dwelling-house, spoke unutterable things as he thought, and others thought too, in support of his pretensions. He made his advances with cool assurance and confident self-esteem. He offered the inducements of fine clothes, a full purse, a fine table, oceans of whisky and fun galore, and judged the more punctilious heart-breathings of tender passion, as arts fit for those only who were obliged to resort to such mean expedients in default of more solid and enduring enticements: but he had reached the summit of life's steep, and though strong and fresh, might be considered rather an aged partner for one who had the brightest hours of youth yet beckoning to enjoyment. On the contrary, Terence Morgan was limited in his means to the solitary pig which he drove to the fair to make up his rent, and the scanty plot of ground which he tilled with his own hands to yield him his subsistence of potatoes for every coming year; but Terence Morgan was young, and soft, and winning, and for feats of manhood and stature of attractive beauty, the town which called him son could not boast an equal. With little to recommend him but insinuating address, and amiableness of manner and disposition, he paid his court to the lady of his love, by all the endearing expressions and tokens of attachment, marks of attention, and homage of deep respect, which his ingenuity, sharpened by affection, could devise. And when the smiles of the rustic goddess, Nelly Connolly, first appeared to give encouragement to his aspirations, and to raise him to be the rival of the redoubted Patrick, he was so general a favourite, that as many of his young associates were found to congratulate him, as to bend the frown of envy on his anticipated success. But much remained to be achieved by the worthy Terence. He had won his lady's ear, but was by no means certain that he had secured her heart. Patrick Casey pushed his addresses with boldness, and being able to back his suit with presents beyond the means of Terence, the general opinion was, that in the natural course of woman's preference, Nelly would become the prize of the man who dazzled her imagination with ideas of the greater splendour. And in truth the advantage of being raised to a pre-eminence in finery and independence above her compeers, to enjoy the bow of even his reverence himself, with sundry other matters, might have been enough to turn the head and decide the choice of a better-educated, stronger-minded maiden than we may suppose Nelly Connolly to be. There was, however, one barrier to Patrick's happiness

and consequently one presumption more in favour of Terence ; and that was, that Nelly's mother, although resolved not to interfere with her daughter's selection, had conceived a most insurmountable aversion to the wealthy suitor Patrick Casey, who cut off from the intercession of a parent in his behalf, was forced to depend for success solely upon creating an interest in the fancy, or the heart of the child. Both lovers pressed their addresses with perseverance and assiduity, each after his peculiar fashion, but both had been kept in most torturing suspense. From the coquettishness of her sex, or from their wish to tantalize while they hold the power, or perhaps from a curiosity to find which would first grow tired, Nelly would not express her preference. She smiled on Terence, yet repelled not Patrick. She wore the brooch that Patrick brought, and sported the humble ribbon which Terence gave, in order, she said, that neither should be jealous. But the time had at length arrived when such fooleries were doomed to cease. The decease of her mother made Nelly an orphan, and that mother on her death-bed had earnestly recommended to her child to seek, at once, a protector, and her language against Patrick Casey was, it was supposed, too unequivocal to allow to Nelly any alternative in the rejection of his suit. Still Nelly was left to her own control and inclination, and the will which consigned to her the entire property of the house of Connolly, left it unencumbered, to be bestowed on whomever she should think deserving. Things were thus brought to a crisis on the night of Biddy Connolly's wake, and people only waited until after the interment to hear the announcement of each lover's fate. It formed, however, a fruitful subject for gossiping discussion among the old women then assembled, and even the young laid bets as to which Nelly would ultimately declare for ; while some, who boasted of their wonderful knowledge of the female heart, asserted that neither of the two would be her choice, and they ventured to speculate who the individual might be who had hitherto enjoyed her secret sighs, while, for the purposes of ostentation or disguise, she permitted the toyings and attentions of the open rivals.

"Sorra wondher she has the sore heart to-night, the crathur," said one of the old dames, in allusion to Nelly Connolly, the old woman specified having just ended a long howl, which she had accompanied by wringing her hands and beating her breasts, although she now continued her discourse in the same calm unruffled tone as if she had given no previous signs of grief—"Sorra wondher she has the sore heart to-night, the crathur—sure it was she that was the good mother to her, and now that she's gone, God rest her sowl, amen! she'll not find it so asy to make up her loss." And here she burst forth into another cry of dolour, in which several of her surrounding acquaintances joined.

"Thady's asleep, boys," said a voice from a merry circle in another part of the room ; "here's a baby of flax, twist it one o' yes wid me, and we'll tie him down."

"Och, it's sartain," cried another of the old women, renewing the momentarily interrupted conversation, "it's sartain that Terence will have her—didn't ye hear her dying words?"

"I'm not so sure of that," was the answer ; "myself thinks Nelly a sensible girl, and although Terence is a fine likely boy, still when the hit's put to the hit, Pat Casey will make her more comfortable and—asy boys," she added to the group who were prosecuting their frolics on the person of the sleeping Thady, "asy boys—he's a dacent slob of a gorsoon, and don't hurt him—och, glory!—look what they're about," and she laughed outright.

"Hon-a-mun, dhioul," cried one of the merry-makers, "you'll be afther smothering him with that paper—don't hold it undher only one nostril at a time—so that he'll be able to get his breath through the other—ye wouldn't be afther killing him entirely, an' sure."

Thady snuffled and grunted and writhed, as the smoke of the lighted paper ascended his nose, to the infinite amusement of those engaged in the joke.

"Faix, thin, Terence is an honest boy," resumed one of the former female speakers, "and wid the little bit of ground that he has, and the nate handful of 'yellow-boys' that Nelly Connolly could put into his pocket, I dunna but they might be happier than if they were richer—oh yea, it's not always the goold that makes a body enjoy the world afther all."

"Nelly had better have a care, any way," rejoined another; "it would be as well not to be ather vexing Pat Casey; he's a dark boy, and if she go agin him, I'm afeard there'll be bad work. I heard him dhrop some bittier words, when he heard what Biddy Connolly spoke regarding his qualifications—she that's cowl'd forenint ye now, glory be to God!"

A new arrival here created another manifestation of extravagant sorrow, and the conversation from other quarters was for the interval once more allowed to become paramount.

"Would you ever have thought that Biddy Connolly would have made such a purty corpse?" asked a hale, stout, chubby-faced country girl, of an athletic peasant who elaped her in one of the most loving ways imaginable, the reciprocal glances of the parties betraying that thoughts at least, wandering to the hymeneal altar, were not indisposed to repair the ravage of the grave, while she administered a friendly pinch to the person in front, by way of letting him know that he was pressing her knee too closely.

"Fajx, thin, I believe you're right, Nance," was the reply of her sweetheart; "but she'd have no power to your beautiful peepers, Nance, a-cush-la—bad cess to me, if I could not wish to see you dead yourself for a minute or two, for the sake of looking at you."

"In throth you're the quare Larry," said Nance, apparently much gratified at the curious compliment of her beau, as she received upon her lips a still more impressive proof of his enthusiastic sincerity.

"Don't mention it," he whispered; "your purty face would make me feel quare if I wor as sober as a justice of the peace—but I wondher who'll be next ather Biddy Connolly, Nance, darling."

"In throth," replied Nance, "there'll be fine sport this winther—there's Biddy Connolly gone first, and there's a power more of 'em that'll follow her as fast as beans off a frying-pan—stay, asy—asy—keep off your hands—asy till we count—there's Billy M'Cormack, the blind piper, he'll go next; we'll dance the fippenny over him. Then there's Moll Cusack, that keeps the huckster's shop at the corner of the town, she'll be ather the piper, and a small loss she'll be—there'll be oceans of whisky at her wake, God bless her! Then there's old drunken Tim Barney, that drinks a quart of potheen for his breakfast—he'll go shortly, and maybe we wont have fun over him. Then there's the pilgrim—God forgive me, I remarked he looked very rickety-like the last day I saw him; but Father Tom will give us a fortnight's penance if we spake lightly of him; oh! yea, God forgive me for speaking so lightly of such things, at all, at all—but 'tis the way wid us all. Ather all, if the dead wor alive they wouldn't blame us for sending them merry to their graves."

The lamentations of the old women suddenly ceasing, their busier and louder chatter again assumed the predominance.

"There will be bad work, sure enough," said one of these in answer to the former observation expressive of fear for the result of Nelly Connolly's selection; "Mary Keefe had a dhrame the other night of fresh earth and a corpse."

"That's a sign of death and a wedding," commented one of the gossips.

"And Bess Farrell, that cuts the cards, towld me that in Nelly Connolly's fortune there was a great deal of talk, and fighting, and the like."

"May God forgive me!" exclaimed another, who had been listening to the observations of those employed in settling the number of wakes for the winter, "they're wakin us before we're dead beyond—ha, ha!—we'll have some enjoyment of the life that's left us, glory be to God," and she filled out a glass of whisky and tossed it off at a single gulp. Her remark drew the attention of the others on the party alluded to.

"It's you that's the sore boy, Paudeen," said one; "look, he'll be the death of the poor o'madhaun, Thady Doherty—he has his hair knitted to the chair undher him—the devil's not a match for you, Paudeen."

As she spoke, a tall, well-made, athletic peasant entered, and amid the wail which was instantly set up, the name of the new guest was whispered about with animated and serious looks. It was Terence Morgan, the suitor of Nelly Connolly most

favoured by her mother. After this, hours passed away without any occurrence to break the usual routine pursued on such occasions. Pipes were smoked, whisky drunk, snuff taken, and tricks played; but of the last Thady Doherty came in for the largest share. From a doze, rendered restless by the persecutions of his companions, Thady suddenly started as if from an unpleasant dream, and gazing round the room, enquired—

“Is Pat Casey come yet?”

“No, you omadhaun,” was the reply, “lie down and be quiet.” In sooth it had been made one of the subjects of conversation through the night that Patrick Casey had paid this mark of neglect to the mother of her whom he had so long courted. But Thady was not so easily satisfied. With a wild bound he sprung from his recumbent posture to his feet, and uttering a loud “who,” rushed out of the hut.

“Thady has one of his fits upon him,” remarked one of his tormentors, laughing.

“Faix, thin, it’s my opinion,” said one of the old women, “that them, or some of them, that take Thady for a fool, would find it advisable to have a small scrap of his brains sometimes, bad as they are.”

Again a considerable time elapsed, when the inmates were alarmed by a low, plaintive howl outside the house. They had heard no footsteps; no rustle or other sound had announced the approach of mortal; and palely and fearfully did they pause to listen.

“The banshee, glory be to God!” ejaculated one of the females. The sound was repeated.

“Hon-a-mun, dhioul!” exclaimed Terence Morgan, starting up, “if there’s a man above ground, that’s the voice of Pat Casey, though he disguises it; and may I never ate another pratie, if I don’t tache him betther manners nor to come playing his vagabone tricks on a night like this.” The report of many fire-arms interrupted his speech, and a number of men with blackened faces rushed into the house. All was a scene of uproar and confusion. The candles were extinguished—the women shrieked, and the men scuffled. It was not of long duration. The deep curse of Terence Morgan could be heard, as he grappled with some adversary, and then a heavy fall took place. Another discharge of fire-arms followed, and then another rush onwards, and the hut of Biddy Connolly was left to cursing men and screaming women, those who had been assembled previous to the disaster, and who now groped about, dealing random blows, while many profited even by that hum of disorder to practice to better advantage their incorrigible propensity to fun, and their equally insurmountable inclination to embrace the fair ones happening to fall within their grasp. When lights were re-obtained, and order in some degree restored, Nelly Connolly was not to be found. Terence Morgan was lying insensible and bleeding upon the floor, and several of the male portion of the company, who were recognised as friends of Casey, had also vanished. After some time they recovered Terence from the effects of his encounter, and his first words were respecting Nelly; and when informed that she had been carried off, he expressed no surprise, but gave vent to vows of vengeance on the perpetrators. A formal challenge was resolved on—by the purport of which they defied Patrick Casey and his auxiliaries to meet Terence Morgan and his friends in open field, and there decide, by hand to hand fair fighting, the pretensions of each to the hand of Nelly. The challenge was penned and the messenger deputed to bear it to the house of Casey. The men then departed, the women assembled applauding their design and wishing them success, and for the remainder of the night the females alone watched beside the corpse of Biddy Connolly.

CHAPTER II.

WE must now return to trace for awhile the progress of Thady Doherty. After he left the wake-house he proceeded across the bog in as direct a line as its numerous intersections and marshes would allow. Being well acquainted with its various paths, he trod on with perfect fearlessness through the darkness, the *ignes fatui* which sat upon the green and stagnant pools, or crept, spectre-like, along the banks, did not deceive him. At another time Thady would have trembled at their pallid light, but now his thoughts were too busy, or his mind too much nerved by some secret great resolve, to be influenced or scared by visionary terrors. When deeds of high

emprise engage attention, the mental energies are frequently found to strengthen in proportion, and the feeble misgivings and busy suggestions of superstition are for the hour disregarded. Paddy Doherty was precisely one of those individuals, yclept simpletons, who makes amends for want of superior sagacity by a great deal of cunning, in whose character is generally discovered to be blended the most foolhardy daring with the most degrading cowardice—the sublimest generosity with the most brutish malignity, occasional flashes of independence, penetration, and wit, with the darkest shades of servility, stupidity, and folly; instances of serious good sense with relapses into the lowest and meanest buffoonery. We may suppose that he was now in one of his happiest moments, for, on his face, as he trotted onwards, there was a shrewd expression of reflection—a shade of thought deeper and more significant than what is usually supposed to be characteristic of the idiotic. And when at intervals he halted, and tossing back his long matted locks from his uncovered brow darted his searching scrutiny into the gloom on every side, there was a bright flashing of the eye which bespoke the innate intensity with which his wayward mind contemplated its ideas.

“Thady, you’re a fool, Thady,” he soliloquised on those occasions; “but a fool can find out a fox maybe. I don’t like that Pat Casey, an’ he not coming to the wake this blessed night,” and here poor Thady crossed himself with much devoutness, and so far as it went with him, poor fellow, with sincerity. “Musha, would’nt it be a droll thing if Thady Doherty was more than a match for Pat Casey and the whole clan of ’em—bad scran to ’em, they’re a bad set—no matter—there’s bad blood in the wind to-night—I can smell that, and there’s not a blood-hound in the three counties will track ’em betther nor Thady Doherty,” and he chuckled with much delight at the contemplation of over-reaching such fellows as Pat Casey; as himself would then, he thought, be proved a far wiser man than many that were so reckoned. As he approached the limits of the bog and neared the high road, groups of persons were collected here and there in earnest discourse, a circumstance which escaped not the quick notice of Thady, who seemed moreover to have overheard, or guessed the tenor of their conversation, for he still farther accelerated his pace. The people who were thus engaged took no heed of the passer-by, or accorded him a simple word of recognition. His presence excited no suspicion, as Thady was in the habit of traversing the wildest parts of the country, at midnight, when in one of his wild moody frolics. The customary salutation was not, however, omitted.

“God save ye!” said Thady, as he passed each knot of men.

“God save you kindly!” was the immediate rejoinder, and without interruption Thady wended his way, until he came to the last trench which opposed his progress. It ran like a moat on the inside of the mud wall which bounded the road, along which the candle from the window of a shebeen-house gleamed in solitary yet cheering perspective. From the wistful looks which Thady darted on this signal of comfort to the wayfarer, it might be surmised that this identical house of entertainment was either the place of his final destination, or that it mingled with the schemes, whatever they were, then wandering through his brain. Thady looked first at the light, and then at the water beneath him, and pausing as if to collect his brains, or his thoughts, he crept cautiously down, and immersed himself head and body in the icy element. Then scaling the bank again, his teeth chattering, his hair and clothes dripping, and covered with the green ooze, frog-spawn, and mud of the ditch, he laughed wildly at his contrivance. “By my sowl, Thady Doherty” he said, shaking himself like a water-dog, “you need’nt be much afraid of suspicion now, anyway—by gorries, father Tom, with his blessed book and dazzling robes, would hardly find out that you did this on purpose this cowl’d night—glory be to God!”

With these words Thady climbed the wall to the road, and in his shivering condition and saturated garments hastened to the shebeen-house, which promised him the comfort of a hot peat-fire, and the chance of spirituous refreshment after his immersion. When he entered the house the first objects which met his view were Pat Casey with two of his friends sitting before the blazing hearth, and in the apparent enjoyment of a pipe of tobacco and a warm tumbler of potheen punch. They evinced surprise and mirth at the apparition of Thady in his present trim.

"Arrah, Thady," cried Casey, "what has the owld boy been doing wid you to-night? and why arn't you at the wake of Biddy Connolly asthorough? What happened to you, tell us?"

Thady crouched close by the fire before he condescended to reply, and then said—

"Where 'ud I be, I wondher, but at the same wake; by the same token I wish the people wouldn't die to be giving other honest people their death again—it's not a new suit of clothes the same Biddy Connolly would be afther putting on my back, now that she's dhrowned the owld rags—the d— take 'em for wakes, God forgive me!"

"But when you were there why couldn't you stay there, and not be gallivanting about the bogs at this hour?" asked Pat Casey.

"Och! didn't they run out of pipes?" was the answer, "and didn't they send me to get 'em? and wasn't I bringing 'em as fast as my legs would let me, sorra much good they are the same legs afther the hard kind of life I've led 'em, bless the mark!—ha, ha!—they'll never get the pipes, I'm thinking, unless they send Biddy Connolly herself after 'em, or her ghost, which is the same thing now of coorse that she's dead; well, why as I was going across the bog wid the pipes, who should I meet but the widow Barry's pig?—he's a barrow you know, and he takes to his heels as I got up to him, and whips me off my legs clear and clean, and I didn't know from Adam, until I found myself in the deepest hole in the bog, it must be the deepest hole in the bog, and the rason I know is—the time I took to come from the bottom. By this cross now, and that's enough, if I wasn't an hour and a half coming to the top, may I never be the father of a family if there's a word of lie in it, and I'd be there dhrowning to this minute, only that the same pig got betune my legs, and in ondher ondher he went, and I upon his back, ever and always until he swom to land, and thin this being the nearest place, I thought I'd come hether to dhry my duds, and Pat Casey isn't Pat Casey's mother's son, if he don't give a poor boy a warmer welcome than asking him how he got out of cōwld ditch-wather."

Although the humorous exaggerations of Thady created a burst of merriment, yet the simpler scope of his tale was not discredited. A hot glass of punch was immediately vouchsafed, which while Thady sipped, he took good care to listen to the suppressed conversation of Pat and his associates. After a little time they went out, and Thady soon did the same, and as he crept along the bog (for across it they went), following the sound of their voices, he muttered to himself, with chuckling glee—

"Arrah, Thady, what a fool they think you—maybe I'll spoil Pat Casey's sport in a way he doesn't think of; I knew where to find him as he didn't come to the wake, for it was only ere yesterday, when Biddy Connolly was gave over by the dochtor—Jim Brady, and Owen Noolon, siz he, mind what I say, if any thing happens to Biddy Connolly, siz he, meet me at the public-house where ye know, siz he; for whether Nelly says she'll have me or not, siz he, I'll take care to be beforehand wid every one else, and to have her whether she likes it or not, siz he."

And in this manner did Thady act the spy upon the proceedings of Patrick Casey, plotting, pondering, and soliloquising upon the designs of the rival of Terence Morgan, who for especial reasons was his favourite, and for whom he was resolved, if possible, to baulk, in his own way, Pat Casey of the expected prize, and secure Nelly Connolly to his friend Terence.

CHAPTER III.

THE destinies of Nelly Connolly, and the movements of Pat Casey subsequent to his outrage at the wake, now demand some attention. Poor, unoffending, harmless, playful, bewitching Nelly Connolly, and yet the fertile source of private conspiracy, domestic dissension, and party feud.

On Terence Morgan's sudden declaration of the presence of Pat Casey, a fearful misgiving came over the mind of Nelly Connolly of what was about to ensue, and when the explosion of fire-arms, the rushing in of disguised and armed men, and the subsequent violence told that she had augured but too truly, her senses yielded to the shock and she was not aware of the struggle which prostrated Terence Morgan, and during which she herself was carried from the house. When they had got her

clear out, Pat Casey and his companions lost not a moment in following up their scheme.

As speedily as the darkness would permit they bore her across the bog to the high road, where there was a horse in readiness for their arrival. Pat Casey immediately mounted, and taking the insensible form of Nelly across his arm, galloped off. The deep swoon into which Nelly had fallen, facilitated her removal considerably, but now the circulation of the cool night air, together with the more violent motion, produced their effect, and she began to show symptoms of revival. He had turned the animal down a bye-lane overshadowed with trees, and the increasing gloom and broken state of the path obliged him to slacken his speed, and proceed with greater caution. At length his burden became restless, uttered a low moan, and then lay still again. He stopped, and putting his finger to his lips whistled shrilly, and listened. Another whistle was returned, but the sound of a horse's hoofs approaching from the front saluted his ear at the same moment. He paused, and taking a pistol from his bosom urged his steed to a gentle trot. The stranger drew nigh, was by his side, and the two scrutinized each other's features, each surprised to find another on that spot at so late an hour. This disagreeable interloper on Pat Casey's knight-errantry was a gentleman returning from a party. It was unfortunate for Pat.

"God save you!" said the gentleman.

"God save you kindly!" replied Casey, but the words had been scarcely uttered when Nelly Connolly screamed aloud and struggled violently.

"Stand!" cried the gentleman on the instant, but Casey replied not but by driving his single spur into the side of his heavy car-horse, and dashing forward with renewed fury, while he grasped yet more tightly the still shrieking Nelly. But the gentleman was instantly in pursuit, and to lend force to his interposition, a pistol flashed through the darkness, and Pat Casey could hear the bullet rattling among the leaves beside him. Pat instantly turned back in his saddle, and another report told the discharge of a deadly messenger in reply. Both shots were, however, ineffectual, and Pat Casey could not hope that with the animal he rode he could keep the gentleman at a distance mounted on a spirited hunter. Thus pressed to the utmost he drew forth another pistol, and resolving on a desperate expedient, flung himself on the ground with Nelly, whose silence gladdened him in the conviction that she had once more fainted. Then giving the horse a violent blow with his pistol on the flank, the frightened animal bounded forward, while he plunged through the hedge, and crouched quietly beneath it. In less than half a minute the gentleman came up, and judging by the sound of the horse's hoofs that his man was still before him, passed the place of concealment. No sooner had he gone a few yards than Casey arose, and hurrying through the copse, and swamp struck across the open country. He had soon left behind all sound and trace of pursuit, except that the report of another pistol declared the gentleman not even yet to have ascertained his mistake. Nelly continued motionless, and he hoped to gain his retreat before her ultimate recovery. At last he came to an abrupt angle formed by a wall and a clump of trees. Turning this he was in a bye-lane, still narrower and deeper than that which he had left. Here he again whistled, when two men emerged from their covert. A few signs of recognition passed between them, and then Pat Casey resigned his charge into their hands.

"Make haste wid her where ye know, boys," he said, "for it's likely there'll be some hot work in the morning about her."

"Throth then, Pat Casey, she's worth it if you died by her," was the answer, and the parties separated, Pat Casey to go to his home and make his arrangements, and his men where they had been previously ordered to bear Nelly Connolly, who was now like a bird in the meshes of a pitiless fowler. But his men saw not that they were dogged by a third person, and that person was Thady Doherty.

On that night strange noises alarmed the superstitious fears of many a peaceable peasant. A good many were beaten at cross-roads and in the fields by certain substantial spirits armed with sticks, and affirmed to be ambassadors and ministers of the evil one. Several, according to tradition, fainted away on coming into the light, after their vision had been rendered too supernatural, by spiritual sights, to bear the

contrast of earthly things. Banshees howled and maidens shrieked in answer, many of whom, had they wished it, either did, or might, have experienced the fate of the first Roman vestal. All which miraculous apparitions and terrific occurrences, if resolved into their natural causes, would be found to be nothing more than that Captain Rock and his myrmidons, meaning Pat Casey and his companions, were abroad to scare all spies from their track, and to prosecute their plans of nocturnal depredation and amorous frolic.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM that fainting fit, during the continuance of which Nelly Connolly had been transferred by Casey to the keeping of his two assistants, she recovered with a sensation of shuddering horror. All was stillness round her—the past was like a dream—and for some moments she fancied herself still seated beside her mother's remains. Gradually, however, she became sensible of her real situation, and the circumstances of the night came crowding on her mind with fearful acuteness. She knew not where she was, but knew she was in the power of Patrick Casey, and she trembled instinctively as she thought of him. It was strange that she should fear him; she had never discouraged his addresses, she had often enjoyed, with secret satisfaction, the delightful suspense in which she had kept him. But the pain of coquetry was over, and from the violence of his late proceeding, she feared she had provoked his vengeance, and had reason to dread the worst. She looked round the place which she considered her prison. The walls seemed of baked turf and the roof of the same material. A large turf fire blazed upon a rude hearth near her, the smoke of which escaped by a narrow flue also constructed of earth. The chamber, or cavern, or whatever it was, was of small dimensions. Some lime lay heaped in a corner, and a number of casks and jars were piled one over the other. A ladder in one spot seemed supported by the roof, but there was no apparent opening except the chimney, for the admission of either light or air. A horrible idea entered her mind. She thought she could be there for no other purpose, than that of murder. Bitterly then did she lament the vanity which had prevented her from listening to her mother's advice, and by expressing her choice, avoiding the possibility of her present misfortune. But what situation is so hopeless, or what condition so miserable, as not to admit some scattered rays from the torch of hope. The fiend despair alone can shut them out, and minds the feeblest, the most uninformed, are frequently the least tormented by such a guest. This may arise, perhaps, from the very narrowness of intellectual capacity, their faculties not being able to perceive with accuracy, or to feel with sensitiveness, the depth and measure of perils or of woe. The future presents to them but an impenetrable gloom, awful and terrible to them in imagination, but yet leaving the vast overbalance of evil, unmarked by that defined sharpness and terrible aspect of power which scares the far darting ken of practised reflection, numbs the energies, and goads the surcharged brain to self-destruction. Nelly was superstitious, nervous, affrighted, and yet at that moment the unsubstantial terrors of ghosts and fairies, haunted her full as much as the real danger of death or confinement to be apprehended. And then she hoped she might, perhaps, escape, and if she could effect her exit from this dismal place, before the return of those who had brought her, all might be well. The necessity of exertion next occurred, and timidly she rose from the ground, starting at the rustle of her own garments, and turning pale at the flicker of the shadows on the wall. She made her way to the foot of the ladder, and though she could see no outlet, determined to leave not the experiment untried.

"Musha, God knows," she said, as she placed her foot on the first step of the ladder, with that unaccountable and inconsistent dash of gaiety, which, like the sun through a thunder-shower, may be often observed to characterize her countrymen, even in the depth of sorrow, "Musha, God knows, it's a droll way you're waking your mother this night? Nell Connolly, but who knows yet?"

"The soul's in her body yet, faix, any way," said a voice from above, but which in her fright she could not recognize. More dead than alive, and convinced that the

intention of the persons was her death, she crept behind some casks, and with horrid anticipations listened to every sound. Suddenly a heavy weight was lifted and flung upon the roof, as it seemed, of the chamber, and then a pair of brawny, brown, hairy, half-naked legs were thrust through an aperture upon the top-steps of the ladder. By degrees the whole person became visible, and before the descent was completed, Nelly Connolly had recognized the figure and features of Thady Doherty. Though she still concluded the occasion of his visit to be her murder, she was glad that her enemies had chosen so wavering an instrument, and hoped, even to the last, that by coaxing and caresses, she might work on the good-nature of the simpleton to forego his design, and even to assist in her rescue from others. With a wild stare of astonishment Thady gazed round upon the apparently deserted tenement.

"By all the saints in the priest's book," he said, "I could be on my oath, that I heard the colleen spake, and I above. Well, why I always thought her a purty colleen, and now I find that she's nothing more nor less than a bit of a fairy—it was 'nt for nothing I heard the music, an' I goin' along—she's dancing this way very like, and a nate pair of stumps she can shew, bless the mark! Howsomdever, I'll make sure afore I go. When Thady knocks down a pig, he does'nt do it wid his finger in his mouth; a purty thing, indeed, if I'm to be baulked as bad as a child that 'ud be spoon-fed."

So saying, he snatched a cudgel of ominous size from a corner, and commenced searching from cask to cask, striking his stick against them, every now and then, with a vigour sufficient to fell an ox. At length he caught a glimpse of Nelly, and uttering a wild cry, bounded towards her. Finding herself discovered, poor Nelly rose from her hiding-place with the sudden energy of despair, and fastened her arms round the neck of Thady.

"Thady, Thady, asthoragh!" she cried, in imploring accents, "sure you won't kill me—you won't kill me, Thady."

Thady was a little bewildered both by the sudden apparition, and by the as unexpected appeal to his forbearance, and stood for a moment silent, as if pondering in a state of indecision. During this brief interval Nelly dropped on her knees, and by the most moving prayers and expostulations begged him to spare her life. The attitude, the earnestness of Nelly, at last roused him to recollection.

"Kill you, mavourneen," he said, raising her from the ground; "faix, thin, its you, thin, and no one else, that will even be the death of Thady Doherty. Sure arn't I afther resaving two christenings and fine tunes from the 'good people,' by rason of my coming here to save you itself.

"Then you arn't come to kill me?" said the scarce reassured girl.

"Och! don't be coming over us that way," said Thady, "sure wouldn't I commit suicide on a hundred of 'em before I'd hurt a hair of your head! but whisht," he added, as the sound of footsteps over head gave intimation of the arrival of other and more dangerous visitors. Nelly trembled as she whispered.

"Where am I?"

"Arach where 'ud you be but in the still-house of Pat Casey, asthoragh," answered Thady, in the same low tone, "but there they are agin—didn't you hear 'em?"

"An sure, I did," said the terrified Nelly.

"No matther," urged the other, encouragingly, "I'll be by you, but they mustn't see me. I'll hide here by dat, an' I'll be able to manage 'em better, when they don't see who's fighting 'em."

Thady instantly ensconced himself behind the casks. Nelly sank down beside the fire with as much composure as she was able to assume, while two men in friez riding-coats, whom she at once knew to be particular friends and confidants of the dreaded Pat Casey, descended through the aperture. The men approached her with kindness.

"Are you comfortable, a-lanna?" said one of them to Nelly.

"Purty well, I thank you," she replied; "I ought to thank ye that ye havn't left me widout a fire, an' sure."

"Faix, then, you needn't be a bit afeard" was the answer. "Pat Casey will take right good care of you. We've brought the laste taste of a bread, and a drop of something that will do you good, and keep out the cowl." Nelly thanked him with

increasing confidence, and while his companion arranged a rude pallet of straw for her use, she received from his hands a glass of what she thought spirits, and drank it off. Then giving her fresh assurances of safety and protection, after they had deposited by her side a basket-full of provisions, in case her appetite should grow troublesome, a circumstance which in her situation was not probable, they departed. No sooner had they vanished than Thady re-appeared, with a grin of satisfaction distorting his odd physiognomy. Nelly clung to him with eagerness.

"Now, Thady, darling," she said, "let us lave this place, in the name of God—come, you'll help me."

"You mustn't lave it to-night," replied Thady; "they're on the watch, though they arn't here, I tell you. But they won't be back here until to-morrow, and maybe we won't give 'em leg-bail by that time."

"But why shouldn't we go now," said the impatient Nelly.

"Because it wouldn't be for your good," was the rejoinder; "they're going to have a fight on the head of you to-morrow, you see, and they'll not sleep in their beds to-night, only getting themselves drilled by Captain Casey, to make themselves ready like sodgers."

"And will Terence Morgan be in it?" asked Nelly Connolly, anxiously.

"Would he be out of it, an' yourself in question," was the answer; "but no mather, I think you better nor a score of 'em; and if a mother's soul of 'em puts a cross hand to you, they'll find that Thady Doherty can handle an alpeen wid the best of 'em, as great a fool as he is maybe."

Nelly yielded to the arguments used by the simple Thady, and resolved to remain where she was, but refused to touch the viands which Thady pressed on her acceptance, and of which he himself plentifully partook. In sooth, they were no very indifferent supper, consisting of the better part of a roast goose, a loaf of bread, a can of new milk, with a little of potheen to qualify it, as she might feel inclined, the last of which Thady, however, declared to be totally unnecessary, as he could procure forty gallons of it without leaving their under-ground retreat. In a short time Nelly grew heavy with aleep, and in spite of her efforts to maintain her vigil, in obedience to the suggestions of caution, as well as delicacy, she was forced finally to yield, and stretching herself on the bed which Pat Casey had provided, she was immediately in a sound sleep. Thady watched by her, and he thought that, considering her alarming situation, she rested more easy than he could expect. Not a motion testified any thing of the disquietude naturally consequent on what she had undergone. He even put his ear to her lips to hear her breathing, and feared that she might be "intending to follow on the road that her mother, the good Biddy Connolly, had gone before her."

"It is'nt that you're to the fore, Nelly," he said, "but faix you are very quiet, considhering. I never seen any one sleep wid such a weight upon 'em, but my own mother, of a day that she ate the poppies. Thady, you'd give your small-clothes, and a dacint set of duds they are—well wear to them!—that she was well awakened up agin, now over-right me. Well, why, if she sleeps this way until to-morrow, she'll be either dead, or she wo'nt sleep agin for a year or two, any way."

And thus Thady soliloquized from time to time, as he watched the still pallid features and scarcely breathing form of Nelly Connolly; but never did a purer heart beat than that which then throbbed with simple, yet sagacious interest in the breast of Thady Doherty.

CHAPTER V.

EARLY on the following morning, even before the clear light of day had brightened in the horizon, an observant eye might have discovered that some event of more than ordinary importance was about to signalize the lives of the rustics inhabiting the town-lands of Cavan. The roads presented an unusual appearance of animation. One could not have seen more bustle on the morning of a fair. Groups of countrymen were scattered along the fields in every direction, hastening to their rendezvous, with busy tongues and serious aspects, while some enjoyed the occasion which called them together, with many a wild laugh and wilder bound. But their equipments

were ominous of the coming encounter. All carried a weapon of some kind. Most were fain to be content with the trusty cudgel, while others were armed with the deadlier pitchfork, and a few boasted of a sword, gun, or pistol. But from the want of ammunition, and the accumulation of rust, the sword and fire-arm promised to become much less efficient battle-assistants than the thick knotty bludgeon of oak, black thorn, or ash. Yet it was easy to conjecture that the wake of Biddy Connolly was likely to be the herald of a day of slaughter. On two hills opposite to each other, the hostile factions momentarily concentrated their forces. The undulating nature of the ground round Cavan afforded uncommon facilities to the peasant leaders in their choice of position, and skill of warlike arrangement. And much, no doubt, did Pat Casey and Terence Morgan pride themselves upon the display of these qualifications. The cause and nature of the quarrel made each the leader of his respective clan, and they were consequently the Napoleon and Wellington of their parish field. These were among the first upon the scene of action, and the few who were assembled were loud and cordial in their greetings. "Arrah, good sonuher to you, sir," one would cry; "maybe there wo'nt be wigs upon the green, or we'll win the colleen for you to-day."

"Pat Casey abo' board," would ring from the opposite height, accompanied by the wild "whoo," so peculiar to the Irish. The clamour and tumult increased, as new reinforcements constantly came up, and taunts, menace, and invective, were liberally hurled from hill to hill, as provocatives for the approaching fight. The posts of the adverse factions were at length supplied with their full contingent of doughty troops, and enthusiasm and disorder wore the strange name of discipline and martial array. Then arose vociferous disputes respecting the best method of joining battle, of employing their resources, and of surrounding their enemies by a small body detached from the main army; and these altercations were carried on in a tone quite distinguishable by both, could either party have had the coolness, or the reflection to listen, or to take advantage of the knowledge of their enemies' plans. It was laughable to hear the meanest private professing the most implicit obedience to his commander, yet urging his own opinion with a vehemence little short of knocking down the general, by way of proving his sincerity. And from the earnestness with which every man asserted his prerogative of speech, the motley crowd, on either height, reeled to and fro, as if in actual *melée*, and one might distinctly hear the friendly buffets which frequently enforced a sluggish argument, making a sort of flourish by way of prelude to the stone and cudgel-play that was so shortly to follow. Among the confusion of voices it was hard to distinguish one above another, yet at times such as the following could be overheard:—"I'll be captain of that district—who says agin it?" "Wo'nt I lade that detachment, general—I'll take 'em all for you myself, widout wiping a stick upon 'em, the spalpeens." "You lie, I'll do it." "No, you wo'nt; was'nt it I that gave the Murphy's their breakfast without salt last year—whoo." Meanwhile the leaders did the best that could be done with so unruly a crew. They moved through their battalions, and one with a curse, another with a blow admonished of his duty. Heaps of stones were gathered at intervals in front of either host. A number of men were selected from each party to commence the fight with these; and, accordingly, the missiles began to fly already, and the sharp-shooting combatants to approach each other down the sides of the hills. They did not exactly do battle like the English archers and Genoese cross-bowmen at the battle of Cressy, but for all that, are we to disparage their courage or their qualities? One party had not the good fortune to fling confusion into the ranks of the other, but then we must not condemn their prowess, for all alike were one mingled mass of yelling and disordered combatants. Bloody faces, and tumbles down the declivity, began to show the danger of an amusement which sought bubble reputation at the hazard of a broken pate. The ardour and impatience of the principal bodies were, in the meantime, evinced by every demonstration of extravagance. Hats and coats were thrown off, hurled into the air, spurned along the ground, cudgels were struck against each other, flung up and caught in their descent, embrace followed embrace with a rapidity, giddiness, and devotedness never exceeded by the most enraptured lovers. Whoop, challenge, boast, threat,

were uttered in discordant chorus. Political animosity, national grievances, personal feelings, were forgotten in the overwhelming emotion of fraternal clanship, and the assertion of family superiority. Nor in their natural buoyancy and excitement were artificial stimulants wanting. The whisky bottle passed from lip to lip, until frequent potations promised to render several more efficient chanters in a carousal, than warriors to win and secure the glories of a triumph. Bellona, or some demon inheriting her disposition and attributes, then certainly held carnival in the bosoms which panted for the combat beneath their coats of frieze; and the fairies, doubtless, lent their aid to swell congenial turbulence. Amid such preparatory tokens and essays of fight, the men were formed in a sort of blundering, wavering, uneven line, along the side of the hill. Then the active, well-made figure of Terence Morgan, and the stout-built trunk-like person of Pat Casey might be seen stalking before their respective factions, the stay and hope of the approaching contest. They were as dissimilar in appearance as in disposition. But woe betide thee, Patrick Casey, should Terence Morgan meet thee in the combat. As little would the stunted briar resist the falling of the lordly oak, as thy head and person resist the force of thy opponent's arm, or sustain the weight of his descending cudgel. A kind of equivocal silence was, however, maintained, while they made an effort to listen to the exhortations with which their generals, as they called them, animated them, unnecessarily enough heaven knows, for the wished-for strife. As these same speeches were rather unique and characteristic in their way, they shall be given verbatim.

"Boys," said Pat Casey, "I'm here—you know me—I'm Pat Casey abo' board—and I suppose I needn't tell ye that I don't care for a man in the world, barrin yourselves, and the mother that's in her grave, and that was partly because she swore she'd bury me dacint if ever she died before her darling Pat—do ye hear me, boys, we're here, and what are we here for?"

"To fight," replied many voices.

"To be sure to fight," continued Casey; "to fight while there's leather in our brogues, wather in loch Derg, or a child to be christened in all Christendom."

A yell of delight told how cordially every man heard the announcement of the obstinacy of the engagement. Casey continued.—

"And maybe we ar'nt a fine set of spalpeens, more power to us! I'll tell ye what it is, boys—there's not a man from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear, as Dan O'Connell says, that wouldn't give the very best of his two eyes to be in our place this minute. Glory be to God! now ye'd all like to have wives, long life to 'em!—and children, God bless the crathurs!—and a tight slip of a colleen is a purty thing to go to mass wid—there's no doubt of that—and it isn't that I'm to the fore, but I love the girls as well as my neighbours, God forgive me—small blame to me for that! Well, why there's no use in talking boys—we'll sweep these rebels beyond into the say—we will—if they wor as thick as oats undher a flail, and as strong as a hogshead of whisky—and afther we've done that—and I needn't tell ye its as asy as picking up crabs in an orchard afther a storm—mind now—listen boys—I say—Pat Casey says it—and Pat Casey's word is as good as an oath from the teeth of a Lord Chief Baron—I say, that afther we've had our divarsion here, ye'll find in Pat Casey's floor as handsome a flich of bacon, and as fine a dish of cabbage and praties, and as fine a six gallon cask of potheen, as fine a piper, and as dacint a set of sweethearts to dance wid, all ready made and provided, as ever tempted the devil of a Good-Friday—and when ye go home—though I'd take my oath ye'll never do that when ye once get there—when ye go home—ye'll not sleep all night only talking of the bedding of Nelly Connolly and Pat Casey abo' board." The last word was uttered with a shout, which was responded to by a roar of deafening applause. Simultaneously with this display of oratory on the part of Patrick, although the necessity of narrative unfortunately forces detail, the eloquence of Terence on the other side, was, at least, equally conspicuous.

"It isn't the dirty bit of ground," cried Terence Morgan to his surrounding friends, "it isn't the dirty bit of ground, nor the handful of money, though God knows that same was wanting to me—but I could trample upon the goold, if I had the colleen.—Pat Casey, you have robbed me of my heart, you have spilled its

dearest blood, for I gave my heart to Nelly, and you took it when you dragged her from me, like a thief—boys—ye know he did it, and the time he did it, and how he did it, and why he did it—Musha, it was a coward's deed to come wid ten agin one in the lone hour of night to drag a child from watching the spirit of the mother that brought her into the world, and fed her wid a mother's milk, to pray for her on the road to heaven. Pat Casey is a coward, boys, and like a coward he shall give me satisfaction. Tell me, boys, if ye had a colleen that ye loved, would ye bear it?"

"No!" was the universal response.

"No, ye would'nt; and tear the limbs of Terence Morgan into thongs, and bail his blood to feed the bonovs (young pigs), if bone or flesh of Patrick Casey walks home alive this blessed night. 'Terence,' siz Biddy Connolly to me, the day before she died, God be merciful to her soul that's now in Heaven! 'Terence,' siz she, 'I know that you're an honest boy,' siz she, 'and that you have an eye afther Nelly,' siz she; 'she's a tendher crathur, Terence, and wants somebody to shew her the way through the world; and Pat Casey is a dark character,' siz she, 'and whin I'm gone, I would'nt prevent her inclination,' siz she; 'but,' siz she, 'when I'm gone, if she does'nt marry Pat Casey, you may tell her, Terence Morgan,' siz she, 'though I would'nt say so exactly to herself,' siz she, 'you may tell her that it will be a second heaven to her dead mother, to hear that she was married to Terence Morgan,' siz she. And its little I thought, boys, that I'd be afther receiving a broken heart, instead of being her protecthor; but its no matther, boys, we'll have revenge this day, and Patrick Casey shall say wid his dying mouth, 'Arrah, Pat Casey, war'nt you a fool to vex the heart of Terence Morgan, and face him afther he vowed revenge—whoo;'" and amid the tremendous cheer which succeeded, the dash of many an arm across the brow and the hasty application of many a coat-skirt to the eye, showed that Terence Morgan had awakened the softer sympathies of his hearers, and that in speaking to the heart of every rustic lover, he had combined in his own favour the passions of disappointed hope and outraged feeling, with the incentives of family pride, factious animosity, and the chivalrous desire of conquest.

As soon as the generals had ended their address, a broken drum and a cracked fife commenced in either post to sound the signal of the strife, and on rushed the combatants with a yell which made the hills re-echo. To compare the onset of such warriors to a hurricane, would be to rob them of half their due. The onslaught of the Highlanders at the battle of Culloden was nothing in comparison. Down the hills they came, leaping, whooping, tumbling head over heels, for the potheen had made the former as fit to stand upon as ever nature made the latter. Headlong they went, and prostrate fell their sharpshooters, whom they literally jumped over in their progress, but who showed the degree of indiscriminate ardour with which the latter had inspired them, by showering their stones with unabated vigour on the backs of their own men, as they rushed to the assault. The meeting of the armies in the valley was like the shock of two opposing torrents. The discordant din of drums and fifes, the crashing of all kinds of wooden weapons, and the uproar of the combatants became more tremendous and deafening than ever. But, alas! for the glories of war. Ere the battle had been joined five minutes—when Mars was rejoicing with grim satisfaction, and the delight and fury of those engaged were at the highest pitch, a slight interruption occurred to their ecstasy. This was the apparition of a body of soldiers and police, accompanied by a magistrate, which sweeping at double quick time round the base of the hill, approached the scene of action at the most precious of interesting moments, viz. when the fight had begun to grow mischievously bloody, and the anticipations of victory thronged most thickly on the fancies of each rustic champion. This event, however, acted like magic on their mutual animosity. Hostilities were immediately suspended, and both parties, like friends and brothers, huddled together up the hill, and then faced about to make head against the common enemy, several dangling broken fingers and wiping bloody faces. The magistrate approached, and drawing up his men before the crowd, commanded in the name of the king to disperse. The summons was answered with a yell.

"Down with the peelers," cried one.

"Turn their blood into ditch-water," cried another.

Stones began to be thrown, and the people, by their attitude and looks, seemed determined to oppose the interposition of the law. The magistrate read the riot act amidst abundance of groans and denunciations; and when it was finished, the multitude were again commanded to separate, but in vain. The military were ordered to level their pieces; the people yelled, the magistrate exhorted, and a stone struck him smartly on the leg. He saw there was no time to be lost—the mob were preparing to fling themselves on the soldiers. The magistrate whispered a few words to the constable who stood next him, who repeated them to the next.

"Fire!" then cried the magistrate, and a volley of bullets hissed harmlessly over the heads of the belligerents. As is usual with assemblages in a state of excitement, this forbearance was imputed to pusillanimity, or impotence, and shouts of contempt, rendered impressive by a yet more animated discharge of stones, were the only reply, or token of submission. Matters began to look serious. Several of the military had received bruises and contusions, and the country people were every instant assuming a bolder front. Seeing things thus pushed to extremity, the magistrate reluctantly gave forth the order.

"Prime and load—fix bayonets—charge," and the soldiers rushed against the multitude, amidst whoops of defiance, yells of laughter and ridicule, curses loud and deep, and showers of missiles. On the soldiers came, the magistrate at their head; but ere they had passed half the distance between themselves and the rustic warriors, a new occurrence prevented the collision, and the bloodshed likely to be the consequence, and caused that dispersion, or at all events the retreat of the people, which threats, soldiery, magistracy, and riot act had been found insufficient to accomplish. This was nothing less than the sudden apparition of Thady Doherty, bearing on his shoulder the inanimate form of Nelly Connolly.

Rising like an infernal imp from the bowels of the earth, and with a celerity and vigour which seemed to realize the imaginary strength ascribed to such a demon, Thady presented himself on the summit of a hill to the astonished gaze of the peasants, as he shouted a mingled tone of defiance and triumph.

"Pat Casey, Terence Morgan, whoo—oo!" and before the last protracted note was fully uttered, he had darted with his burden from the hill, making a sweep to avoid the country-people and reach the soldiers without impediment. On dashed the multitude in full cry, eager to seize the disputed prize, and dealing on each other random blows which laid several prostrate in their progress, and on dashed the soldiers behind them, but who were immediately left most miserably in the rear. Then shone conspicuous the superior speed and agility of Terence Morgan. With the bound of a deer he sprang forwards, and his desperate efforts distanced every competitor. It soon became a race between Thady and Terence, but with tremendous odds in favour of the former. Still the swiftness of Terence promised fair to make up for his disadvantage of distance, and as leap after leap over the trenches and dykes which obstructed his direct progress diminished every instant the space which divided him from the object of pursuit, the interest of the chase was momentarily on the increase. Both strained their powers to the utmost, Thady to place his charge under legal protection, as knowing it would be the saving of both Nelly and himself from the rough encounter of the hostile parties, and Terence striving, in the madness of hot blood and passion's wildest delirium to rescue his best beloved from the fangs alike of the dreaded "Peeler," and the detested Pat Casey. He knew not whether the intentions of Thady were in favour of himself, or of his rival. He hardly knew whether the form he saw might not be the dead body of Nelly Connolly, and Thady, for all he was aware of, might be her murderer, or leagued with those who were. He was in a fever of excitement; the heat of previous contest the whirl of headlong wrath, his feelings of revenge, the surprise at beholding her at such a time under such guidance set his brain on fire, and in obedience to the tide of impulse he rushed on. He was at that instant no more than a bubble borne on the tumultuous torrent of overwhelming emotion. The energy which he displayed corresponded with the stimulus which urged him onward. He surpassed himself, and while the big drops of perspiration flowed down his glowing visage, he wheeled his cudgel in air

with a fury and a rapidity to which his former skill were nothing, and jumped over gulfs which would have baffled his greatest dexterity at another moment. Nor did Thady Doherty, all burdened as he was, discredit either himself or the cause in which he struggled. No knight-errant ever felt more in behalf of lady fair, or could have made mightier efforts to achieve her deliverance. The depth and width of the trenches obliged him often to make a sweep round, which of course enabled his unencumbered pursuer to take advantage by the straightness of his course. Thady waded, panted, ran, shifted his load from position to position, but in vain: Terence gained upon him, was evidently closing up with him. One circumstance he had on his side, however—the soldiers, the police, the magistrate pressed to meet him as eagerly as he hastened to reach them. They imagined that he was probably a murderer in good earnest, having heard but vaguely of the cause of this battle of the factions, and what with the avidity of the military to intercept his supposed flight, and his own desire to place himself under their security, he bid fair to disappoint Terence Morgan of his anticipated rescue. But the chances were soon to be decided. In wading a dyke his foot struck against a tuft of weeds and rushes which grew from the side of the opposite bank, and, in his impatience, became entangled, and Thady and Nelly measured their length upon the sward. The mishap was irretrievable. When he arose he cast a sudden glance behind him; Terence, with flashing eye and whirling weapon, was at his heels. The countrymen who had been partakers in the fray were scattered widely apart from him and from each other, to use his own language, like “crows over a corn field,” and could oppose neither resistance nor impediment. He saw his danger dwindled to a single adversary, but that was worse than all the rest united. For him to obtain possession of Nelly at that instant, not to mention a broken head for himself without any questions asked, would be to renew the fight, bring the people into collision with the military, and endanger the lives of Nelly and both her lovers—perhaps more. The military were now but a few paces in front, advancing, but the voice of Terence was in his ear.

“Hell-bird, down with the colleen,” yelled Terence Morgan, making a blow at the head of the devoted Thady. It cut but the passive air. With desperate bound Thady sprang forth as it descended, and he was in the centre of the soldiery, and at once the cudgel of Terence clashed against the levelled bayonets.

“Faugh-a-vollaugh!” he shouted, “clear the way, or by the holy eucharist, I’ll smash you into your own shadows! A policeman fastened on his collar, and was immediately laid senseless; another and another met a similar fate, whilst step by step Terence continued to force his frenzied way towards Nelly with his trusty cudgel. But he was surrounded by a host of foes, and the blood began to flow from wounds in his face and arms; he was pent up, pressed, thronged, overpowered; a blow of a musket on the back sent him reeling forward; another on the chest nearly deprived him of sense, his weapon flew from his grasp, and bleeding, exhausted, and defenceless, with a fierce yell of unsubsidied rage and defiance, and by a blind motion of his hands still making shew of fight, Terence Morgan fell forward amid the grasp of a dozen enemies, but still in the direction of the prize for which he battled, a bruised and baffled prisoner.

In this condition, Terence Morgan, with the luckless Thady Doherty, was conveyed to the gaol of Cavan, where they were confined in separate but adjoining cells. It was deemed necessary for the purpose of justice that they should be prevented from holding any communication with each other. Water, however, together with all other essentials requisite to Terence, after his severe rencounter, was supplied by the order of the benevolent magistrate, and with the exception of his sorrowful heart, Terence Morgan, to whom a score of buffets were like incentives to the appetite of an epicure, was, in a short time, as fresh and able as before the combat of the morning.

“My curse be on you, Thady Doherty!” he said, as soon as he was left alone, pouring forth the anguish of his heart in the language of bitter complaint and vindictive menace; “its little I thought I’d be afther resaving such dirty treatment from you, and I being kind to you since you were a gorsoon; well, you’re like your betters, more knave than fool; but when I get my legs clane out of this place, if I

don't make a bog of your skull, that will put an end to your crossing the bogs and running away wid colleens."

"Musha, thank you kindly!" cried Thady Doherty, interrupting the astonished Terence, while he thrust his rough head through a hole in the partition. "Musha, thank you kindly, only you're a little bit wrong, you see, as wise as you are Misther Terry. Didn't I thwack the *villians* last night?—and didn't I watch 'em take Nelly Connolly to Pat Casey's still-house?—and didn't I go down, wishing myself to keep company wid the crathur?—and hadn't I like to lose my life by it if they cotched me?—and wasn't I determined to lave her in safe custody this morning, when you ran like the devil himself, the Lord save us! and all to get the colleen safe for you?—and this is the way your mother's son is afther abusing me to my face, as soon as my back's turned. Och fadha!"

"As you hope to be saved, are you telling me the truth?" questioned Terence, incredulously.

"Faix, thin, no; but more nor that," replied Thady with a broad grin, "as I'm afeard to be damned, and Father Tom thinks of that, sometimes, may be."

"Well, no blasphemy," said Terence.

"Of coorse not," answered Thady, "only, if you wish to be saved, why I can save you; there's a hole here beyond big enough for my body, as this is for my head, and I can make this big enough for you to get into me, so say the word."

"No," said Terence, after a pause; "but stay asy, Thady, if you can get out of this hole that you spake of, and come clane off. I have something by me in the way of a note; it was given to me by Father Tom, some time ago, and he tould me that as I was an honest boy, to send it to him in case I should ever be in distress. Here, take the docket, Thady, darling, and give it to Father Tom; and if he don't do something for me before night, tell the neighbours, Thady, that they may come to the wake of Terence Morgan. I've made my pace wid God, and what business have I any longer to live, Thady?"

To this Thady Doherty made no reply but by bursting into a loud howl, similar to that he might have uttered if Terence Morgan already lay a corpse before him. His head then disappeared from the aperture, and presently Terence heard a scrambling noise, as of a person climbing up a slippery or uncertain ascent, and then all was still, and by the duration of that silence, Terence concluded justly that Thady Doherty had effected his escape.

CHAPTER VI.

THE magistrate who, with his body of auxiliaries, had so critically interrupted the *melée* of the morning, as soon as he had given the necessary orders respecting the due security of his prisoners, hastened homeward to get some refreshment. Nelly Connolly he sent under escort to the house of her mother, now, in fact, her own. He had learned that the quarrel had originated at the wake of the previous night; and suspecting, from certain hostile indications and menaces, that the fight would be renewed at the interment, he showed all the anxiety of a worthy justice of the peace to preserve legal order. Accordingly, he took not off his top-boots nor heavy coat, but sat down, just as he was, to satisfy his appetite, ere he should proceed to re-engage in the performance of his pressing duties. It should, perhaps, have been premised, that the bodies of deceased relatives in Ireland are never kept beyond the time absolutely necessary to provide the indispensables of the funeral—the coffin, winding-sheet, &c. If an individual died during the day, the wake took place on the night immediately ensuing, and the grave closed upon its prey ere the second sun had set. There was ample reason, then, for the hurry of the magistrate; and yet he discussed with vast relish the beefsteak and potatoes, and decanter of old port, which was served for his luncheon. His meal, hasty as it was, did not, however, pass without disturbance. A loud knock announced the arrival of a visitor, and after a few minutes, the servant, by his master's orders, ushered in the intruder, who, dressed in a smart green surtout, and provided with a long riding-whip, entered with an air of mingled good humour and clerical swagger. The magistrate received him with cordiality, desired him to be seated, pushed the decanter before him,

apologised for being just then much pressed for time, but hoped that Father Tom would do the best honour to his fare that circumstances would permit. And right well qualified was Father Tom to do honour to aught in the way of good entertainment. A more spirited and jollier fellow at a hunt, a race, or a wedding, was seldom, or never met with. He joked with his parishioners, horsewhipped them, prayed for them, feasted with them, and damned them, with the most obliging courtesy imaginable; and, in return for such kindnesses, there was not one who had not the most unbounded confidence in him, or who would not have died to serve him. The girls, also, nearly idolized him, and at station-time strove hard with each other as to who should be confessed by Father Tom.

"Well, sir," said the magistrate, to whom Father Tom was well known, "I've had some hot work this morning; doubtless you are aware of the cause. Those factions do infinite mischief to the country. Law seems thrown away upon them—they are incorrigible, incorrigible," and he gulped down a full glass of wine, as in a strong effort to swallow his indignation.

"By my faith," said Father Tom, "I agree with you, Mr. Judex, so far as that they are a warm set of fellows, and are sometimes apt to be troublesome, something like boys when they get out of school; but you know the matter of a broken head generally cures them, and they are better friends than ever, eh? Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ah! egad, sir," returned Mr. Judex, with a face unaltered from its gravity by what he deemed the unseasonable jesting of his companion; "egad, sir, its no joking matter. There have I been scouring the country to prevent the broil, of which I had received some small intimation; but, some how or other, they contrived to keep secret the exact spot of their intended meeting, so that I was only in time to prevent more serious consequences, after the battle had commenced. As it is, I have two prisoners on a charge of abduction, and assault on the police. They appear to me to have been the ringleaders in the riot, and to have some quarrel with each other, but from the confused statements of both I could ascertain nothing with exactness; the truth will probably come out in evidence on their trial. The girl, whose name, I understand, is, Nelly Connolly, whose mother is dead, and sent for the present to her home, from motives of humanity; but I shall be present at the interment, both to hinder further mischief, and to secure Nelly as a witness; intimidation might otherwise interfere to close her mouth, and so defeat the ends of justice."

While the magistrate spoke, Father Tom kept fumbling with the silver head of his whip in his mouth, removing it only at intervals, to admit the introduction of a hearty sup of wine; but he soon prepared for a vigorous effort.

"Now, Mr Judex," said he, laying the handle of his riding-whip, which he held in his right hand, emphatically across the palm of the left—"Now, Mr. Judex, allow me to differ from you entirely, and I'll give you good and sound reasons for doing so. In the first place, the young man whom you suppose guilty of the abduction, is as innocent as a lamb; and for the other, a harmless, good-for-nothing, good-natured omádhaun, when he placed himself in your hands he did so by a voluntary act, and to save the girl he did it, she being carried off by another last night."

"Then you know the real party," said the magistrate; "and by bringing him forward, you can easily prove the innocence of our prisoner."

"There will be another way of proving that," said Father Tom. "I cannot violate the sacred seal of confession, Mr. Judex. The fact is, you see, Mr. Judex, Nelly Connolly is as pretty a thing in the way of woman's flesh as you'd meet with of a summer's day, and to my own knowledge there have been some hundred or so young fellows, breaking their hearts about her for some time back, and ready enough to break each other's heads. Ecod, I have given more penance for designs upon her, than all the rest of the sins of the parish might occasion—ha, ha!—but he that took her off last night will find himself in the wrong box. I know the secret of her heart and whether it is the prisoner or not, that has the best chance in the present game of Cupid."

"All may be very true that you say," replied Mr. Judex; "and yet if it be your intention to preserve this concealment, I cannot see how the ends of justice can be answered."

"Poh, poh!" cried the priest, "you are serious, too serious in this affair; remember it is nothing but a game of hearts. You are too serious when dancing on the point of love,—ha, ha! The ends of justice won't be answered? I don't know for that," Mr. Judex; but the ends of matrimony will be answered, which is a much more important matter. That is a national benefit, Mr. Judex: you understand me—ha, ha, ha! Come, come, Mr. Judex, between you and me, now that there's no witness by, you wouldn't have the least objection yourself to a colleen like that in question, and I dare say you think her lips worth a hard knock or two."

Mr. Judex shook his head, but could not help smiling at the insinuation of the parish confessor.

"Well," continued Father Tom, "I know I have you not in the confession-box, so I'll pass that matter over; but you will allow, Mr. Judex, that when so numerous a body as the Roman Catholic clergy are confined, by their sacred vows, within the restraint of celibacy, you'll allow that a great many marriages are necessary to make amends to the nation for the domestic privations of so fine a set of stout, healthy, unblemished bachelors. Ha, ha, ha! Eh?"

"The smile of increasing good humour, as well as the glance of roguery shot from the eyes of Judex, shewed that Father Tom was not mistaken in his mode of winding him to his purpose. In fact, the magistrate could not resist the drollery with which the priest levelled his weapons of satire even against the body of which he was himself a member.

"Upon my word then," he said, "you are a merry wag; you would do well in a hermitage, I don't think. However, I see much more fear than argument in all you have said."

"There's the best of reasons for that too," replied the imperturbable Father Tom.

"And what are they?" enquired the magistrate.

"Simply that as yet I have not begun to argue at all, and that is because there is nothing to argue about."

"We have been speaking of the innocence or guilt of the prisoners, whom you declare to be innocent," said Mr. Judex.

"Very true," was the rejoinder; "but as that can be decided immediately by the evidence of the girl, I do not think that worth an argument; but if you have a few minutes to spare, I'll start a subject in a trice. Much could be said about the mode of causing the girl to make the discovery; much about the way in which the prisoners should be treated; much about many other things; but, principally, much has to be said about the way in which you, as a magistrate, Mr. Judex, ought to act, or rather would wish to act, in order to secure the gratitude and good wishes of the people; and what you seem to value more than even this, the furtherance of justice and the preservation of the peace."

"That is the very point I wish to come to," said Mr. Judex, gravely. But Father Tom was determined not to make it a grave argument, and accordingly set about bewildering the brains of the worthy magistrate by another tirade of loquacious raillery.

"It's a laughable thing," he said. "Here we are—you're a bachelor, and I'm a bachelor, instead of providing for the exigencies of nature, of which we are, probably, in spite of my piety and your justice, just as much in want as most other people; but a priest must mind the souls of his flock, and not their bodies, and you, Mr. Judex, excuse me, must mind their bodies and not their souls, and each of us is for the salvation of our respective charge, so that by our joint efforts it is to be expected that we may be able to send some to heaven in this world and the next—we can people a paradise in both places—ha, ha, ha!"

"If such a purpose could be effected by good-will, and good-fellowship," said Judex, "no one than yourself more likely to accomplish it."

"Aye, good-fellowship," cried Father Tom, catching at the word, "that's the very thing—and the very point on which we are likely to differ, Mr. Judex."

"Explain," said Judex.

"Why then, to the point at once," was the answer, "you wish to attend the interment of Biddy Connolly to-day?"

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"I do."

"To preserve the peace, and hinder disturbance?"

"Yes."

"Now, by so doing you risk the salvation of souls and bodies. Oh! Mr. Judex, you, as a justice of the peace, should be more judicious in your measures ere you can hope to succeed."

"I do not understand you, sir, said Judex, seriously."

"All in good time," answered Father Tom. "You will attend with a military force?"

"Of course."

"You are wrong, Mr. Judex, very wrong indeed."

"How so?"

"You would wish to spare bloodshed?" said the priest.

"Certainly," replied the worthy magistrate; "and I think the best means to effect that object, is to overcome the factions by a military force."

"And I hold up my finger," returned Father Tom, "and not a man of them but will hold your soldiers in defiance."

"But that you would not do; you will rather assist in keeping the peace, than make yourself instrumental in instigating its violation," said the magistrate, warmly.

"Now, my dear sir, don't be in a hurry, if you please," replied his reverence; "I did not mean that I would shake my head, and all the numbskulls in the red coat and green coat battalion should immediately begin to inflict musket-bullet wounds, and sabre and bayonet gashes, upon the persons of my hot-brained but honest-hearted parishioners; no such thing. I only meant to suggest to your consideration that it would be much wiser to have their pugnacious propensities checked by the cool rod of clerical jurisdiction, than by martial law. You must allow that if the arm of the civil power is rendered unnecessary, it must be advantageous to all sides; for even the demonstration of coercion produces ill-will and vindictive feeling in the people's minds against its authors. We all like popularity, Mr. Judex, and I can give you a friendly hint, that you'll be all the better liked, the more seldom you show yourself as General of the Peelers, especially when it is done, as my people imagine, through hatred to them, and in consequence of a desire for their destruction."

"On that point," interrupted the magistrate, hastily, "it is in your power, and should be your duty, to undeceive them, to remove from their ignorant minds so unbounded a prejudice, so fertile a source of disaffection and revolt."

"Easy, easy again, sir," cried Father Tom; "not so fast between you and me, Mr. Judex; the clergy are a little more mindful of their own interest than to make common cause with the common enemy, and a little more fond of their own power, than to forfeit any particle of it by sharing their influence with an unpopular party—the institution of Maynooth, and the Jesuitical colleges of France, as you'd say yourself, Mr. Judex you understand me, inculcate a small trifle more of prudence than that. Indeed! it would be a droll thing to see us give our weapons up to ye, to be turned upon ourselves the first opportunity. If we have the power, we must have it to ourselves; we'll not have it bandied about from hand to hand, like a burning hot potato, until its cool enough for the use of him that's waiting to swallow it. You understand me, Mr. Judex. Besides, we wouldn't find it so easy to transfer it for any body's pleasure; its true source is in the religion, or call it superstition, if you will, sir, and here it is. They believe we can raise the devil, and lay the devil, and send them into purgatory, and drag them out of purgatory; and send them backwards and forwards to heaven and hell, just as often as we please; and here is our mode of argument, Mr. Judex. All devils are spirits; most men fear spirits; therefore most men fear devils, and, consequently, they will hold those persons in high value, that they think will wield a power over so formidable a foe—ha, ha! All men are prone to evil, you know, Mr. Judex, and, consequently, naturally fear that they may one day fall into the devil's clutches, Mr. Judex; and then they're very thankful to us for promising to drag them out of them. Ignorance is out of the question. What do they care for knowledge, when they know that Father Tom, and the likes of him, will make up for all deficiencies? They argue thus, and devilish good arguers they are, by the same token—ha, ha, ha!—There, they say, the devil pulls one way, but

Father Tom pulls the other. The devil says, I'll have ye, but Father Tom says you shan't; and why shouldn't we fear, and love, and respect Father Tom, and pay him too—ha, ha, ha! when we know that, wid plenty of money, he's sure to be the stronger of the two—ha, ha, ha!"—and thus winding up his half-serious, half-satirical speech, by a tirade of drollery, and a hearty fit of laughter, the good-natured and sagacious Father Tom seized the magistrate finally by the hand, and shook it with enthusiasm, until his opponent, for the soul of him, could not refrain from returning the friendly pressure, and bursting into a fit of merriment, fully corresponding with Father Tom's views and wishes, and Father Tom's boisterous glee.

"What a pity it is," said Father Tom, when he had partly scolded and partly joked Judex into good humour—"what a pity it is that two that might be such a pair of jovial, cordial sparks as you and I, should have any cause of difference; but it shall not be my fault if we are not henceforward the very best friends in the world."

"And we are very good friends," replied Mr. Judex, warmly, "except in a case of duty, imperative duty—I honour your opinion and acquaintance, sir—I do."

"I'll give you other duty to perform, equally imperative, if you'll give way to me in this matter," said Father Tom.

"Come now, no hoaxing," said the magistrate; "I like a jest, but cannot abide being seriously done."

"By my faith, it would be the very last thing I could think of doing," answered the other; "but here's a case in which you have imprisoned an innocent man, two innocent men, and you're about to proceed in a way which will cause you to imprison more innocent men."

"Father Tom, sir" said the magistrate, "is assault innocence?—is abduction innocence? I cannot listen, sir—I must fulfil my duty."

"Will you take my word for the peaceable conduct of the people to-day, admit Terence Morgan and his companion to bail, if I give you information by which you may employ yourself more comfortably, and increase the king's revenue into the bargain?"

"How can you keep them peaceable?" inquired Judex.

"I'll horsewhip them into peace," said Father Tom, "curse them into peace, pray them into peace, and if that do not satisfy you, I'll joke them into peace. But I am in earnest just now, you see, Mr. Judex. I have a witness without who can give you information of an illicit distillery, Mr. Judex—a twenty gallon cask of potheen is no bad premium for magisterial vigilance, Mr. Judex; and I have another gentleman who can identify, if necessary, the real party implicated in last night's fun about the girl, and who will go bail with me for the good conduct of the prisoner in your custody. Will you accept of my proposals?"

Mr. Judex paused an instant, and then said—

"Let us see the man you speak of; although you are so incorrigible at a joke, that I fear you are practising on me."

"Make the experiment," returned the priest.

"Agreed."

Father Tom rang the bell without giving the magistrate time to change his resolution, and desired the persons he had left, without, to be admitted. What was the astonishment of Judex to behold the entrance of Thady Doherty, and a gentleman of his acquaintance, who had spent the previous evening in the jolly carousal so much appreciated by himself as well as Father Tom.

"Ha, Lawrence, my friend," he said, shaking the gentleman by the hand; and then turning to Thady, "Well, jail-bird, how did you make your escape from the stronghold where I placed you?"

"Another time for this explanation, Mr. Judex," answered Father Tom; "at present there is not a moment to lose; the interment will take place soon, and neither you nor I will be at our posts. You had better take the depositions, and then decide upon the course to be pursued."

Mr. Judex saw the necessity of compliance, if for nothing else but to escape Father Tom's railery, and, accordingly, Thady Doherty made his statement, telling the exact locality of Pat Casey's still, together with the quantity of spirits, malt, and

even the number of casks, jars, and other vessels then to be found upon the premises.

"Very well," said Mr. Judex, when he had ended; "you may now leave the room—you will be provided with a meal in the kitchen if you wish, as you have not been guilty of either of the crimes imputed to your fellow-prisoner. You are discharged, but be not at a distance—you must be our guide to this Patrick Casey's distillery, and it is more than probable will be rewarded, should your intelligence be found to be correct."

Thady availed himself, with speed, of the permission although not much dazzled by the promise of reward, and down to the kitchen he went, where he also made most laudable use of the magistrate's offer of hospitality, but that was not quite enough for Thady. Inventing a plausible excuse to leave the house, he scrambled off as fast as he could, across ditches, hills, and bogs, every now and then dropping into a cabin, saying a few words, and then darting on again. And wherever he went, he created bustle and activity, for immediately each tenement was emptied of its inhabitants, all both male and female, who could, by age or strength, assist in the conveyance of goods, while Thady, bounding with delight, and perspiring and puffing with exertion, held curious converse with himself as he ran along.

"Thady, you omadhaun—sha; wouldn't it be a droll thing if you'd deliver up so much of the raal stuff for nothing else than to go inside the skin of a Peeler? Faix, thin, you may say that wid your own ugly mouth. And isn't the whisky better nor the magistrate's money any day? Of coorse, by rason that no magistrate's money is honest money. There's for you, Thady? I wondher what Mither Judex 'ud give now, if Thady Doherty was just as big a fool as he'd wish to make him. Troth, thin, it 'ud be the making of you if you'd find out that, Thady—ha, ha!—whoo!" And thus, with many a breathless pause, did Thady Doherty beguile his task, while he plodded on, bare-legged and bare-headed, anxious to make it, as he called it, a "clane job," and be back in time to wait on the commands of Judex.

Meanwhile this last-named personage proceeded with his investigation. Lawrence related his adventure of the preceding night, and gave a ludicrous account of his will-o-the-wisp chase over bog and hedge, to no purpose.

"And you could identify the man?" asked Mr. Judex.

"Most positively," he answered. "We were within a few inches of each other, and, notwithstanding the darkness, I could distinguish him to be a dark man, with a frieze-body coat, and large black whiskers."

"That is not my prisoner," remarked Judex.

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Judex," said Father Tom, "supposing you send for the prisoner, and then the gentleman can make use of his eyes for your satisfaction—they say seeing's believing."

"But the interment," pondered Judex.

"It will not take place so soon as all that; besides, they cannot bury her without me, you know, Mr. Judex; at least I promised them to say a mass to carry her the quicker to heaven."

"You are a downright infidel, it is my conviction," said Judex, jestingly.

"If I am, I'm an honest one, you know, Mr. Judex, and ye rogues of magistrates ought to take an honest man's word, and keep it to make amends for what they haven't themselves—ha, ha!—eh?"

"Well, well," replied the magistrate, who preferred compliance at any time to enduring the brunt of Father Tom's repartees; "well, well, I'll send for the prisoner—it's all the same thing, to-be-sure, for the ends of justice must ultimately be answered."

So saying, he rang, and delivered a written order to have the prisoner, Terence Morgan, guarded hither forthwith. During the interval between the order and Terence's arrival, the three gentlemen sat down in free and merry chat. The wine circulated freely also. The magistrate, highly amused by the lively sallies of his guests, permitted himself rather too liberal an indulgence of the generous liquor; and when at length Terence was ushered in, with a countenance the most dejected, he offered a solitary contrast to the jovial faces in the room, for Judex smiled even in

the performance of his magisterial duty, prepared to agree to any proposal which was jocundly expressed and afforded the prospect of promoting peace, and increasing the king's revenue. In fact, though not to say intoxicated, his intellect was quite sufficiently surrounded by that halo of Bacchus, which prevents us from perceiving the dulness of common events; and Mr. Judex, though he listened with composed features to the details of the case, and heard Mr. Lawrence assert Terence Morgan not to be the man whom he met bearing a female before him in a by-lane, he could not, for the life of him, help saying, nay swearing, in accordance with the wily, boisterous, jocund arguments of Father Tom, that it was a glorious frolic, and that he wouldn't think much of doing the same thing himself were he in the fellow's place. Nor did he offer any opposition when he was told that he might go and seize the illicit spirits, and be back in full time to superintend the interment, while they would feel infinite pleasure in taking charge of the prisoner during his absence. Accordingly, he bade a laughing farewell to his waggish friends, and, mounting his horse, rode off, accompanied by a body of police constables, and under the guidance of Thady Doherty, who had returned, and was now profuse in his expressions of gratitude to the magistrate for honouring him with so handsome a job, while Judex paid them amply back by professions of kindness, and promises of reward for his praise-worthy loyalty.

Terence Morgan, who stood by, began to perceive that Father Tom had certainly effected something in his favour, and relaxed his serious features of dolour into an expression of hilarity, when the priest and Lawrence, having exchanged a hearty laugh at what they had done, enjoined Terence to follow them. The three then set out for the house of Biddy Connolly, Father Tom with his riding-whip in his hand, ready for action, and Terence watching with anxiety for the moment which should give once more to his view the idol of his devotion.

Before they had gone far, the funereal cry, ringing over hill and valley, informed them that the remains of Biddy Connolly were already on the road to their final resting-place. Father Tom quickened his pace, and now surmounting a steep hill upon the road, the whole procession came in view, with its train of cars loaded with women, horses with pillions, and mourners. The coffin, of plain deal, was placed across a car with one horse. Nelly Connolly sat beside it, and a few other women were accommodated on the same vehicle round it, who beat the coffin lid, and howled their plaintive and peculiar dirge. A considerable number of cudgel-armed peasants thronged in the train, and among them Pat Casey, showing by their gestures and language, that the fears of the magistrate were not unfounded, and that they intended to renew the morning's combat. Father Tom walked boldly up, and administering a few strokes of his whip to some of the most vociferous, he effectually quelled all tendency to quarrel. Arrived at the grave, he fulfilled his promise of saying mass; and when this was concluded, and the weeping Nelly saw the earth close above her only parent, Father Tom called on the attention of his hearers, while he addressed to them a few words, suggested by the occasion and the circumstances which had made it remarkable.

"My friends," he said, "you have here consigned to the grave the mother and protector of Nelly Connolly, a girl about whom most of ye have had your thoughts of rivalry or passion. Ye have quarrelled about her—one of ye has been made prisoner on a charge of abduction and assault. Come forward, Terence Morgan!"

Terence stood beside the priest.

"Here he is," continued Father Tom, "and he is an innocent man; but as the colleen was carried away by brutal force last night, and as she received a bit of a sleeping draught in the shape of laudanum, at the hands of some of ye, it is necessary that the real criminal should be detected. Come forward, Patrick Casey!" And the accused Patrick came tremblingly, and placed himself beside Terence Morgan, over the newly-made grave.

"Now," said his reverence, "there ye are, mortal enemies to each other, and ye vagabonds dare to be enemies over her that treated ye both with the kindness of brothers; but as one of ye did what the laws of humanity and the laws of God condemn, he must be known before ye all. Mr. Lawrence, which of these men was

met by you in the dark boyeen (lane) last night, at an hour not fit to be mentioned?"

Mr. Lawrence stepped forward, and placed his hand on Casey's shoulder.

"Confess, you vagabond," roared Father Tom, "or the pains of hell shall be let loose upon you this minute. Are you the villain, or not?"

Patrick Casey fell on his knees in an agony of terror, and implored forgiveness for his offence.

"Well, get up for this time," said his reverence, "and now that ye're both on your legs we must think of friendship; Terence Morgan, Pat Casey, give me your hands before the whole of my congregation—there—if ever one or either of you provoke the other by a cross word, or by an ill look, or an unkind act, or show that ye are not united in the strongest ties of brotherhood, I'll anathematize and excommunicate you in this world, and in the next the devil a single day shall ye escape from the pains of purgatory until the day of judgment; and, unless I like it, not even then itself."

The parties shook hands cordially, as they were desired.

"And now there's another duty rather more delicate to perform," said his reverence. "Nelly Connolly, my darling, you stand above the grave of your mother. That mother, on her death-bed, exhorted you to choose a protector. I would not wound your feelings, but as a friend I would entreat and advise you to declare that which I know already, but which it is necessary should come from your own lips—to whom do you intend to give your pretty face, now that are by yourself in the world? Speak, Nelly Connolly, your priest commands you."

But Nelly Connolly spoke not.

"You hesitate," cried Father Tom; "beware of what you do; here has been some pretty work already, and if you go on in the same manner, there is no knowing how many murders, and robberies, and burglaries, you may occasion. Speak, in the name of that mother who looks down to see you fulfil her last commands, her dying will; remember Terence Morgan, or Patrick Casey will be transported, if I wish it, on your account. Speak."

Still Nelly Connolly spoke not, but with a deep blush, and a cry of mingled love and anguish, she flung herself into the arms of Terence Morgan.

"And I'm very much obliged to you for so plain a declaration," said his reverence; "you've done a great deal more than telling it, a-cush-la; you've plucked 'the crowning rose of the whole wreath,' as the great poet says, that I'll tell you of another time, boys; seeing's believing, but feeling has no fellow. And now," he continued, "Terence Morgan, you are sufficiently rewarded for your sufferings; and, Patrick Casey, you are, I think, well punished by the rejection of a suit which you prosecuted in so unseemly a manner."

A murmur of applause arose from the crowd, while the triumphant looks of Terence presented a fine contrast to the crest-fallen dejection of the forsaken Patrick.

"We couldn't do better now than strike the iron while its hot," said Father Tom. "I'll marry them on the spot. What say ye, boys?"

"Och, more power to yer reverence—glory to yer notions. Marry the colleen by all manner of manes," were the cries which responded to the priest's question.

"Hand here the book!" said Father Tom; "and give me some kind of ring for the occasion."

But before any one could supply what the priest required, Terence Morgan drew a ring from his waistcoat pocket and placed it in the hands of the priest. He had long kept it to be used if ever Nelly consented to their union; but little did he dream on that morning that his happiness was so near its completion. Nelly offered some maidenly objections, but the arguments of the priest and the endearments of her lover overcame her reluctance, and before she left the grave of her mother, Nelly Connolly had become the wife of Terence Morgan: she had made her bridal-choice, and sealed her eternal earthly destiny. It was amusing to see with what delight the peasants witnessed the novelty of this circumstance, and with what eagerness the men hitched up their riding-coats, and pressed forward to witness the ceremony; and when the first kiss of matrimonial bliss was impressed on the lips of Nelly, with what

a wild triumphant shout of ecstasy they saw the termination, so unexpected, of a feud which not two hours before had threatened to be of deadly continuance. They even augured that Terence would have a large family, from the circumstance of his being married in a church-yard. Father Tom's face was merrier than all the rest.

"Here's no use in crying," he said; "no help for spilled milk, boys, as the saying is; and I trust there's no sin in the song, so far as regards the present instance—

"Let us be merry and gay,
And drive away care and sorrow;
We'll laugh and sing to-day,
And think about death to-morrow."

Amid the burst of merriment which succeeded this sally of Father Tom, Mr. Judex was seen at some distance, spurring his horse furiously towards them, followed by some half-dozen weary policemen, with Thady Doherty acting in the capacity of guide. Glowing with exertion and choking with rage, the magistrate rode up, and forming his carbineers in martial attitude, dismounted, and marched in menacing array to the motley group assembled in the church-yard. Father Tom was the first that spoke—

"You seem in a hurry, Mr. Judex," he said, in a high tone of hilarity; "what's the matter? I hope the king's troops have not failed in their hopes of a prize."

"Sir," replied Judex, furiously, "we have been baffled. I have been baffled—the government has been baffled—and you, sir, I am sorry to say, who should assist in maintaining the inviolability of the laws, are the first to connive at the escape of those who break them. Sir, sir, it is shameful; you have disgraced your cloth, sir—I repeat it, you have disgraced your cloth, sir—and, shameful, shameful—"

"Back and be quiet, ye unruly set of vagabonds," shouted the priest, using his horsewhip with extreme good-will, on perceiving the disposition of his people to take revenge for the insult and bravado of the magistrate; "back, I say, or I'll whip ye all off your legs into the eternity ye do not deserve—bad as it may turn out. Leave me to deal with the gentleman."

"Didn't I do that job nately?" whispered Thady behind the priest; "the devil a barrel of 'em that wasn't as empty as yer riverince's hat after the head is out of it."

"Hold your tongue, you misbegotten ruffian," cried Father Tom, administering a severe lash on the legs of his unlucky agent, which made him speedily retreat among the laughing crowd, and gave him a lesson of conducting his tongue with greater prudence for the future.

"Coolness is wisdom, Mr. Judex," he said; "and a soft answer turneth away wrath, as Solomon says; but listen to me, and don't be foolish, Mr. Judex. You talk of my breaking the laws, don't you?"

"I do, certainly," said Judex.

"It is not difficult to confute your position, Mr. Judex. Look round you, sir; we are here fifty to one; your very lives hang on my forbearance, and yet you talk of my breaking the laws; have more sense—have more sense, Mr. Judex."

"Deliver up the prisoner," cried Mr. Judex, but in a much milder tone than before; "you engaged to keep him in security when I went on that fool's errand."

"And I am ready to make good my word," rejoined Father Tom. "Terence Morgan, stand forward! There he is, sir, and a vast improvement has taken place since you last saw him; for whereas you left him single in my care, here he is double for you, Mr. Judex—ha, ha! *By my faith, it will be well if you always find your grocer and your butcher give you such a bargain; there they are, and as pretty a couple as you'd see in a day's walk."

"Why, it is the girl whom I sent back this morning to her mother's house."

"Ay, Nelly Connolly, sure enough; and if you had found her in the still-house, Mr. Judex, I'll warrant you wouldn't be in such a towering passion about the disappointment in the way of potheen."

"Well, well, you have the prisoner," said the discontented magistrate, glad to come to a compromise with his reverence in any way which offered; "give him

into my hands, together with Patrick Casey, the author of the late outrage, and I shall forgive you all the rest.

"Forgive me," repeated Father Tom, scornfully, "forgive me for guarding your prisoner; but we'll say no more about that. I have a word for you respecting these two men, Pat Casey and Terence Morgan. The latter you cannot refuse admitting to bail for the assault, I and Mr. Lawrence will be security for all the pains and penalties consequent thereon; and as for Pat Casey, though he certainly acted more like a wild boar than a lover, I'd like to know, Mr. Judex, whisper Mr. Judex, I'd like to know," he continued, in a low voice in the magistrate's ear, "how you can have the face to commit a man for the very offence that you yourself, in the presence of witnesses, pronounced to be a glorious frolic, and that you would do the same thing, were you in the fellow's place. Thank you, Mr. Judex," he said, in his former loud tone, and giving the amazed magistrate no time to consider of his dilemma; "thank you, Mr. Judex, you are kind, good-natured, amiable, and desire the affectionate love of my parishioners; and you shall have it. Pat Casey, you have reason to thank Mr. Judex for not transporting you to Botany Bay, this fine morning; and if he don't rejoice, and if ye all don't rejoice in the forgiveness of Mr. Judex, when he condescends to treat as a harmless frolic a matter which to another man would be turned into a crime, why ye are an ungrateful set of vagabonds, and I wash my hands clean of every mother's soul of ye from this day out."

The consciousness of his own imprudence, the assurance of the priest, and the deafening plaudits of the multitude, by whom he heard himself apostrophized by such phrases as "Long life to yer Honour!" "Good sonner to yer Honour!" "May yer Honour live long and die happy!" "May yer Honour never see a day's ill luck!" alarmed, bewildered and dazzled the magistrate to such a degree, that he fidgetted about with the restlessness of a big fish taken out of its native river, and tumbled alive into a tub of water. But when the people, to testify their triumph, raised Terence Morgan and Nelly Connolly by main force upon their shoulders, and bore them homewards, he came close beside Father Tom, and said—

"A pretty trick this is you pair have served me. I shall remember it."

"No doubt you will," replied Father Tom; "and so will we all; it is one of the best things I ever did in my life. Here have I sent one angel swift as a shot to Heaven, and put a couple of my parishioners in a fair way of furnishing more; and, by my faith, they are a promising pair of campaigners to raise recruits for Elysium. Don't talk to me about the indecency of marrying the colleen over her mother's grave. Love is the secret antidote for sorrow, and I've saved her a pint, at least, of unnecessary tears; but you had the best of the argument, Mr. Judex—you had, upon my soul; and I will freely acknowledge, that had I not played you a trick, I would have been no match for you, and you are enthroned in the hearts of the people into the bargain. Come, how can you look stern, when you consider you've made two persons so happy, and won the love of so many; why you will be like king Herod for the future, a god and not a man among them. Come, shake hands and be friends."

Mr. Judex, with a little hesitation, could not refrain yielding to the well-timed flattery of the priest, and proffered to him and Lawrence the hand of reconciliation.

"In token that you are sincere," said Father Tom, "you must accompany me and Mr. Lawrence, and we shall be merry in a bumper to the happiness of the young couple whom you have been the providential means of blessing, Mr. Judex. Now, no refusal, or you and I must go to argument again, you know."

Judex assented to the invitation. Indeed, he had no excuse for declining, or rather he feared to awake the further animosity of Father Tom, if he should. Accordingly he dismissed the policemen; and as the three reconciled parties stood to look at the receding multitude, they observed Thady Doherty, leaping along, with indefatigable vigour, and indulging in one of his most extravagant fits of preternatural gaiety, and could overhear him express his sympathies and poetical feelings, in the following extemporaneous couplet:—

"Nell Connolly, she tuk to a boy of a day,
And if they arn't happy, that you and I may!"

W. LEDGER.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN WOOD AND STONE.

UPON a pedestal of stone, there stood
A lofty pillar which was formed of wood; *
Though joined in one, as firmly as could be,
This wood and stone by no means could agree.
We won't pretend t' investigate the cause,
But should suppose it one of reason's laws,
That natures differing, when combined by force,
Are sure to quarrel, as a thing of course.
Howe'er that be, high words between them ran,
And thus the contest, "Maitre Pierre," began:—

STONE. Am *I*, a noble stone—born to be *free*,
Converted to a footstool? and for *thee*!
Has fortune, not content with *grinding*,
Thus *worn* and *fretted* me by finding
A straight unerring *shaft* in you,
With which to pierce my body through?
Shall one of my *solidity* and *weight*
Endure the lot *carved out* by fate,
So *base* a one, as being placed below
A painted, paltry, *stuck up thing* like thou!

WOOD. Nay, for that matter, though you talk so high,
The most degraded of the two am *I*;
I, who was once a mighty forest's pride,
To find myself in any shape allied
To *thee*, a *heavy, base-born son of earth*,
Of *low* extraction, and of grovelling birth;
Who underground resided, out of sight,
Until by man raised up and brought to light!

STONE. Yea, man, proud man, gladly invokes my aid,
His name to rescue from oblivion's shade.
Where were his bridges, aqueducts, and roads,
His beauteous statues, and his strong abodes?
Where were his gorgeous palaces and domes,
His noble churches, and his sumptuous tombs
Whereby his fading memory I bequeath
To future ages, while he rots beneath?
His birth, his death, would soon forgotten be,
Had he no better chronicler than *thee*!

WOOD. You boast your mighty works, but by your leave,
Without *my* aid, scarce one would you achieve;
And by your own most *highly-wrought* account,
Your services to man chiefly amount
To that which feeds his luxury and pride,
While for his wants and comforts *I* provide.
Borne upon me, he ploughs the pathless deep,
My walls from foes the shores of England keep:
'Tis *I* that form his bed, and dress his meat,
Adorn his house, and render it complete;
Can by myself his habitation form,
In winter's cold, both cheer, and keep him warm.

STONE. Stop! not to *you* he owes that blessing fire;
If you assert it, you're a downright liar;
For truly I should wonder much to see
The mighty blaze you'd kindle without me.

The Unknown God.

WOOD. You might not *see* it—since I'm grieved to find,
That, like your family, you're quite *stone* blind.

STONE. Well, Mr. Touchwood, I must needs allow
You soon take fire, for you are blazing now!
But I have done, for nought that could be said
Would *hammer* sense into your *wooden head*;
And, really, I'm too *polished*, and too *cool*
To parley longer with a senseless fool;
For, let me argue till *time turn me grey*,
A *cross-grained block* like thou will have its way.

WOOD. Yes! I maintain my ground till I decay!

Thus was this angry disputation
Conducted to its termination;—
And just like disputants of flesh and blood,
Exactly where he was each wrangler stood.

L. M. B.

THE UNKNOWN GOD.

IN the time of Dioclesian, when Christianity throve amidst persecution, Pamphile, a strenuous disciple of the growing faith, departed from Cæsarea to Rome, to unite his efforts with those of Caius, Quentin, and several other holy men, successors of the apostles, who were earnestly occupied in preparing the minds of the faithful to sustain, with fitting fortitude, the hourly impending martyrdom which awaited them, in order that the first great atonement might be followed by worthy examples, and that Christian blood might cleanse the pavements of Rome from the foul stains of Pagan debauchery and superstition. Thus did the holocaust of the divine founder of the Christian faith ascend continually towards heaven, and his disciples flocked to the "city of cities"—that "portal of all nations"—to offer themselves for immolation upon altars still reeking with victims to the new faith, in order that a world might be redeemed, and that heaven itself, terror-stricken at human turpitude, might, in pity, receive into the scales of eternal justice some counterpoise against the overbrimming mass of sin and wickedness.

One evening, at the close of the short and sublime exhortation which, on each occasion, was listened to by the small assembled flock, as though it were, in all probability, the last (for too often ere morning one or other of their number, either pastor or sheep, answered not the summons, and the *de profundis* was whispered in low, yet fervent tones, over the tomb of an immolated brother), Pamphile, having given his benediction and sorrowful farewell to his brethren, watched them, in profound silence, slowly disappear beneath the sombre vaults of the catacombs. A feeling of inexpressible melancholy had weighed upon the heart of this holy man during the entire evening; for, as might naturally be expected, unspeakable tenderness was quickly generated, and strongly felt, between men thus self-devoted to sacrifice, and their souls were often divided between the bitterness of mundane regrets, and the transports of a divine enthusiasm.

It was under these circumstances that the Christian priest still stood before the altar, though no longer occupied in prayer. The weariness of his frame—emaciated by fasting—the chill atmosphere of the cavern in which they were forced to hold their stolen meetings, the solemnity of the diurnal farewell, the sight of that bier, upon which, day after day, for upwards of a whole month, a mutilated form had been laid

to receive the crown of glory, yet humid with a martyr's blood, rushed to his mind with a sentiment of disgust and terrible individuality; and overcome by his feelings, he once again knelt before the symbol of all his earthly, as well as his heavenly hopes, exclaiming—

"Lord! if I must drink of this cup, spare me from the dregs; if yon bier be destined to receive my body, in mercy let it lie thereon to-morrow, that I may see none other from amongst my brethren stretched mangled in his gory shroud, so that my heart's tears may be dried up for ever."

Scarcely had he concluded, ere he heard some one softly knocking at the secret door which the faithful brethren had constructed, and which was secured on the inside, in order that the cavern might have but one outlet—the same, indeed, by which Pamphile had watched them retire, whereby they might be less exposed to the dangers of surprise. The new-comer could, therefore, only be a spy, or one of the brethren newly arrived from afar, and, by reason of a pursuit, seeking precipitate refuge within the caverns; and Pamphile, thereupon, drew back the bolts with a calm and steady hand—"What wouldst thou?" he asked, as he threw open the door.

Great was his surprise. A female closely veiled was at the portal. She advanced with a timorous step, saying, "Let me not suffer torture—put me not to death—I am a Pagan woman, and come not hither to betray you, but to invoke your God."

"Our God hath said, 'Return good for evil,' replied Pamphile; "we kill not, neither do we inflict torture, even upon those who would betray us. Enter, therefore, daughter, and address your prayers unto the true God."

"Close, then, the door," replied the Pagan woman; "for were I surprised, I should be accused of being a Christian, and they would put me to the torture in order to extort an avowal of your mysteries."

The priest accordingly closed the door, and on turning again towards his Pagan visitant, who had removed her veil, he saw one possessed of youth and beauty, richly attired, but upon whose countenance were traces of great inquietude and sorrow. "Who art thou?" asked the priest, "and what seekest thou? Yonder stands the altar of our God. If thou wouldst address him in prayer, I will kneel with thee and beseech him to accord thee that which thou askest."

But the woman, instead of answering him, cast her eyes around her with an expression of mingled terror and curiosity; and when, by the pallid gleam of the lamp burning before the altar, she descried the cenotaph covered with a mort cloth, stained with livid spots, she started back with horror, exclaiming—

"Thou pretendest that thou dost not kill, that thou tormentest not; wherefore, then, that blood-bespotted shroud?"

"Daughter," replied the priest, "'tis the blood of our brethren, whom Pagan worshippers have slain."

Hearing this, the woman was tranquil for a short space. "Our gods are not so cruel as we are," she at length exclaimed, "nor like the gods of Gaul and Germany, who require human sacrifices. They are content with hecatombs of beasts; and the first-born of a steer is more agreeable to Mars himself, than the blood spilt in battle. Believe me, pontiff of the god Christ, our gods are mild and indulgent; they urge us rather towards pleasure than savage fury; nay, rather, it must needs be, that they are now slumbering, and that the golden-tressed Hebe hath poured forth to them Lethean water, in lieu of ambrosia and nectar, for they seem, in no respect, longer to preside over our destinies, but to have altogether abandoned us. When mortals are forsaken by the gods, they become like unto the ruthless barbarians of the north. I, on my own part, have not ceased to serve them as I ought. Above all have I invoked the goddesses, and sought to render them propitious to me by offerings worthy of my rank and fortune, for I am rich and a patrician, and my name is Lea."

"You are then that woman so widely celebrated by her indulgence in luxury, and for her beauty, and come you here to brave persecution and death? It must, indeed, be that you have felt some aching void, and the transitory nature of all earthly joys."

"Old man," Lea replied, "I have felt the wounds of pride, and know the satiety of pleasure, but as I am still young, and hours of sadness increase upon me, I have called upon the immortals to restore back to me my pristine joys; yet vainly have I

sacrificed, in turn, to all the divinities from whom I anticipated aid ; in vain have my feet wearied the steps of thy temple, O Venus ! in vain have I offered to thee six couples of young African doves, whiter in their plumage than milk ; in vain have I touched, with trembling hands and parched lips, the breasts of the statue of Juno Victoria, clasped with devoted ardour the golden cincture encrusted with precious stones, and fashioned like that which thou lentest her in order, say they, to regain the love of her immortal spouse, Jupiter, the king of gods. Yet, cold and unmindful goddess ! thou didst not restore to me my lost power of pleasing ; and Juno, haughty queen of Olympus, hath ceased to inspire me with those feelings of indomitable pride which would console me even for the loss of love itself. In vain, too, O Pallas ! have I embroidered Tyrian veils, to hang upon thy shrines ; thou hast endowed me neither with wisdom, nor a fondness for study, or useful occupation. And thou, O Hebe ! did not I tender to thee the richest offerings—did not I sacrifice heifers without spot, and lambs of a year old ? No longer in these our days doth thy invisible hand efface from the brows of thy privileged votaries early wrinkles imprinted thereon by the hand of Time, as in days of old, when thy loving tenderness renewed the rose-tints on their lips. Thou hast suffered tears to furrow my cheek, and the streaks of Iris to extend around my eyelids. Thou, too, O Cupid ! god of the sun, did I not sacrifice to thee the first-born of a hare, ere it had tasted the wild mountain sage and thyme ? Have I not brought from Greece myrtles wreathed in the nosegays of Amathonte and Gnidus, to scatter their precious flowers upon thy altar ? Love, O love ! hast thou wholly forgotten me ? Gods and goddesses ! hath the smoke of my sacrifices wholly silenced you ? Hath not my plaint been long and often enough reiterated to the skies, loudly to proclaim how greatly I need divine consolation and assistance ? Come, then, such divinity from the north or from the east, from the deserts of Africa or from the land of the Hebrews, who, as they tell me, have but one God, ever unchangeable—provided my prayers be granted, I will offer to him the richest holocausts, and I will grudge neither gifts nor honours to his priests. Speak, then, old man, and inquire of thy oracles, whether the God of the Galileans can manifest a power and beneficence above those of our divinities, for they have become as the deaf, and heed not."

"Woman," replied Pamphile, "we receive not gifts, neither interpret we oracles."

"How serve you, then, your God," rejoined Lea ; "and wherefore serve you him ?"

"He hath taught us his word, but it abideth not within the hollow forms of vain idols. He requireth not earthly offerings ; the love and worship of faithful hearts is all he asketh. And as for his priests, they and all those who adore the Christ have made a vow of poverty and humility."

"Thou askest never aught of him, then, and he hath nothing, therefore, to bestow upon you ? It may be that he is like unto the Fates, who have sway over all the gods, but who can change nothing upon which they have once determined, how much soever they may be entreated in prayer."

"Our God listens to us, and grants our requests ; and to speak after your form, in order that you may understand my meaning, know that Destiny obeys him, even as a slave his master. 'Tis his will which ruleth the universe, and none other God exists save he. Receive his word, study his law, and you will discover that in his mercy there is greater treasure to be found than amidst the entire range of earthly vanities."

"Must I then," replied the grief-stricken woman, "study your mysteries ere I can offer up my supplications to your God ; and will he not accord them until I be initiated therein ? If so, farewell, for my mode of life leaves me not time to listen to your exhortations ; and, moreover, a fearful persecution would in turn await me. I deemed that by coming hither to make an offering, I might obtain some answer, and return, perchance, not altogether devoid of hope ; but since it is forbidden to the priests of your faith to receive the prayers of the heathen, I will go yet once again, and either implore Venus that she restore pleasure back to me, or Vesta, that she may teach me continence."

"Stay !" said Pamphile to her, mildly ; "foolish or culpable requests I am for-

bidden to make before my God; it seemeth, however, that you complain of the ravages of time, and the loss of forbidden appetites. The word of Christ teaches us that beauty of mind, and purity of body, are the beauty and love agreeable to the Creator. But if I have thoroughly comprehended all you have uttered, I find you suffering from the common malady by which your nation is tormented—utter disgust of life: from weariness of evil doing; you implore, at the same time, fabulous divinities, who, as you affirm, preside over the most contrary attributes—modesty, luxury, science, pride, folly, wisdom. As you know not what you would have, so are you ignorant what would effect your cure; and, were I to reveal it, you would not comprehend me, for the moments are numbered; you will remain here but for a brief space, and your mind is so estranged from the spirit of the true God, that a year would scarcely suffice for your conversion. Yet, I pray thee, listen: yonder stands the image of the true GOD; kneel down before it in token of respect, not to the wood of that crucifix, but to the Son of God, which it represents, who is in heaven. Raise thy soul to the ETERNAL, and breathe to HIM thy troubles. Know that he is a good and indulgent God, a father to the contrite and afflicted, a God of love for the troubled and fervent in belief. There is no need of interpreter, of priest or angel, between Him and thee. Pray Him only to look into the recesses of thine heart; and if thou desirest sincerely to know and serve Him, he will endow thee with grace, which is a gift more precious, and a consolation more powerful than all the false and fleeting delights of life."

"I have heard words spoken like unto thine," replied Lea; "it hath been told me that the Nazarenes, condemned to death in these latter times, all invoked a god, whom they called the god of love and mercy. It is said, however, that He in nowise resembles the god of Cythera and Paphos, nor can I easily comprehend what mercy, at his hand, you promise me: nevertheless, since thou permittest me to pray in his temple, I will go and invoke him; for if the immortal gods have knowledge of the secret thoughts of men, it is not the less efficacious to reveal it by invocation, in order to testify that hope is placed in them."

"Do what seemeth best unto thee," replied Pamphile. "May the Eternal Creator, blind as thou art, now thou art seeking the light, unseal thine eyes!"

The Roman lady accordingly knelt down upon the damp floor of the cavern, and throwing backwards her lovely head, richly ornamented with pins and bandelettes of gold, she raised her rounded arms, bare to the shoulder, towards the holy image.

"I know not," (she exclaimed,) "what thing I ought to ask of thee, O unknown God! but full well know I what plaint I would address to heaven; for my life is become more bitter than the olive gathered from the tree. I have seen the highest and wealthiest at my feet, but he whom I have chosen for my husband hath forsaken me for pleasure. His whole desire was, it seems, to see me renounce, in his favour, the sternness of my manners, and then to throw myself into the arms of another. I thought to avenge my outraged pride by loving Icilius, and thou well knowest, God of the Nazarenes, since 'tis said that, like unto Jupiter, thou knowest all the actions and thoughts of men—thou knowest that Icilius hath proved unworthy of my love, and hath abandoned me for the blandishments of courtesans, giving me, as a pretext, that he could not longer love a faithless woman. Thou knowest, O divinity! that I did not abase myself, so far as to supplicate the false one, but sought only to be avenged for my injured feelings. Still, thus outraged, doth my life waste away and my beauty fade, alternately between unavailing transports of tenderness or bursts of anger; and when I called down upon the heads of those perjured ones the vengeance of the infernal gods, thou knowest that they have answered me that the infernal gods no longer existed, that Cottyto had strangled Cerberus, and that the Furies themselves had grown placable since Plutus had shared the empire of earth with Comus and his train.

"Such is the state of all, O unknown God! Men believe no longer in the justice of Olympus, and the shameless Bacchante insults with impunity the sorrowing vestal. Lucina no longer shields the dignity of wives and mothers; and the altars of Cypris are no longer tended save by dishevelled Maenades. Yet weak as woman may be, O, Omnipotent Divinity! she herself is not the first to forsake the support to which she

has once clung. Her honour renders infidelity dangerous to her, causing her to expiate it by shame. 'Tis man, therefore, whom I come to accuse before thee, Nazarene!—'tis my husband, Icilius—nay, *all* those whom I have loved in vain, now denounce I to thy justice; avenge me then on their heads, or grant that I may forget them and enter into the forgetfulness of old age. If I have lost a portion of my beauty, and if by regaining it I may recover the affection of those who have betrayed me, render to me once again my youth, and the wonted potency of its charms. But can it be! have I, indeed, lost my bloom so far, as that Torquata, the public singer, notoriously vile by the debauchery of her life, should be preferred to me?

* * * * *

“And yet what are we to do, solitary and despised, within the shades of our deserted gardens? The government of the state, war, the academics, admit us not to those labours which engage man and console him for every ill; from such, by the softness of our sex and from education, are we alike excluded. We are taught only the arts of captivation; and the first care of our matrons, so soon as our tresses float upon our shoulders, *is to instruct us how to arrange them in perfumed locks, with what jewels to ornament them, in order to attract the gaze of man!* Our most serious labours have relation to attire, and the sole conversation in which we are able to take part, is that in which our senses are sought to be excited, in order to engulph us recklessly in the abandonments of pleasure. If we are chaste, we inspire our husbands only with a chilling esteem and the languor of ennui. If we seek to retain their love by transports of jealousy, they first suspect and then despise us.

“Thus, O God of Galilee! thus treat they the women of Rome. Behold, then, to what degradation those ladies, formerly so respected, have fallen, who gave their bracelets of gold to their country, and were only proud to bear heroes, sons. Luxury, indeed, hath taken up her abode upon the public squares, and been accorded a triumph even in the eyes of honest women. If thy people be faithful to the virtues of former times—if the law impel the heart to rectitude and the body to purity of life, strike, then, O Galilean! with thy lightnings, this impure city, and let a new race dwell therein. I have told thee the horrors attending our present state, answer me, therefore, by the mouth of thy priest. Let an oracle either console or teach me. If, to work me a cure, to free me from the ennui and frenzy which devour me, it be necessary to invoke the aid of magic, to be present at horrible and revolting sacrifices, to swallow the poisons of Erebus, even that would I do rather than return hopelessly to my solitary couch, and endure the tortures of impotent vengeance.”

“I have addressed thy God: now, priest, answer thou for him. Have you not an allotted sybil to consult him? Ah! if you know of some philtre wherewith to inspire men with love, or else to extinguish its flame in the heart of woman, bestow it on me. I will drain it to the last drop, though it scorch my vitals in mortal agony. Answer, old man, what hecatomb must I offer on thy altars? Doubtest thou that I am rich? Doubtest thou my oath? I will immolate to thy Christ all the flocks upon my domains; I will heap before his shrine all the golden vessels within my palace. Wouldst have my ornaments, the bandelettes upon my brow, the jewels which ornament my sandals? I am told that you accept gifts from the rich merely to distribute them amongst the poor, and that such gifts render your gods propitious. I will do anything to acquire either the gift of love, or the boon of oblivion.”

“Unfortunate woman,” replied Pamphile, “that which you ask lies not within our power. Our god confers not upon us the capacity to satisfy human passions. He would cause the hand to wither that would excite or vitiate the blood which flows in human veins. The servants of that God of chastity profess chastity after his example. Those amongst us who enter into marriage, consider fidelity equally the duty of man as it is of woman, and transgression equally criminal in either sex. 'Tis amongst Christians alone that sincere and lasting love can reign. They adore one master only, to whom alone belongeth every virtue, whilst your Pagans adore every known vice, under the image of divers divinities. Those divinities, my daughter, are foul demons, and far from worshipping and fearing them, they ought to be scorned and detested by you. To the God of mercy, gentleness,

and purity, should your sacrifices be given; he heedeth not offerings of lambs and heifers; and, in pity, look down upon your revengeful desires, your pride, and all the vain pleasures of your life."

"My life then is, for the time to come, pleasureless and without repose," exclaimed the lovely Pagan; "I can sacrifice nought more to thy God than my hatred and resentment, if he accord me only those pleasures which I am unable to grasp and that repose I crave."

"No blessing from the God I serve will ever attend upon the votaries of such pleasures. He reproofs, nay forbids them to all who have not sanctified them in his name, by an indissoluble oath."

"What consolation, then, accordeth he to the forsaken woman?" asked Lea, rising to her feet.

"He opens his arms to her," replied the Christian, "and invites her to seek consolation in his bosom."

"O, priest!" exclaimed the Roman lady, "thine oracle is obscure, and passeth my comprehension. May I love thy God, and can thy God love me also!"

"Even so, my daughter, God loveth all men, for they are his children, and when men abandon each other, he consoleth those who take refuge with him. Essay, then, the divine love, O Lea! and thou wilt find, therein, delights so pure as will make thee forgetful of all those of earth."

"Thy oracles astonish and terrify me more and more," exclaimed the woman, retreating from the altar and drawing her veil closely round her face. "The love of a God is a terrible thing, old man, and hath cost mortals dearly who have dared to abandon themselves to it. Semele was reduced to ashes by the glory of Jupiter's countenance, and the jealous Juno cruelly pursued the fugitive Latona."

"Stay, poor insensate, and cast from thee these thoughts, that are engendered of ignorance and nothingness. The true God descends not to the weaknesses of man, for he is not incorporated in an earthly form, as are your fabulous divinities. O daughter of a sinful age, thou art immeshed so deeply in the trammels of error, that I know not in what language to address thee. Time is needful for thy instruction. Wouldst be a Christian?"

"Wherefore should I, if I be not assured thereby to find a termination to my woes?"

"I promise it, then, in the name of the ETERNAL.--consolation in this life, recompense in the next."

"And how shall I believe in thy promises, if I have not, from this present time, some proof of the power of thy God?"

"Should I then beseech the Omnipotent God to convince thee by a miracle?" said the priest, rather in self-communion than addressing himself to the Roman lady.

"Ask it!" she exclaimed, "and I will prostrate myself."

"No," replied Pamphile, "for thy soul is in the bonds of error, and still it is not the voice of heaven that calls thee to thy conversion: 'tis that of thy passions, and they are yet too much at strife for thee to harken to the voice of the divinity. Listen, woman: return to thy home, constrain thyself to forget the man who has offended thee, and live henceforward in continence; condemn thyself to solitude, to abstinence and suffering. Offer up to God thy grief and weariness, and be not impatient to endure them. When thy anguish shall increase upon thee, until it seem beyond thy strength to sustain, invoke neither Venus nor Vesta--forget those phantoms--bend thy knees to earth and look towards heaven, where reigns the living God, and utter these words--

'O thou, the true and only God! grant that I may know and love thee, for I would know and love none other but thee.'"

"And then, what miracle would he work in my behalf?" asked the Roman lady, with astonishment.

"The truth will descend and enter into thy heart; the divine love will raise thy courage; each sense will again resume its wonted serenity, and you will then find lasting consolation."

"For ever?"

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"No; man is weak, and can do nothing without continued help from on high. Be earnest in prayer each time thou feel'st afflicted."

"And each time will be given consolation?"

"If thou prayest with fervour and sincerity."

"And shall I then become a Christian?" murmured Lea with inquietude. "My husband will denounce me and have me put to death."

"These persecutions will cease, and the Christ will triumph," said Pamphile. "Meanwhile fear nothing; reveal to no one living, for the present, thy newly-adopted faith, and pray to the Unknown God in the secrecy of thy heart. Ere long thou wilt experience a thirst for instruction and baptism; and when thou shalt, indeed, have become a Christian, thou wilt no longer live in dread of martyrdom. Retire, my daughter, the hour hath elapsed. When thou hast felt the effect of these my promises, thou wilt repair again to the catacombs."

On the morrow the catacombs were penetrated by the Roman officials and soldiery, and many were the Christians dispersed or put to the sword; and during the two subsequent years the religion of the Saviour seemed to have been wholly stifled in Rome. Pamphile, however, returned to Cæsarea, and his friend Eusebius went to take his place in the city of St. Peter, furnished with the necessary instructions from his predecessor. There he once more collected together the scattered flock, and found it greatly augmented. The faith had grown strong, even in the fetters of its enemies; the truth had been propagated in obscurity; and even amongst the ranks of its former persecutors, numerous brethren spontaneously communicated with the faithful.

One evening, as Eusebius was traversing the city of the Cæsars, on his way to a sequestered crypt lying at some distance from the walls, a female African slave accosted him. The woman having dogged his footsteps for some time, had been taken by him for a spy. He was, therefore, about to retrace his steps, in order to deceive her as to his destination, when she thus addressed him—

"In the name of the GOD of Nazareth, a Roman lady desireth to see you in her last moments. Follow me, and fear nothing, for your God is with you."

Eusebius followed her, and after having, as the shades of night darkened rapidly around, traversed the thick groves surrounding a magnificent country-house, he was introduced to the chamber even of Lea. The Roman lady, though pallid and emaciated, still looked beautiful in her robe of purple. Raising herself upon her ivory couch, in a faint voice, she asked, "Art thou Eusebius, the friend of Pamphile?"

"I am he," replied the holy apostle.

"'Tis well!" said the dying lady; "proceed to give me baptism, for I would, ere I die, avow the true and unknown God. Two years have now passed, during which I have prayed to him in tears, and invoked his aid. Pamphile had promised it me; my grief has become dear to me, and my tears have ceased to burn my cheek. I have lived as he told me; I have abandoned evanescent pleasures—the circus, the feast, the chariot-race, and the temples of the impotent gods. Sequestered within the shade of my silent gardens, I have prayed each time that I felt regret for the fleeting joys of the past stealing over me, and, instead of their torments, have each time experienced a miraculous calm; and a bliss, hitherto untasted, hath possessed me. I could not receive instruction in your mysteries; it must infallibly have exposed one of us to persecution, and I waited in patience for a happier time. But death will not let me see that day. I am dying, and I die in peace, with the hope of seeing thy God; for what Pamphile had enjoined upon me, that have I done. I have prayed with ardour and sincerity. I have repeated unceasingly the prayer which he dictated to me—

'O THOU, THE TRUE AND ONLY GOD! GRANT THAT I MAY KNOW AND LOVE THEE!'

The words expired upon Lea's lips ; Eusebius sprinkled the holy water upon her forehead, already damp with the dews of death, saying—

“ May **THE ETERNAL** himself instruct thee within the heavenly mansions in all of which thou wert ignorant upon earth ! Expiation and sincerity are the true baptism which he requireth of us here below.”

A placid smile lit up the features of Lea ; and the slave who attended her, astonished at the renewed loveliness which her countenance had assumed, ran to fetch a mirror of polished steel, and holding it before the dying lady, “ O, my mistress,” exclaimed she ingenuously, “ fear not death, for lo ! youth blooms again upon thy visage. Thine eyes sparkle with their wonted lustre, thy lip retakes its ruddy hue ; the God of Galilee hath wrought a miracle in thy favour ; and if thy lovers were to behold thee at this moment, they would abandon all those whom they now adore, to throw themselves once more at thy feet. Arise, then, order thy car to be prepared ; I will braid and ornament thy tresses, for Cæsar himself would this day worship thy resplendent beauty.”

For a long space did Lea contemplate her image in the glittering mirror ; then letting her enfeebled arm drop listlessly by her side, “ Were the God of Galilee to restore me to life and health, I would not return to my insensate loves. I would not that my beauty, regenerated by mysterious love, should become the sullied trophy of a scornful mortal. I feel that I am dying, and that I am about to rejoin the focus of imperishable beauty, called by the divine Plato *the sovereign good*. He also, he must have divined the existence of the ‘ Unknown God,’ when he pointed to heaven as the source of love and perfection. O priest ! that water which thou hast sprinkled upon my brow, is it not an emblem of the inexhaustible well-spring at which I am now going to slake my thirst ?”

“ Even so, my daughter,” replied the priest ; and discoursing to her of hope and redemption, he beheld her expire with a bland smile wreathing her lips. The holy peace which she had experienced in devoting herself to the worship of the Unknown God and the beatific tranquillity of her last moments struck the mind of the African slave so forcibly, that she followed Eusebius to the crypt of the Christians, and joyfully embraced that religion which alone affords consolation to the afflicted, and freedom to the slave.

A ROYAL BRIDAL SONG.

INTRODUCTION.

ERE he bids farewell to his ancient halls,
On the bard of his house young Albert calls ;
(The descendant of many a gay troubadour,
Who had harped to his sires in days of yore) ;
“ Awake, minstrel bard !—come, awake ! follow me
To the bark that is bearing me over the sea ;
Well tune thy harp-strings for a burthen of pride,
A lay for the ear of my Sovereign Bride.”

“ Nay ; Love's own minstrel am I, and care not to sing
At the marriage banquet of prince or of king ;
A bridal of loyalty little I deem
A subject befitting for Poesy's theme :
Rich goblets and jewels, robes costly and rare,
Pomp, splendour, and pageantry—these are all there ;
But cold policy sits in purple and pall,
And freezes the accents of love as they fall.”

“ Hush ! hush ! minstrel bard ! 'Though I've often heard tell
That with sovereign princes it thus hath befell ;
Say not thus, minstrel bard ; for thine be it to know,
That with *my* royal bride 'tis not like to be so :

A Royal Bridal Song.

In childhood 'twas mine her affection to claim,
Our books and our pastimes were often the same ;
The hot glare of grandeur, the noontide of power
Never withered the buds of that sweet morning hour ;
And she still thought of him, who aspired to no throne
Save a place in the heart he dares reckon his own."

"Ah! my noble young prince, if thus then it be,
I'll joyfully follow thee over the sea ;
And I'll waken my harp with pleasure and pride,
Though unworthy the ear of thy Sovereign Bride."

SONG.

Put off your garb of antique grey,
Time-darkened towers of old St. James !
Ye almost mock the bright array
Of princes, peers, and lovely dames,
All gathered around by thine altar side,
To witness the vows of their Sovereign Bride.

Hark ! trumpets flourish, loud huzza !
Merry bells in chorus swelling,
Shouts near at hand or borne from far
Of England's rapturous joy are telling ;
'Tis a nation's glad voice, and 'tis echoing wide
In blessing and prayer for its Sovereign Bride.

Mount and away ! for Windsor's bowers
The royal pair are blithely starting,
And the sun, emerged from passing showers,
Is on their escort's sabres darting ;
But the joy-beaming faces on every side
Cast a sunshine more bright on the Sovereign Bride.

Where are the flowers to strew her way ?
In winter's lap they yet are lying,
But wreaths of ivy and of bay
Are better signs of faith undying.
Her people's firm love which will always abide
Through each storm that may threaten their Sovereign Bride.

And he who shares each loyal token,
The princely bridegroom, lowly bending,
To meet the sounds of greeting spoken,
No dull insensate ear is lending ;
His heart beating high, with a lover's fond pride,
To find himself dear for the sake of his bride.

His welcome warm to England's shore
He'll pay back both with heart and hand,
And show he could not prize her more
Were she truly his "father-land."
For with each Briton's welfare his heart was allied,
When he plighted his troth to his Sovereign Bride.

The sun has sunk ; but Eton's spires
Are all in bright effulgence beaming ;
And o'er the castle of her sires
Are royal banners proudly streaming,
As its lamp-glowing portals are thrown open wide
For the prince of her choice, and the Sovereign Bride.

Oh ! may the light of peace and love
(A load-star their young steps attending)
Point to the path, *their* heads above
Towards the *highest* throne ascending—
The immortal crown of virtue proved and tried,
May that be yet in store for ALBERT and HIS BRIDE!

L. M. B.

MARGARET FAIRBURN.

A TALE OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

IT is now some ten years since, that one Sunday evening, towards the latter end of August, I happened to be strolling down that unattractive region which unites the northern extremities of the two bridges of London and Southwark. The day had been sultry, as it commonly is at this season, and an interminable stream of persons, in their best holiday attire, flooded the causeway, most of them either coming from or proceeding to the various steam-boats that ply for passengers at Queenhithe and its vicinity. The river presented a gay and animated scene. Not a cloud obscured the serene blue sky, beneath which, kindling in the beams of a magnificent setting sun, shone the broad waters of old Father Thames, now ruffled by the light wherry that glided over their sparkling surface, and now scattered into foam as the larger and self-impelled vessel sped onwards with its freight of smiling faces, and a proud consciousness of might that set opposition at defiance.

Fatigued with my walk, and willing to escape for a few moments from the busy crowd that obstructed the main thoroughfare, I turned into one of those small and quiet church-yards which abound in this particular quarter of the metropolis. The church itself was a venerable structure, and its crumbling walls were blackened by the impure atmosphere in which it had stood for more than two centuries. The straggling tombstones, that appeared as if literally bowed down with age, were broken and defaced; and the names they had been erected to perpetuate, in many of them could no longer be deciphered. A few stunted trees, whose species it would be difficult to determine, put forth their sickly foliage, as if in defiance of the sunshine, which never deigned to visit them. Every thing around me wore an air of melancholy desolation, and the swallows that built their nests in the eaves and the spider that spun its unprofitable web over the iron grating of the dark vaults, seemed to be the only living objects that could perceive sufficient charms in this sepulchral site to make it their voluntary place of abode.

The church doors, owing to the warmth of the evening, were thrown open, and under the low-arched porch, with his idle cane, stood the king-like beadle, anxiously looking out for occasion, in shape of vagrant urchin or presumptuous mendicant, to exercise his dormant authority. On a small slab at the commencement of the aisle sat the watchful pew-opener, with her thumb-worn prayer book reposing in her lap. The service was nearly finished, and the swelling tones of the organ mingling with the voices of the congregation and sounding like a requiem for the luminary whose expiring beams now faintly illuminated the sacred edifice had a peculiarly solemn effect, such as is rarely experienced but in situations of profound seclusion.

I had remained for some time, indulging in such reflections as the time and place were calculated to inspire, and was about to retrace my steps, when my attention was arrested by a circumstance no less novel than interesting. At the church gate opposite to that by which I was standing, there entered a neatly clad young female, accompanied by two children, a boy and girl, of between six and eight years of age. The former, whom I imagined to be their elder sister, paused at one of the graves protected by osier bands, and which appeared to be but recently made, and kneeling down engaged herself for some minutes in mental devotion. She then rose up, wiped away the tears that were falling at the memory of the dead, and having glanced once round the church-yard, took her little companions by the hand, and slowly retired by the gate at which she had entered.

If this scene had taken place in France, or any other catholic country, it might have been considered scarcely worthy of remark; for where religion partakes so largely of the character of a dramatic spectacle, we cannot wonder that its votaries should deem it becoming to aspire, perhaps, in their devotional exercises, to the production of theatrical effects. But in England it is widely different. Both our mental

constitution and our religious principles are opposed to artistical displays of emotion. Under these circumstances, I therefore confess that my curiosity was strongly excited by what had come under my observation. Indeed this feeling, whose intensity is frequently in inverse proportion to the importance of the object, so far influenced my conduct as to lead me to enquire of the beadle, whom I have already alluded to, if he knew anything respecting the young person who had been distinguished by so rare a manifestation of piety engrafted upon affection.

"Her name is Fairburn," was his reply; "her father and brother—they are both laid in that grave—lived in this parish for many years—they died within two or three days of one another—she comes here mostly every Sunday evening, and gives the man a trifle to keep up the grave. I believe they are but poorly off."

Such was the full amount of confirmation I could obtain from the functionary, who seemed to think a laconic mode of communication the firmest supporter of dignity and best criterion of superior intelligence. On the second Sunday following that on which the occurrence above narrated took place, I had an opportunity of again visiting the old church-yard, which I did in expectation either of seeing or being enabled to gather further tidings of the amiable girl, whose image, almost contrary to my own consent, had been constantly present to my thoughts.

The intelligence which I received from my prior informant struck upon my heart as if it had been a thunderbolt.

"Poor Margaret!—she is dead!"

Some months had elapsed, and, engrossed by worldly cares, I had almost forgotten poor Margaret, when her lamentable story was again brought to my recollection in the following manner. Happening to call on a widow lady respecting the letting of a house a short distance from town, I observed a miniature over the mantel-piece, which immediately struck me by the resemblance it bore to the sweet girl whose image, though I had seen her but once, was depicted as vividly upon my memory as though we had been acquainted from childhood.

"That, sir, is a likeness which was taken by my poor Vincent," said the widow; "it was the last he ever did."

Vincent, it appeared, was the widow's only son—a young and promising artist; he perished by that ruthless destroyer of human blossoms—consumption. He loved Margaret Fairburn, and Margaret returned his love. But destiny had thrown his black mantle round the lovers, and gazing on the bright star of futurity, their love dissolved in death.

Margaret Fairburn had barely reached her eighteenth summer, when she and two younger orphans were left candidates for the pity of a rude and thoughtless world. Her father died of a broken heart. He was a small but worthy tradesman, and had by prudence secured a little competency for those who might sooner or later be deprived of his protection and support. Alas, for the instability of fortune! In an evil hour, prompted by a too confiding disposition, he became security for an importunate friend. The result may be imagined: poor Fairburn lost the savings of twenty years assiduously devoted to an honest occupation. He never held up his head again. His wife survived him but three days, and Margaret was left, not only to watch over, but to maintain two younger children by the miserable produce of a woman's industry. Relatives they had none, save one solitary uncle, whose heart perhaps was still more distant from them than his person. When quarter-day arrived, the scanty furniture of which poor Fairburn's inexorable creditors had left him in possession, was seized upon for rent, and Margaret with her little brother and sister took up their abode in a mean lodging-house in the humble and obscure neighbourhood of Rotherhithe.

It is a common reflection, but not more common than just, that we frequently meet with greater sympathy from strangers than from our own kindred. So it happened with Margaret. It was one rainy Saturday that she removed into her strange dwelling, for strange indeed it appeared to her who had never slept under any but her parent's roof, and who had never known the absence of a mother's watchful love. Margaret had, with the scanty earnings of her needle, procured a few necessary chattels, and when she had made the squalid chamber look as neat and comfortable as it

could be made, at the close of that weary day she sat down and gave relief to her burdened bosom in a flood of tears.

A low tap at the door suddenly dissipated the melancholy thoughts that were crowding on her memory. With agitation and surprise Margaret beheld a stranger enter. He was a young man about six-and-twenty, and from his dress of fustian seemed to be an artizan or decent mechanic. His person was tall, and strongly built, and his features, though disfigured by the small-pox, had an expression of kindness and manly sincerity which modified in no small degree the effect which in general distinguishes countenances of that description.

On seeing Margaret he bowed respectfully, and appeared to hesitate as to the manner in which he should open the business that had caused him to trespass upon her retirement.

"I hope, miss, you'll not be offended," he said, "but I have called with these two pictures, if you would oblige me by accepting them."

With this brief preface the stranger untied a handkerchief and took out two oil-coloured paintings in gilt frames.

"My poor father and mother!" said Margaret, as she gazed sorrowfully upon the portraits.

"It struck me that you would like to retain these," said the young man; "so I attended the sale to-day and bid for them, along with some other trifling articles which you are welcome to, miss, if they will be of any service to you."

"Thank you—thank you," said Margaret; "but I cannot think of taking them from a stranger without repaying you what they cost."

The young man made an effort to apeak, but his utterance seemed impeded by some latent emotion.

"Miss," he replied, and a faint smile passed over his countenance, "I am not quite a stranger. This is not the first time of our meeting."

"Indeed, sir!" returned Margaret; "I have no recollection of ever having seen—certainly I have never spoken to you before, for I have but just come to reside here, and I know no one in this neighbourhood—no one at all."

"That may be," rejoined the stranger; "but do you not recollect—it is eight or nine years now since—it was while I was in my apprenticeship—one day you and some other little girls about your own age were playing in the Dock-yard, when in crossing a plank your foot happened to slip—"

"O yes—yes," cried Margaret, looking earnestly at the stranger, "and a young man sprung forward, and caught me, or I should have been dashed to pieces. His name was—Stephen Ransom; my father has often spoken of him, but I have never seen him from that day to this."

The stranger shook his head and sighed.

"Are *you* Stephen Ransom?" said Margaret, with a look in which fervent gratitude was slightly tempered with apprehension or distrust.

"I am Stephen Ransom, and though you have never seen me I have frequently observed you, miss."

"But you never called that we—my father, my brother, and myself, might thank you for your goodness."

"No, miss, I did not desire any thanks for performing a simple act of duty—for it was no more than that. If I—" and Stephen paused, and a slight flush overspread his cheek—"can I be of any service to you?"

Margaret cast down her eyes and made a faltering reply.

"If you should want any carpenter's work done," continued Stephen, "such as putting up some shelves, or anything of that description, it would give me great pleasure to do it for you."

Margaret thanked him, but observed that she had no occasion to trouble him, or she would not hesitate to avail herself of his kind offer. Stephen, however, insisted on his hanging up the two portraits, for which purpose he had brought with him the requisite implements, and having promised to call in a day or two with the other articles he had purchased at the sale, he bade Margaret good night, and took his leave.

The sun had risen above the sombre city, whose mighty pulses, hushed for a few short hours, were now almost to beat again, at the command of Mammon, in all their wonted feverish activity, when Margaret Fairburn issued from her lowly dwelling, and proceeded on her way to the scene of her daily labours. Though her brow bore the traces of long abiding sorrow, yet it was blended with willingness and resignation; she repined not at the lot which had been assigned her. A brother and sister depended on her exertions for their subsistence, and that reflection was alone sufficient to repress any murmur that might have broken forth from a suffering spirit, had that lot been ten times heavier than Providence had appointed.

As Margaret passed a small cottage in the suburbs, she glanced up at the window, and observing that the blinds were withdrawn, paused, apparently with an air of extreme surprise. The chimes were just announcing the hour of six. She had a few moments to spare, so she knocked at the door, and was presently admitted by widow Daly, of whom she anxiously enquired the health of Vincent.

"He is no better," said the widow; "his cough has been very bad all night, but he would rise as soon as it was light this morning, and though he knows how wrong it is, I could not dissuade him from it."

As the widow spoke she conducted Margaret into a small chamber, where, before his easel, engaged in the duties of his profession, appeared the young artist, Vincent Daly. His emaciated figure, his sharp and pallid but still handsome features, and the wild lustre of his large black eyes, announced that the star which governed his destiny would soon shine over his untimely grave.

"Margaret!" exclaimed Vincent, with an animated air, "how rejoiced I am to see you—look," and he pointed to the unfinished painting on which he was employed, "can you guess what that is intended to represent?"

"It is very beautiful," said Margaret.

"No," cried Vincent; "I cannot please myself; the under curve of that lip is deficient in truth—sit down and let me correct it by the original."

"Why, Vincent, have you risen so early this morning?" asked Margaret.

"Oh, I could not sleep. I have been tossing about thinking on the subject all night. 'Tis 'Beauty praying a respite from Time.' What a preposterous notion you'll say. I thought that fair creature an admirable *ideal* till you came, and then I perceived at once the impassable gulph that exists between nature and art. There, one touch more and I have finished."

And laying down his palette, the artist retired back a few paces, and surveyed his production with those ecstatic sensations which none but an enthusiast can experience, or appreciate.

"But do you not think, Vincent," said Margaret, "that your health must suffer by devoting yourself so ardently to this pursuit?"

"And what pursuit can be more pleasant or more commendable?" cried Vincent. "Is it not better to be painting than snoring?—to describe beautiful figures on canvass than to illustrate the ugliest combination of crooked lines on a palliasse?"

"But the doctor says it is very wrong," observed the widow.

"I verily believe," returned Vincent, mixing some fresh colours on his palette, "that the doctors frighten people to death—the grave look—the sedate carriage—the solemn prohibitions—the soul-harrowing penalties pronounced in case of disobedience. But I'm resolved not to be intimidated. The best way to put old King Death out of countenance is to turn your back upon him—how silly to be constantly staring such a grim old fellow in the face—don't be persuaded that you are ill, and you'll recover in half the time. People fancy that they are dying, and their friends convince them of it. That shan't be my case—no!"

A bright vermillion tint rose upon his cheek. He ceased speaking, and leaning back covered his eyes, and for some minutes remained in a state of silent exhaustion.

"Margaret," he said, extending his thin white hand, "come and see me again this evening. I have not long to live—I feel it now."

And such is hope! Warmed by a gleam of sunshine it springs suddenly into vernal life. A chill breath passes over it, and, even, while blossoming upon the bough it falls to earth—a scentless, blighted thing.

When Margaret returned, as she had promised, she found Vincent reclining in the summer-house at the extremity of the garden, absorbed in contemplation.

"What a lovely evening," he said, gazing up at the Heavens; "I have been sitting here for an hour admiring the lightning. Do you not see those vivid flashes that every now and then flame across the horizon?"

Margaret tenderly remonstrated with him on his imprudence in risking the consequences of exposure to the night air, but he rallied her apprehensions with an affected gaiety.

"How awfully black and sullen is that pile of clouds yonder," observed Vincent. "I am superstitious, Margaret;—I always was, and something tells me that that black cloud is a messenger of doom to me."

"Oh, Vincent, how can you entertain such a supposition; it has—it can have no ground but in your own imagination."

"Ah, it is easy to say so; but I do believe that the first peal of thunder that bursts from those heavens will be the signal of my death. When you hear it, Margaret, pray for him whose spirit has winged its flight to the unknown, for this world will have closed upon him for ever."

Margaret entreated him, with tears, to abandon those dark forebodings.

"Why I desired to see you this evening," continued Vincent, "was to ask a favour, which, as it is my last, Margaret, I do not think you will deny me."

"You know," answered Margaret, "you know I cannot, Vincent."

"It may be deemed a foolish, perhaps a reprehensible feeling on my part, but I have long thought, and you are aware, Margaret, the sum of human happiness is made up of trifles; I have long thought that I should rest happier in my grave if the shroud that invested me was made by one I loved."

"Vincent, dear, dear, Vincent."

"Can I rely upon you, Margaret, to render me the last proof of affection which I shall ever solicit, or you can ever bestow?"

The answer of Margaret was broken by an ebullition of grief, as Vincent clasped her to his breast, and gazed upon her averted countenance with melancholy tenderness.

"I will, Vincent, yes—yes—indeed I will."

It would be no less tedious than painful to pursue this scene. The lovers parted, each with a presentiment that it was their final embrace in this vale of sorrow, and the event verified the presentiment.

It wanted but an hour of midnight when Margaret took leave of her dying lover. With a heart swollen with affliction she traversed the gloomy streets, seeking to avoid the gaze of the curious, and the addresses of the profligate. She had nearly reached her home, when, in turning a corner of the main street, a staggering debauchee, who had just emerged from a neighbouring tavern, rudely accosted her. Margaret attempted in vain to relieve herself from his importunities, but finding the ruffian still detained her she appealed to a stranger, who was passing, for protection. On the instant he advanced, and seizing the ruffian by the collar hurled him into the centre of the road, where he fell lifeless, with the blood gushing from a frightful fissure in his skull.

Margaret had not time to recognize her deliverer before the shouts and trampling of an approaching crowd was heard, and the watch coming up, Stephen Ransom (for it was he) surrendered himself prisoner, while the object of his merited vengeance, extended on a shutter, was borne off to the nearest metropolitan hospital.

With that eccentricity of feeling by which the young artist was distinguished, Vincent had requested that the shroud might be brought to him before he died. As soon, therefore, as Margaret reached his apartment, and had recovered from the agitation to which she had so recently been subjected, she sat down and commenced the melancholy task which affection for her heart's first and only love had prompted her to undertake.

It was a calm moonlight night; everything around her was as silent as the tomb.

On their humble pallet, in one corner of the room, lay the two little children, locked in each others arms in deep repose. Communing with her own sacred thoughts, Margaret at length completed the quaintly hideous robe of death, and as she looked down on it, with eyes of pensive affliction, one of those mysterious impulses which we can neither account for nor control, suddenly arose within her bosom. She took her needle, and embroidered on the shroud in a fanciful device the names of—

“*Vincent*” and “*Margaret*!”

and embalmed them with a flow of tears.

The moon was waning in the sky, and her little lamp shed but a feeble light, while Margaret continued weeping in the passionate anguish of her heart. She had knelt to offer at the throne of mercy the incense of a broken spirit, when a sound, low but distinct, interrupted her devotions. It was the death-watch! Transfixed like an unbreathing statue, Margaret listened to the omen of mortality. At length it ceased, there was a momentary pause, and then—louder and more terrible than the thunders of artillery—a sudden clap of thunder burst from a lowering cloud, and Margaret, with a thrilling shriek, fell senseless on the floor.

When she recovered, the little children were caressing her with affectionate solicitude. Looking down she perceived a note which had apparently dropped from her bosom, and having opened it she read as follows:—“Dear Margaret—We have seen each other for the last time. Our sun has set in clouds of darkness. The hopes that lighted our path through this world’s wilderness have vanished like the mists of morn—ascending into Heaven. But though forbidden to commune together on earth, may not our spirits hold converse in that bright atmosphere which gave them birth, from whence they issued, and to which, like wandering children, they sooner or later with delight return? Can death efface the image that time has engraven on the heart? Will not love follow to the sepulchre her faithful votary, and in the silent precincts of the tomb suspend her starry lamp? O, yes! as we were one in life so in death shall we not be divided. I have gone before to the perennial powers to weave a chaplet for my beloved. *Margaret, I wait for thee.* VINCENT.”

If this letter bore upon it an air of mystery, the unknown mode by which it had been conveyed to Margaret’s apartment tended to confirm the belief in the interposition of supernatural agency. Margaret, if not naturally of an imaginative temperament, had by her connexion with Vincent, and listening to the wild poetical chimeras in which he constantly indulged, acquired something of his speculative credulity. It was, therefore, with feelings of peculiar anxiety that Margaret hastened to the abode of Widow Daly, where we must leave her, to return to Stephen Ransom, whom it will be remembered we left in the custody of the watch.

We have already stated that the man whose conduct in relation to Margaret had been productive of his own punishment and of Stephen’s incarceration, was conveyed to the hospital, where it was found upon examination that he had sustained such severe injury as to render it doubtful whether he could survive many hours. Under these circumstances, it was deemed advisable to take down the deposition of the dying man immediately, for which purpose a magistrate proceeded to the hospital, whither also Stephen Ransom was conducted, that he might be identified and hear the evidence adduced against him.

The patient was lying in bed in the casual ward, his head bound up in linen cloths, some of which were stained with blood. On being interrogated by the magistrate, he opened his eyes with a languid look, and seemed unable to answer or understand the questions that were put to him. Stephen Ransom meanwhile had been sitting at some little distance from the bedside, without once looking upon the dying man, when suddenly the latter extended his hand towards him, and waved it as if he wished to attract the prisoner’s attention. Seeing that Ransom disregarded his movements he made a feeble attempt to speak, but his voice failed him, and one of the attendants anticipating his desire, touched Ransom on the arm and requested him

to draw near, as the dying man seemed anxious to have some communication with him. Ransom instantly rose, and approaching the dying man allowed him to take his hand; but as he did so Stephen started, and gazing earnestly on the death-like features of the poor wretch, while big drops of perspiration started on Ransom's forehead, he gasped out, to the astonishment and horror of all present, "My brother!"

The dying man smiled faintly, made a convulsive effort to articulate, and as Stephen threw himself upon his knees beside him, without a struggle, expired.

We shall pass rapidly to the conclusion of our tale. Stephen was tried for manslaughter on the coroner's verdict, and acquitted. Margaret, inconsistent though it may appear with her native kindliness of disposition, never once visited Stephen during his imprisonment. She had gone frequently to the prison and enquired after his health; and she had written, expressing her deep regret at the unfortunate calamity in which she had been a principal, though an involuntary agent. This was some consolation to poor Stephen. Love, like a bird, is nourished by crumbs of bread.

As soon as Stephen procured his liberation he waited on Margaret. It was the Sabbath evening, and Margaret was reading her Bible. There was an air of seraphic resignation—of affliction in repose, on her serene countenance, which, combined with the deep mourning in which she was attired, produced a feeling in the spectator almost approaching to that of awe.

The presentiment of Vincent Daly had been realized. He died at the signal he had predicted, and the secret of his letter died with him.

"You have suffered greatly Mr. Ransom," said Margaret, "and I have been the unwilling cause of all that you have undergone."

"Suffering is a portion of our common lot in this world, Miss Fairburn," replied Stephen—"You have experienced affliction, too, perhaps greater even than my own."

Margaret cast down her eyes, and a tear fell on the miniature of Vincent Daly.

"But," continued Stephen, "it is our duty to bear up for the sake of those whom heaven has placed under our protection."

"I know it—I know it," said Margaret, with an agony that she strove in vain to repress.

"Miss Fairburn," resumed Stephen, after a lengthened pause, "I have come here to-night to confess to you what has been the hope, the aim, the ambition of my life. Do not think, Miss Fairburn, that I would advance a claim upon your gratitude, nor avail myself of such an advantage as circumstances may have placed in my reach, to offer violence to your inclination. If what I am about to say is at variance with your feelings, forget what I may say, and believe me to be sincere when I assure you that I would not wish you to forfeit the smallest portion of your happiness, not even to prevent the entire sacrifice of my own."

Ransom paused, and drawing nearer to Margaret, proceeded as follows—

"Miss Fairburn, I have loved you from the first moment that my eyes beheld what to them appeared an angel on the earth. Years have elapsed since then, but my heart has never changed. I have watched you in your walks, and I have passed your dwelling early at morn and late at night, and felt a pleasure in looking on the walls which concealed you from my sight, but I never ventured to address you. Miss Fairburn, my circumstances then were humble, but by industry and frugality I have gradually bettered my condition, and I have looked forward to the day when I might, without unreasonable presumption, dare to solicit the hand of one who would share with me that in which I could have no enjoyment by myself. I have a home furnished with every comfort, save the presence of one whose smile would cast a halo of joy around my hearth, and who would make that home what love alone can make it—a scene of unchanging and unspeakable bliss."

As Stephen concluded, he knelt down and pressed with fervour the hand of Margaret, who rising, in a tone gentle, but firm—sad, but compassionate—answered, "It cannot be, Stephen. My heart is in heaven—I am wedded to the grave."

A week had passed away, and Margaret was returning home rather later than her

Margaret Fairburn.

usual hour. A crowd had collected round a doorway, where a man was lying to all appearance in a state of senseless inebriety. Margaret glanced at his haggard visage and shrieked. It was Stephen Ransom! She never saw him again.

It was a lovely day in spring that Margaret took the children forth to walk in the pleasant fields. What a contrast between the bosom of nature and her own. *Here* all was withered leaves. Margaret sat down on the grass, and in dreaming meditation watched her little sister gathering violets and daisies. The enamelled meadows, with their changing smiles of sun and shadow, diffused a balm over poor Margaret's wounded spirit. There was no sound save the soft warbling of birds awakening long buried remembrances of olden times. Margaret listened to their sweet melody till her heart was full, and then she bowed her face and wept like one who felt it happiness to weep. Suddenly she kissed her little sister, and promising to return shortly, went away across the bridge that spanned the narrow winding river on whose banks they had been straying all that afternoon. The children remained for hours looking for Margaret, but Margaret did not return. A poor man, who happened to pass by, listened to their artless story and went in quest of their lost sister. In time he discovered a bonnet floating on the stream—it was Margaret's.

Our story is finished. Some benevolent ladies took the little orphans under their protection—and, impressed by the melancholy fate of her whom they had lost, erected in the church mentioned at the commencement of this narrative, a modest tablet—

To the Memory
OF
MARGARET FAIRBURN.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF PETRARCA.

SONNETTO X.

A STEFANO DELLA COLONNA INVITANDOLO ALLA CAMPAGNA.

THOU noble pillar of a nation's hope,
Glorious supporter of the Latin name!
Thou, whom ignoble souls in vain invoke,
To leave the rugged paths that lead to Fame!
No gilded palaces entice thee here;
But in their place, the cool and shady vale,
Where the lone bulbul, to the roses near,
In warblings soft, unfolds her tender tale;
Nor arch, nor sculptured dome here greet the eye,
But pine-clad mountains rear their stately heads,
And nature all her charms profusely spreads,
To fill the enraptured soul with visions high;
Yet brighter far would be those scenes so dear,
Could I but meet my friend and patron here.

E. E. E.

RICH AND POOR.

BY X. B. SAINTINE, AUTHOR OF THE "MUTILATED,"* ETC.

At the commencement of the present century, I undertook a voyage to the East Indies, impelled to visit those distant countries by a restless activity of mind, which could not, I thought, find a better sphere for indulgence of enterprise. I was exceedingly anxious to watch the progress of that company of British merchants, who, during the time of their first humble ventures, insensibly gained the good-will of the native princes by a rigid adherence to the principles of justice and honour, and who, in the sequel, having first raised armies in order to dispute with the Dutch their right to traffic in black pepper (as the French, now-a-days, under another pretence, have possessed themselves permanently of Algiers), ended by selling whole races of people and giving thrones, by way of makeweights, into the bargain.

When at Madras, I made the acquaintance of one Edward Seyton, a young man of ancient Scottish family, and great-grandson of the celebrated child whose name figures so unhappily in the first enterprises of the East India Company.

Seyton, brought up in London in the very vortex of splendour and gaiety, knew no other happiness than that centered in those pleasures which great wealth can alone procure. At his father's death he disposed of what he termed the humble patrimony to which he was heir, realized half a million sterling, and sailed for India, "to make his fortune," as he phrased it. As he possessed very amiable manners, and many intellectual qualities, and we met almost daily in society, we frequently entered into the discussion of ordinary topics; and although our opinions were rarely in unison, a warm intimacy did not the less speedily spring up between us.

During the two years since he had quitted the gay votaries of pleasure in London, his capital was far from having increased with that rapidity on which he had reckoned in his dreams of eastern opulence.

"Am I then destined to grow old, separated thus far from my friends and native country," would he exclaim, "and merely for the sake of possessing treasures when I am no longer able to enjoy them?"

"What hinders you from enjoying your fortune?" I would reply. And he would answer: "Is it adequate, think you, to all my wants? How wretched is man! His life but one long fleeting desire—an evanescent hope. Hath not heaven endowed him with reason, only to make him feel more bitterly the wretchedness of his existence? Covetousness is engendered in him at his birth, and it is a passion he can never slake; his young and ardent imagination calls up before his bewildered gaze a universe peopled with multifarious pleasures, whose mocking realities unceasingly step in to dissipate the charm; his mental eye takes in a wide expanse, but his hand is impotent to grasp intervening objects; the nook of earth, hailed as his birthplace, produces not sufficient wherewith to satisfy his wants—the aliment requisite to the nourishment of his body, or the liquor to allay his thirst and recruit his strength—the vestment needful to defend his frame from the vicissitudes of the weather—all is placed beyond his reach, hidden, or scattered, unless by dint of grievous toil, or amidst ever-recurring perils he render himself possessor of these necessary things."

"But you are now speaking only of that small class of men," replied I, "whose lofty social position; or immense wealth, have alike destined them to taste, and grow surfeited of every enjoyment, and whose jaded senses are perpetually stimulated to new wants."

"Do others indeed exist?" ingenuously asked the young man. "I cannot imagine any human being in the enjoyment of happiness, whose faculties of sensation are not exercised in all their plenitude, and who rejoices not in his strength by the abuse of it."

* For this Tale, see *Lady's Magazine*, October, 1837.

"Unhappily," proceeded he, in a calmer tone of voice, "you have spoken the truth—it is the smallest class. How many lives require to be sacrificed for the attainment of the objects of one! The labour of an entire nation is expended for the happiness of a single monarch. These wretched Indians, by whom we are surrounded, think you not that they execrate existence? Can it be that they are happy? They might have been, perhaps, if our countrymen generally had the same ideas of happiness as those which you entertain."

At this moment we were joined by an officer in the Company's service, who had just received letters from England. After the staple news had been communicated and commented upon, and events which had befallen several of Seyton's friends in the metropolis narrated—

"You have heard me speak of Henry Middleton?" said he.

"Certainly. There, now, is a happy man," cried Seyton, turning towards me with a triumphant look; "of distinguished rank, honourable fortune, possessing magnificent mansions in London and Brighton, besides country seats, and the finest pack of fox-hounds the north of England can boast; his equipage displaying the perfection of taste, a sumptuous and well-frequented table, a box at the opera and patent theatres, with friends and mistresses every where! Ah! rich as he is, he knows well how to enjoy the gifts of fortune, and his large income has a well ordered distribution."

"It may have had," replied our military friend, smiling, "for Middleton is dead."

"Dead!"

"Laid hands on his own life!"

"What, then, had he experienced reverses—losses?"

"Certainly not, his income was undipped; and the fastest trotting of his steeds could not have made the round of his acres in twenty-four hours."

"Was he deceived, then, by some friend or mistress?"

"Very unlikely; for his friends were sumptuously entertained, and his mistresses amply paid. He destroyed himself simply because he was tired of life."

"What might be his age?" I asked.

"Thirty-six."

"And with such a noble fortune!"

"What matters it the number of one's mansions, servants, or mistresses?" I remarked to Seyton, resuming our former discussion; "the wealthiest man has but five senses to gratify; so soon as they are blunted—he is old! All vainly does he seek to rekindle that fire of the imagination which animates and etherealises all things: his heart no longer beats with its wonted force, desire has no longer empire over the languid and impoverished current which stagnates in his veins. The bitter conviction then forces itself upon him, that heaven has allotted only a certain quantum of joy for each man's disposal; and that for the permanent enjoyment of happiness, it must not only be husbanded but subjected to regimen. When a man has madly dissipated his apportioned store, and the vista of the future presents itself no longer otherwise than as one wide blank, (for the future is all in all to him who has pushed his powers and imagination to their utmost development), life has lost its end and aim. Rich, honoured, but with an aimless mind, such a man may be compared to a brilliant car divested of its fleet steeds—an *argosie*, freighted with gold, drifting before the gale, without sail, compass, or pilot."

The peculiarity of Henry Middleton's death, gave rise to a train of reflection which had very unusual presence in the mind of Seyton, and he declared himself, in the sequel, to be of the same opinion as myself—that the possession of too large a fortune, as of too large a power, proves most frequently pregnant with unhappiness. On one occasion he was even disposed to sacrifice his most promising adventures in Indian commerce, and essay the even tenor of a life of quiet competence. But at that period the Company was experiencing the embarrassments which a long and obstinate war had entailed upon it—immense sums were needed for the pay of its numerous armies, friends were to be bought, and enemies disarmed. The expenses hourly exceeded the returns: its securities were depreciated, and all Seyton's newly cherished projects were, consequently, adjourned *sine die*. "Perhaps," said he, "my patrimony might, indeed, prove sufficient for my wants; but were I now to call

in my ventures, they would not realize me at most more than fifteen or twenty thousand a-year, and that is not enough to live happily upon."

It was in vain that I continually reminded him that the Company was in a position of extreme difficulty—that the French seemed desirous of cutting a way for themselves to India, by way of Egypt. "Take care, therefore," I urged, "that you do not lose all by attempting to recover all." But such reasoning availed not—he only saw the misery of being reduced to an income of twenty thousand a-year. He brooded over the loss he had sustained, and his youth being sacrificed without profit or pleasure. Melancholy seized upon him, and he speedily declared himself to be the poorest as well as the most wretched of men.

The East India Company, however, did not expend its treasures without achieving glory. Hyder Ali and the brave commander of Suffren, no longer existed to oppose limits to the ambition of the English. Tippoo Saib saw the empire founded by his father, crumble to pieces under the British cannon. All those imposing movements of nations and armies—all those weighty interests then under debate at the extremity of the Indian Peninsula, seemed to reawaken the attention of Edward Seyton.

We were together witnesses of the destruction of Mysore, and the death of Tippoo. A catastrophe so striking, had the effect of making him cast an ironic glance at his individual misfortunes, and he confessed that they sank into nothingness by the comparison—like the nervous complaints of a listless *malade imaginaire*, which become hushed at witnessing the mute endurance of real agony. Then rich spoils of Seringapatam, however, spread themselves before our dazzled gaze, his wonted ideas of opulence, his complainings and moodiness, and his eternal burden of the impossibility of being happy, without an enormous fortune, again speedily recurred to his mind with increased intensity.

Just as his abandonment to such a frame of mind seemed incurably fixed, an important mission summoned him to Mahee, the capital of the Maldivex islands.

As it was only a few days' voyage, I resolved upon accompanying him, and we embarked at Baniany, on the coast of Malabar, the weather being exceedingly fine. The wind, however, shortly changed, and after endeavouring, in vain, to make the gulf of Sinde, we were forced to run before the gale. On the third day we desiered the thickly-grouped islands for which we were bound. The wind moderated—night was fast coming on—and, fearing to strike against one of the countless reefs by which the Maldivex channels are intersected, we cast anchor in front of a species of sand-bank, then rising duskily out of the water, at a few hundred yards a-head of us.

The captain of our brig, an old seaman who had passed his life in navigating these straits, in order to while away the long evening, related to us the history of the sandy tongue of land then in sight.

After a tedious enumeration and description of all the coasts, bluffs, bays adjacent, together with the direction of the various currents, and the position of reefs, with a view to impress with a favourable opinion of his nautical knowledge—

"Formerly," said he, "yonder island was cultivated, and several families dwelt thereon at their ease; for a plentiful spring of water, but very slightly brackish, is to be found on its sandy soil, and fertility then reigned over its limited extent. But one day—now many years since—a frightful storm, greater than ever seen before within the memory of man, swept wildly over the entire gulf. The sea was whirled in vast eddies to a prodigious height, and a great number of the islands suffered severely, but that one more especially than the rest. During that awful commotion of the elements, it was invisible for several days; and when at last the sea grew calm, it was seen rearing itself above the surface of the waters, but bare, despoiled, and nothing more than a hideous skeleton of its former self. The dwellings, the very soil, even, had the remorseless sea swallowed up. One man only and a single tree escaped the general devastation. You may still distinguish, through the fast-rising fog, near yon small white shoal, a tuft of verdure, which, at this distance, resembles a light cloud hovering over the island. 'Tis a cocoa-tree, which, they say, was preserved standing by the *debris* accumulated round its trunk. The subsiding waters deprived it of such support, but the roots of the cocoa-tree take delight

in a sandy bed, and remained firm and unharmed therein. For the islander, absent from home at the time of the hurricane, he now in his single person is the representative of the entire population."

"What!" exclaimed Seyton, "a man existing on that rock?"

"So 'tis said."

"But how can he live there?"

"I know not."

This recital had stimulated our curiosity, and it was determined that on the morrow, at daybreak, we should pay a visit to the island.

Having landed, we at first saw nothing that might induce us to suppose the existence of a human being amidst that arid solitude—not a trace of vegetating earth. A thick calcareous stratum extended around, dotted here and there with mounds of sand. We were not long, however, before we perceived the cocoa-tree, of which we had gradually lost sight, as our boat approached the island; but our looks, vainly, sought some indication that might announce the presence of the islander. At length, our emotion was great on finding at the foot of the tree a slight cabin constructed by the hand of man.

A man therefore inhabited, or had inhabited this desert spot—some wretched being, doubtless, who, grown weary of his fellow-creatures and of existence, must have hither repaired to entomb his griefs. Here he must have perished of anguish and misery; or it might be, from the summit of one of those promontories, he might have voluntarily rejoined that kindred whom he had survived.

Such were our thoughts, when from the cavity of a rock, scooped out like a grotto, but somewhat more dry and despoiled than the rest, we beheld an Indian advancing towards us—the inhabitant, the proprietor, the monarch of the island! He was an elderly man with an olive complexion, exceedingly spare of limb, but whose gait, nevertheless, still indicated the possession of health and strength. As soon as he perceived us, far from appearing intimidated, he came to meet us with a hastened step, and an air of satisfaction depicted upon his countenance.

After he had, according to custom, wished us health and the prayers of the poor, he entered his cabin, brought from thence a few cocoa-nuts, some sun-dried fish, a vessel filled with palm wine, and then squatted down near us, after having spread a mat upon the fine sand which carpeted the small platform surrounding the cocoa-tree.

A hospitality so humble and trustful, the locality of the scene, the scene itself, so simple yet so grand, which spread itself around us—a rock, begirt by sky and ocean—that melancholy feeling of helplessness which seizes upon the man of civilization at finding himself placed in a corner of the globe so isolated and unknown,—all concurred to strike the proud mind of Seyton with astonishment; and the spectacle was not without its charms for myself. A light breeze blew in from the gulf; the sun, then rising behind us, illumined the summit of the palm-tree, whose gigantic foliage, agitated by the wind, caused long bands of wavering light and shade to play flickeringly before our eyes. The flood of day spread apace, and invested all around with the most varied tints. One might almost have deemed that an awakening movement of life and pleasure was manifesting itself in that isle, which on our landing had appeared to us so barren and desolate.

Seyton, whose gaze had at first continually reverted to our vessel, whose tops only could be descried above a massive rock, soon thought of nothing else save questioning our host. The latter spoke the Arab tongue, a language commonly used amongst the Mahometans of the Maldives. We could understand him with little difficulty, and conversation was soon readily carried on between us.

"What could have decided you," asked Seymour, "to live alone on this deserted spot?"

"Destiny," replied the Indian, crossing his arms upon his breast and raising his eyes towards heaven. "When I returned hither, after the tornado, to see whether the flood had spared at least the tombs of my father and of her who was my beloved companion, I found nought; for the sea had carried away alike the dead and the living. The palm-trees planted by my hand at the two periods at which hea-

ven blessed my race, had disappeared, as well as my two sons. A single tree remained still standing upon the island, and it was that one by which my father had signalized the day of my birth. The will of the prophet ordered me to remain here; I obeyed, and am thankful for his behest. He knows better than we ourselves do, upon what spot we may live most happily."

"But you must, of necessity, have continual recourse to your tribes of the adjacent island."

"Oh!" said the Indian with a smile, "for these twenty years past I have myself, alone, found sufficient for all my wants."

"How?—but your vestments—your food?"

"All is there," said he, pointing to the tree. "Surely the cocoa-tree must have sprung from the blood of a god! All is there," he repeated, gently embracing the trunk with his arms. "Are not its large leaves admirably adapted for thatching my cabin and shielding me from the sun's ardour? From their most slender fibres I weave my mats. In its fruit I find the milk which affords me a delicious and wholesome beverage, and a nourishing food; its oil renders my limbs supple, and reinvigorates my palate. The young rind of the cocoa-nut affords me that precious wool from which I have woven the mantle that envelops my body, and the nets that supply me with fish; for the stomach of man is exacting, and the same nourishment is not always grateful to it. For the vessels and utensils of my hut, am I not indebted to it also, as well as for the couch on which I repose. What then need I more?"

"Man is not born to live in isolation. Have you never envied the lot of the neighbouring islanders?"

"The face of man is, I own, ever delightful to me to look upon; at intervals I am visited by the fishermen, and the rarity of the occasions heightens the pleasure of the meeting. My reminiscences are all centered here—what have I to seek for elsewhere? And my tree!—can it be transplanted like myself? Is it not my foster-brother, my benefactor, my support—the interpreter to me of the decrees of Providence—the book on whose page I can trace the legible memorials of the sweetest emotions of my youth? My father planted it, and my mother tended it with sedulous care whilst both of us were young and feeble. It was the mute witness of the happiest epochs of my life; each of my bygone years has its record graven upon the trunk by a knotted circle, by a new rind. Forsake it! no; reckon those knots, they will inform you of my age, and you will tell me whether at such a period of my days I ought to begin a new course. The tomb of my wife, too!—who would then take care of it? True, her bones no longer repose therein, but they once lay beneath that mound; and 'tis thereon I love to reawaken remembrance of the past, and offer up my prayers to heaven. It is the first act of each successive day, and I had just completed it when the sound of your voices reached me."

"But ennui!" said I, "does it not at times steal over you, and render existence burdensome?"

"Ennui! I can scarcely comprehend the meaning of the word; every moment of my time is occupied—the triple harvest of my fruit is to gather, their preservation my stuffs to weave—the care of my cabin utensils, the repair of my nets and fishing—that most delightful of my occupations during the fine season! And then, I am not the only living thing upon this island,—innumerable races of sea-birds have taken up their abode behind yonder pile of rocks, hard by my hut. Look! see you not a flock of them skimming shorewards, and rising above the crest of the wave now rolling in? These are my neighbours, my friends and companions; they know me well, and do not fear my presence."

And, as he spoke, several of a long-beaked, blue and white-winged species of bird swept in circles around us, and collected in groups upon a little eminence situate to the right of the Indian. He flung them some fragments of fish, after which they shortly winged away, to circle anew along the shores of the gulf.

"'Tis one other resource Heaven has placed within your reach."

"To destroy them heedlessly! What society would then be left me? On the contrary, far from hurting them, when the produce of my nets proves abundant, they

come in for their share. They flock round me at the sound of my voice, and their sports and affections afford me a delightful subject for contemplation."

"These, then, are your pleasures?"

"They are not the only ones. The rising of the orb of day, the expansive view of sea and sky, the passing ships, the green fire-flies darting, in luminous circles, around my head, and glittering like tiny stars—from time to time the wine from my tree—"

"Nothing, therefore, is wanting to your happiness?"

"Alas!" replied the old man, after a pause, "your last question makes me muse—there would be nothing left for me to desire if the betel nut still grew upon the island. Formerly its branches were wont to interlace themselves round the agoti, . . . They multiplied far and wide their brilliant and scented trails, on the verge of a once dense grove of date trees standing yonder (and he pointed with his finger towards a ridge, distant some four hundred paces, overgrown with dark moss and grey lichens). Nevertheless, I procure some of it in exchange for a few cocoa-nut shells which I have learned to carve laboriously, as well as sails and ropes fabricated out of the fibrous tissues of my tree."

"You are thereby enabled to carry on a species of commerce?"

"The prophet hath hitherto alike blessed the labours of the man, and the produce of the tree. Superfluity hath been accorded me; but sometimes during the stormy season, the mariners' visits become rare, and betel fails me. What man is perfectly happy! You strangers, you appear to experience a still greater privation of it, for your teeth have not that ruddy stain common to those who are habituated to the use of that delicious plant."

"It grows not in our country."

"Unhappy land! But heaven, doubtless, indemnifies you by the dispensation of other favours; for its beneficence is inexhaustible."

Simple-hearted being, who, in the midst of such great privations, yet vaunted the prodigality of Providence! We quitted him, marvelling at a philosophy at once so simple and so sublime. Beyond the shores of the gulf, an empire had just fallen beneath the blows of an insatiable opulence; but I am not sure whether the spectacle which the poor islander presented for our contemplation, did not strike us still more forcibly than the profound catastrophe of the Sultans of Mysore.

For some time subsequent to this adventure, Edward Seyton did not venture to complain aloud of fate, and calumniate his destiny; his ambitious desires were silent, though not extinct, before such a remembrance; for most men are able to comprehend the force of a great moral lesson, though few may know how to profit by it. After a brief sojourn at Mahee, when we were on the eve of quitting the Maldives, we were desirous once more to visit our host of the palm-tree. We carried with us some betel for his use; but the wise Indian was not destined to receive from us a return for his hospitality. Having landed upon the island, we no longer perceived the summit of the cocoa-tree rearing its slight parasol of foliage aloft—a hurricane had swept all bare. The tree lay uprooted, and the man a corpse—they were stretched one beside the other. We caused the trunk of the palm-tree to be hollowed out, and the body deposited therein, and the sand of the sea-shore was heaped over both.

The little island, to this day, is called "the isle of the Cocoa-tree."

TO MY OLD HAT,
ON ITS BEING RAZEED IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.
BY ——— REID, ESQ.

My trusty beaver, thou and I
Have voyag'd much since first we met ;
'Twas then thou sat'st so tall and high,
With lengthy nap of glossy jet.

But now thou'rt cut to a *razée*,
The colour gone, the nap so short ;
O'er thousand miles of land and sea,
Alike of dust and foam the sport.

Alas ! I think me of the day,
When Regent-street thy beauty shaded ;
Thou look'd then dashy, trim, and gay,
But now thy shape and grandeur's faded.

Yet cease to mourn, O ruined hat !
Thy master like thyself is changed ;
Cheer up, *chapeau*, we'll have a chat
On what we've seen since first we ranged.

A queen we saw, in merry mood,
Ride through the streets as simple dame ;
While close around her people stood,
No fear had she of treason's aim.

A king we saw, with perjurd gloom,
Amidst his guards, in shirt of steel,
Drive through the streets, as if a tomb
Would stop his rapid chariot wheel.

And then neath sun, 'mong dust and sweat,
We bowl'd along o'er dale and hill ;
While thou slept in thy box so neat,
And never dreamt of age or ill.

Yea, when ta'en forth, 'twas but to view
A city built 'tween rival shores ;
On one all roaring, headlong, blue,
The other calm its water pours.

When the Lion stream received thee
Thou wast covered up again ;
And far o'er river, land, and sea,
Travell'd safe nor met a stain.

Once more brought forth ; on bended knee
We saw the armed soldiers pray,
And crouch to him who holds the key
Of fancied heaven's despotic sway.

We saw the dusty burning isle
Which guarded well the cross of yore,
Now sunk 'neath priestcraft's pious guile,
Where knowledge rears her head no more.

And then amidst the Isles of Greece
We thought of scenes of ancient time ;
And wonder'd much how long at peace
Would rest the *canaille* of that clime.

We saw the Dardanelles ope wide
Her portals to our flowing sail ;
The spot from which Abydos' Bride
Her song once raised in mournful wail.

The Modern Petruchio.

We saw the gilded crescent reign
Where once the cross was rear'd on high;
When Christians called for help in vain—
No monarch's help for Christians nigh;

The fairest, brightest spot on earth,
Infested by the rudest hounds
That hell in passion e'er drove forth,
Or passport gave to quit her bounds.

Yea, more than this, we two have seen
Such things as wot not Regent-street;
And thou hast suffer'd much, I ween,
Midst sun and wind, and rain and sleet.

But all must fade; yea, e'en a hat
Cannot exist for evermore;
So you and I, my friend, must part
When I shall row my boat ashore—

And casting thee afar away.
('Tis what friends do when friends are down,)
Perhaps we'll meet some other day;
If not—I'll get another one.

*North Coast of Africa,
19th July, 1839*

THE MODERN PETRUCHIO.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

GENERALLY speaking, of all other evil qualities, that may by any chance attach to the female character, men are most apt to decry that of the shrew. A scolding wife appears to have been in all ages the peculiar horror of the bachelor, and a regular apology for the errors of every husband who could plead propensities of that nature in his liege lady. That such ladies were by no means *rareæ aves* in the days of queen Anne, the pages of Steele and Addison bear pretty strong testimony; but the spread of education since then, has done much in expelling the demon of domestic discord; and a young wife who can drive it from her bosom, by thumping the keys of a piano, and regain humour by courting harmony, may be allowed the exercise of *airs*, with an impunity to which her virago grandmother had no pretensions.

It is, indeed, true, that even now-a-days, such a thing may be found as a petulant, flounce-about, termagant young lady; and, strange as it may seem, I once knew a man who really seemed to have a decided predilection for persons of that description; and a beautiful girl, without the piquant charm of what her friends lamented as "the dear girl's terrible spirit," was never sufficiently attractive to him to awaken necessary examination of her good qualities. His mother was a sweet, meek woman, and his sisters resembled her, which made many persons, who knew his great attachment to them, much surprised with his peculiar taste, and doubt the truth of his assertion; but their conclusion was wrong. His own temper was inclined to violence, though free from peevishness: he was handsome, clever, and accustomed to receive great observance; but being probably troubled with a large organ of combativeness, and great natural vivacity, he preferred winning homage from the proud, to receiving it from the humble. I well remember it was a regular eulogium with him that, in addition to beauty, fortune, accomplishments, &c., "Miss —— had a devil of a temper, and would find the man she married something to do"—a *something*

to which he evidently aspired as the *ne plus ultra* of matrimonial existence—we cannot say matrimonial felicity.

This peculiar trait in his character was the more remarkable, because, though given to colloquial warfare, his heart was full of sensibility and tenderness; and, as the eldest of a large family, he had been accustomed to exercise the kindness of his nature in such a manner as to belie his professions, when he proclaimed his wish to marry a shrew, and master her. Circumstances, however, seemed to confirm these assertions; for, although extremely susceptible, and repeatedly struck by the charms, or interested by the manner, of young ladies apparently very desirable as marriage connections, in the town where he became settled, yet it was observed that he withdrew when increasing intimacy with the parties revealed more of the lady's character to his observation, although she was thereby revealed to greater advantage; and since he did not appear to be given to flirting, and was by no means of a mercenary turn, he became a complete puzzle to the persons with whom he associated, and who were, for the most part, much attached to him.

One night he danced at the monthly assemblies with a young lady, who paid a short visit, in passing through the town, to one of his friends, by whom he was introduced. She was tall and graceful, had just returned from the continent, and was dressed in a very superior manner, which, together with her excellent dancing, drew upon her admiring eyes on every side, a circumstance in itself prepossessing to a young man of my friend Snowden's description. Most probably, however, this flame might, like others, have easily evaporated, if a dispute had not arisen respecting her right to name a tune in a dance, in which she evinced such a towering sense of her own rights, such a volubility in vindicating them, and so decided a contemptuous defiance of those who questioned them, as to crush her opponents to the very ground by a *coup-de-main*. Her form, dilated by passion, her eye sparkling with rage, were improvements to her person, which rendered it irresistible; and whilst he inwardly exclaimed—

— “Oh! what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the disdain and anger of her lip,”

he also resolved, if possible, to secure a prize which he deemed alike inestimable in itself, and fearfully difficult of attainment.

The latter fear belongs to all true lovers, but we apprehend only a small portion of this emotion could be experienced in one who held the pleasures of warfare in such high estimation. Be this as it may, it is certain that the very following day he made every necessary inquiry, heard with exceeding joy that the lady was an orphan and independent, that her fortune was respectable and irretrievably settled on herself; and although her brother, as the last representative of an old and important family, might be fastidious, his objections might be got over, in favour of a worthy candidate.

Enough to say, he wooed with a high hand, and won speedily, being assisted by the brother, who, though a proud, was a peaceable man, and had long desired to share his house with a quiet mistress, and also by many current reports of ladies who sighed in secret for one who had been, to a certain degree, but an evidently insufficient one, struck by them in days past. The lady enjoyed the pride of conquest, and the infliction of mortification. She had lived long in France, and she delighted in the independence of French wives, and her own power over her property. She was proud of her husband's fine person and elegant manners, his success in society, and the consideration her situation as a wife would ensure her. Of his happiness she thought nothing, but of her own power over it a great deal; and to make him her subservient slave, her convenient protector, was her great object. So far as she deemed him below her in situation, she felt rejoiced, as it would ensure submission; but when, in a few years, he should be possessed of rank and influence, it was well, because she would reap the advantage.

These thoughts were partly read by Snowden, but they awoke only a smile.

“Ah, ah, madam!” thought he, “it won't be easy to put you in harness; but I shall do it ere long. I will make you a happy woman, but I shall take care that you are an obedient wife.”

And, in truth, his whole mind was occupied with schemes of pleasure and aggrandizement for her, although, being fearful that she would shew great taste for company and gaiety, he made many excellent arrangements in his establishment, as mutual restraints to them both. After a very short acquaintance, he made his first essay as a commander, by urging their marriage at such a very early day; many persons deemed compliance quite out of the question, and not a few foretold a total breach as the consequence of urging so foolish and unprecedented a measure. To their surprise, however, the lady listened to his "pleaded reason," and in doing so, established in him the first belief that she would do so for the rest of her life: "a woman who would listen to her lover, would undoubtedly do so to her husband." Fatal conclusion!

A very short time proved the fallacy of this opinion. After a customary tour, during which innkeepers, housemaids, and casual acquaintances had by turns found that the beautiful bride "had a will of her own," the exertion of which never failed to afford amusement to her wedded lord, they returned home, apparently much in love with each other, but yet prepared to encounter life in the new form offered by the calm of conjugal society.

It was yet to be expected, that for some time visits paid and received would prevent alike the evils of *ennui* and of temper; but to the surprise of all, on settling in her own house, the lady peremptorily declared that henceforward she should proscribe company of every description.

"But, my dear, we must have a dinner-party or two, to begin with. I exceedingly approve—nay, I sincerely thank you, for your resolution of adopting a style of living so different to that you have been used to; but *some* friends we must have. As a single man, I have been much in company; and now is my time to make a proper return, and with so fine a woman as you at the head of my table."

"Me, sir? *me* at the head of your table; if you mean that, I have to tell you, you will never see it—*never*, sir; my mind is made up on the subject," as I have given you to understand."

"Confound it, madam, what do you mean? I *will* have a party, and on Wednesday, too; so say no more about it."

"Well! have your party, Sir Anthony Absolute; but remember I shall not join them, nor shall my cook dress the dinner, nor my footman wait on them."

"Your cook, your footman; why d— it, Amelia, you—"

"Swear away, sir, if it will do you any good; but remember this, I have had my own way ever since I was born, and my mind is made up to have it till the day of my death. I am none of your mean-spirited sneaking women, who will either deceive or wheedle; if you allow me quietly to have my own way, I don't know but I may let you have yours; but oppose me, and you will find me a perfect demon."

Of this fact the young husband could have no doubt, and he now entered on the warfare he had predicted and coveted, but although spirit-stirring, it was by no means charming. He carried his point in having a party, and his handsome wife appeared at the head of his table, but it was in a studied undress, and wearing looks of alternate sullenness or scorn, such as every guest innately resolved never more to encounter. Of her words no one could complain, the sound of her voice never reaching the ear of a single guest.

Conquered in one field, Snowden tried another. He persuaded and flattered, but he made no way. The lady was charming, if a chance visitor dropped in, but "as she had said no company should be invited, none should;" and as every altercation rendered the amusement less agreeable to him, though it sharpened the weapons of warfare, he began to seek rest and amusement in any house but his own. This could not last long, he was not only hospitable but domestic, and he determined once more not only to live in his own house, but be the master of that house; and in order to render his residence the more tenable, he invited his mother to pay him a visit for the ensuing winter.

This scheme by no means answered, for although Mrs. Snowden was treated with tolerable personal respect, she was rendered the witness of so much that was distressing to her feelings, in the treatment and discomfort of her son, that it was with

great difficulty she could be induced to remain till the birth of that son's heir. That period when the holiest affections of nature are generally called into action, when gratitude to heaven for the life spared and the life given, generally spread a blessed calm over the perturbed spirits, and yet awaken the most lively emotions of love and kindness, was spent, in this case, diametrically different. Amelia felt that it was her time to establish despotic sway; and in Snowden she saw (as she had never seen before) the depth of tenderness in his nature, his pity for her sufferings, his thankfulness for the interesting gift of his lovely boy, his affection for her person, and his capability of constant attachment. But, alas! in these very qualities she read also her own power over him. Perpetual bickerings, useless contradictions, doubts of his love, reflections on his disposition, scorn of his services, and a more especial desire to reject the advice of his beloved parent, tended altogether to estrange him from herself and his home, and neutralize the kindly conjugal feelings revived or created in his bosom. It did more, for he was rendered, even in that which ought to have been the sanctuary of connubial peace, a perfect adept in the art of scolding—from the vilest peroration to the cutting inuendo, the incredulous retort, the wearying repetition of peevishness, and the inflexible accusation or denial of determinate and persevering obstinacy.

Amelia, kept in perpetual fever by the exercise of her lungs, or the inflammation of her temper, left her room extremely weak, and fully conscious that on whatever point she might hereafter choose to dispute, her husband would talk her down. Should she then yield, and henceforward find her happiness in making his? Might she not, in resigning unwarrantable power, attain that which was legitimately hers, and not likely to be disputed by a man of Snowden's sensibility? Religious principle and good sense would have said "*yes*," but unhappily she was a stranger to the first; and with all her abilities she yet forbade the influence of the last. In consequence she adopted the system of opposing by deeds him whom she could not silence by words. That which he desired, he never obtained. Whatever was his aversion met him in abundance, whether in food, clothing or company. The war was silent, but it was ceaseless. Every servant he approved was compelled to withdraw. The few friends he retained, followed this example. His table was covered with dishes he disliked, or those he approved were spoiled; and all who shewed obedience to his will, or liking to his person, vanished from his path like shadows. With youth, talents, wealth, family connections and apparent influence, he walked in the world, he knew not why, unvalued and alone, in solitude and dejection, nourishing hatred in his heart, from the consciousness of being himself abhorred and persecuted, at once a conscious tyrant and an unhappy victim.

Under these circumstances, the medical attendant of the family, remarking the fragile state of Mrs. Snowden, observed that she never would be well until she went out and gained strength by exercise. After his departure, the husband seconded his words, and said he hoped she would begin on the morrow to take a little walk every day.

"If I go out at all, it will be to-day."

"That is impossible, for it will rain within ten minutes. I must myself look sharp to avoid it."

Snowden set out, but, unhappily, not without giving a strict charge against moving. In consequence his wife put on a bonnet and muslin cloak, and made her way into the fields. The rain descended; she was thoroughly drenched; was rendered extremely ill; and made her innocent child ill also. *N'importe*, her husband was not only angry, but wretched. She had "touched the nerve where agony was born" in him, and that was triumph, however she might herself sympathize with her suffering offspring.

The triumph was short-lived, for the cold she had caught fell on her lungs, and produced rapid consumption. Oh! who can look on such a death-bed? Cheered by no hope, instructed by no circumstance, still nourishing the temper which had betrayed, and repelling the compassion which yet sought to save her, she exhibited to the latest moment of her existence those dispositions which had been nourished from her cradle, and her soul was called to its audit whilst she was actually (despite

The Lone One's Lament.

of extreme weakness and pain) employed in burning the most expensive part of her wardrobe, in order to render it useless to her husband's sisters, although they had, by turns, watched her many a long week, with unceasing patience.

Time came when Snowden again looked round for a wife, but he was now a sadder and a wiser man. A humble, modest girl, but more than all, a sincere Christian, who obeys on principle or reasons from conviction, was the desire of his self-vul-gated spirit; and he was happy enough to find one. In putting his fair boy into her arms, he besought her to guard him from the errors of both his parents, adding a hope that the voice of anger would never pollute his dwelling; that the weakness and sinfulness of passionate reproach and despotic command should never more actuate his conduct, and that the days past had sufficed for his performance of Petruchio.

The prayer was accepted; the resolution which accompanied it was fulfilled. The large and well-conducted family, of which he is now the head, the gentle mistress of his mansion, have never suspected the life he led during two years which ought to have been amongst the happiest of his existence, and which the writer well knew and deplored, and would never have recalled, were it not for the lesson it impresses, and the peculiarity it registers.

THE LONE ONE'S LAMENT.

I.

BRIGHT gold was my dower;
I bloomed the pet-flower
Of mother—she died—and I mourn'd:
The hoarse tempest scowl'd;
The angry winds howl'd;
But she never return'd.

To my room Richard crept,
And together we wept,
For her that was cold in the grave:
We wander'd at night;
The stars shed their light
On the kiss that he gave.

III.

Time flew gaily on—
Till my Richard was gone;
And my father look'd stern, when he gave
His curse—bade me go;
I call'd my love—no;
He came not to save.

IV.

O'er roads long and dreary
I've come faint and weary,
With my babe they tried from me to tear;
But my babe shall not part
From this desolate heart,
Till Mary lie there.

W. LEDGER.

MEMOIR OF
M A R I A T H E R E S A,

EMPRESS-QUEEN OF GERMANY, AND MOTHER OF THE UNFORTUNATE MARIE
ANTOINETTE.*

*Embellished with a Full-length authentic coloured Portrait, after SCHELL, from the original
in the Gallery at Versailles, No. 84 of the Series of authentic ancient Portraits.*

THE majestic title by which this great sovereign was distinguished throughout Europe, was in the nature of a surname, arising from the peculiar quality of her dignities. She was not only the consort of an elected emperor of Germany, but the heiress of those mighty territories which, united and consolidated in the present century, now form the dominions of her grandson, the present emperor of Austria.

The father of the archduchess Maria Theresa, though not considered by Europe, in general, as a very gracious prince, was, nevertheless, in private life, a tender and adoring parent. The first wish of his heart was to secure the hereditary dominions of his line to his daughter, Maria Theresa, and for this end he cared not to break through the established laws of primogeniture in Austria. Charles VI., the father of the empress, was the fifth son of Leopold I., emperor of Germany and hereditary sovereign of Austria, Hungary, and Bohemia.

Charles, who had been a candidate for the disputed crown of Spain, on the death of his brother, Joseph I., being called to the empire, resigned the contest; he had likewise succeeded to the crowns of Hungary and Bohemia, to the exclusion of his niece, who had married the elector of Bavaria; thus had he established a Salic law in the hereditary dominions of the empire, but which he subsequently wished to abrogate in favour of his beautiful daughter, Maria Theresa, the subject of this memoir.

This noble lady was born in the year 1717, six years after her father, Charles VI., had been elected emperor of Germany. During her infancy her brother was regarded as heir to the empire; she had one sister, the Archduchess Marianne.

Tenderly beloved by her parent, she was permitted to cultivate her passionate fondness for music, in which he himself also greatly excelled. The imperial father and daughter were the patrons of Metastasio, and, likewise, of every distinguished poet and musician of that age.

From the letters of Metastasio we find that this highly educated family lived in the greatest domestic happiness. The empress Elizabeth, mother to Maria Theresa, was one of the most amiable princesses of her time, and the fondness for study of her daughters the archduchesses Maria Theresa and Marianne, was warmly supported by their virtuous and accomplished mother. The life of the empress Elizabeth, as well as the happiness of the whole of this united family, was at length darkened by the loss of the heir to the imperial house. Then it was that the troubles of the young Maria Theresa commenced, when her anxious sire sought to make her inherit the birth-right of this lamented prince—the last male representative of the brother of the great Charles V. The peace of the imperial family was also further wounded by a dreadful accident which happened while the father of Maria Theresa was hunting. Metastasio thus describes the event in one of his letters:—

“PRAGUE, June 11.

“The emperor being shooting in the wood of Branchais, and having fired at a stag, the ball, after passing through the animal's body, wounded the Prince of Schwaisemberg, master of the horse, in so fatal a manner, that he died this morning, between three and four o'clock. This dreadful calamity has agonized our emperor. It was with the greatest difficulty he was prevented from going to the death-bed of the prince, to implore his pardon; and he sent Count St Julian to perform this melancholy office. Prague is thrown into consternation; many are grieved for the love they bore the prince, and all for the extreme sufferings of their

* See this Portrait and Memoir, Lady's Magazine, August, 1836.

emperor, for this unintentional homicide has disordered his health ; but it is impossible to prevail on him to take any remedies for the fever that is preying on his life, for the empress Elizabeth, and the archduchess, were unfortunately absent from Prague, taking the waters of Carlsbad. The good sense and gentle firmness of these illustrious ladies would have prevailed on the emperor to pardon himself for a fault so wholly unintentional ; but as it was, he shut himself up in his chamber at the Prague Palace, and refused to eat or speak ; at last, Prince Eugene forced the door, and prevailed on the emperor, for the sake of the empress and his beloved children, to listen to reason."

From the time of this direful event, a shyness and abruptness of manner, the effect of a wounded mind, was always perceptible in the general habits of Charles VI. ; but to his wife and beloved daughter he continued to be ever kind and gracious. Many odd stories are, however, told concerning his eccentric conduct toward those about his court.

As Metastasio was appointed poet-laureate to the emperor, and Italian master to the archduchess, he had many opportunities of observing Maria Theresa in domestic life, before the cares of state had laid their iron grasp on the feminine charms of princess and woman.

"The young heiress of the Cæsars," as the flatterers of her father's court called the archduchess, Maria Theresa, occasionally gratified her fine taste in music and poetry, by learning and performing the operas of Metastasio, during the happy period which preceded her accession to the regal and imperial crowns of Germany. It is a fine trait in her character that she shrunk from the adulation which custom made it the duty of the poet-laureate to pay the daughters of his imperial master. These are his words, on the subject, in a letter to Filipponi :—

"What a difficult task it is to compose verses, many times in the year, on a young princess, who, though she truly merits every praise, will not hear it."

Again, he says :—

"The archduchess, Maria Theresa, and her sister have been studying and performing *Le Grazie Vindicate*, set by Caldara ; all my time has of late been occupied by the task of instructing, directing, and assisting them. But, heavens ! what a pleasure it is to have the opportunity of seeing and admiring the excellent qualities of these two august princesses. Elsewhere it would have been difficult to have met with such docility, patience, and gratitude. Oh, how many persons have I encountered without a twentieth part of the claims of these exalted ladies, either as women or princesses, who do not, indeed, possess a thousandth part of their courtesy. They sing and act divinely ; and it was a loss to the whole world that the performance was so private, that none but a few ladies of the highest rank in Vienna were permitted to hear them, and these came in masks. The two archduchesses performed the opera, assisted by one lady of their household."

Maria Theresa had the happiness, so rare for royal brides, of marrying the man of her choice. In 1735, her indulgent father permitted her to marry Francis Stephen, Duke of Lorraine, a prince remarkable for beauty, domestic virtues, and refined taste ; he was likewise heir of the elder line of Charlemagne, which became united with the line of Hapsburgh. Francis, however, was but little distinguished by the gifts of fortune. Five happy years did the future empress of Germany pass in the society of a beloved husband, and an adoring father and mother, before she was called to the cares of sovereignty. She afterwards strengthened the family union by bestowing her sister, the archduchess Marianne, on Prince Charles of Lorraine, her husband's brother.

Their father died in the year 1740, in his fifty-fifth year, poisoned by eating mushrooms, or rather from an attack of indigestion caused thereby and being unskillfully treated by his physicians. His death was bitterly mourned by his affectionate daughters ; and, indeed, it proved a great calamity to Maria Theresa, to Germany, and the rest of Europe.

Maria Theresa had been acknowledged by the Hungarians as their future queen, during the life time of her father, and she had now to take the somewhat difficult step of claiming the rest of his dominions. The archduchy of Austria was all that could be considered as strictly hereditary, and, truth to say, her claim to it was founded on no very equitable title. The archduchy of Austria should, strictly, have descended by a very peculiar tenure, viz.—“as long as there is a male heir to claim it;” the succession follows the salic law, and excludes women from the sovereignty; but when the male representatives fail, it reverts to the male heir of the eldest female line, or in default of him to a female heir.

Thus, in 1711, had the daughters of the emperor Joseph I. yielded their claim to their uncle; but by the strict law of the Austria succession, the archducal territories ought to have reverted to Charles of Bavaria, the eldest son of the emperor Joseph's daughter. But the long and beneficent reign of Charles VI., had so endeared his memory to his Austrian subjects, that all hearts took part with his daughter. Yet it was not exactly just that the archduchy, which by the ancient institutions of the German empire, was strictly entailed on the heirs of females, in default of heirs male, should go to the heiress of a younger branch. The ancient constitution of Hungary and Bohemia, enjoining the election of a dynasty, and the continuing it in the course of primogeniture, till the line failed or became corrupt, they had every right to choose the line of Lorraine, to furnish them with sovereigns, in preference to that of Bavaria, if it pleased them.

It had been the labour of Charles VI., life to cause his daughter to be recognised by contemporary sovereigns as the future heiress of the hereditary German dominions. All the European potentates, excepting those of France and Bavaria, had entered into a league to support her claims, which alliance was called the Pragmatic Sanction. Although this well-named treaty had occupied the whole attention of Europe for the last two years, and all the heads of all the diplomatists in the civilized world had been pragmatically employed on the same, yet, with the exception of our king George the Second, all the monarchs of Europe broke their faith almost as soon as Charles VI. had expired. But in truth, the Pragmatic Sanction was very little sanctioned by justice.

Maria Theresa could not, indeed, claim the empire, because it was elective, and excluded women as regnants; she claimed the kingdoms of Hungary and Bohemia, with the archduchy of Austria and its Italian dominions. The empire itself (disunited from these great inheritances), was an empty and expensive honour, something worse than merely titular, because the whole of the German electors were perpetually intriguing against the German prince that held it. The imperial crown had been destined by the emperor Charles VI. for the husband of Maria Theresa, who would give to his wife, the titles of empress Queen of Hungary and Bohemia. Francis became a candidate for the empire, on the death of his father-in-law, but was forced to yield to Charles of Bavaria, who carried the superiority of votes. Every one of the powers of Europe, excepting George II., made a direct attack upon the queen, Maria Theresa, at her father's death. Frederick of Prussia seized Silesia and Moravia. France aided Charles of Bavaria, who was elected emperor, and likewise crowned king of Bohemia at Prague.

Maria Theresa was forced, after a succession of disasters, to fly from Vienna. She knew not where to take refuge, in order, to give birth to her babes in security. At last she was sheltered in Hungary, and after some months had elapsed, she appeared before the assembled diet, with her infant son, afterwards the Emperor Joseph II., in her arms, and implored the protection of the brave Magnates, in an eloquent and impassioned Latin speech, to this effect:—“Abandoned by my friends, persecuted by my enemies, attacked by my nearest relatives, I have no resource left but in your fidelity and courage. Gallant Hungarians, I place in your hands my infants, they depend on you for life and safety.”

This appeal was received with enthusiasm, the warlike nobles and magnates (who always went armed to their diet), with one accord, rose and drew their sabres, exclaiming in their vernacular Latin, “*Moriamur pro rege nostro, Maria Theresa.*” “We will die for our sovereign, Maria Theresa.” Though thus enthusiastic in her

cause, this haughty race would not own itself governed by a queen, or regina, whom they designated as a distaff sovereign. Yet all responded to the pleading of distressed beauty. According to Dr. Johnson's lines—

“’Tis done, fair Austria spreads her mournful charms—
The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms.”

Without any poetical exaggeration, it is, however, true, that Maria Theresa, with her fair face then unscarred by the small-pox, that tremendous scourge of her family, was the most beautiful princess in Europe. The influence of her personal charms greatly aided the royal sufferer during the severe succession war, in which she was seven years engaged, after the death of her loving father.

This, her successful appeal to the Hungarian diet, was the crisis of her doubtful fortunes; and, from that moment, her career was prosperous. Hungary had previously been an appendage very questionable in its loyalty to the imperial family. Jealous of their freedom, and of the slightest encroachment on their laws, the Hungarians had regarded, with indignation, an hereditary claim made to their elective kingdom, by Ferdinand of Austria, brother to Charles the Fifth, who had married Anne of Hungary, the last descendant of one of their elective kings. In sullen silence, or secret murmurings, the Hungarians yielded submission, but being oppressed by the conjoint powers of Austria and Spain, they were forced to acknowledge the Spanish Austrian family, as their sovereign, during two long centuries. These claims were finally contested by Maria Theresa, and the descendant of a female heir, her rival, the Emperor Charles VII. The Hungarians themselves were generously disposed to succour the unfortunate; moreover, they felt that in taking part with Maria Theresa, they were once more exercising the ancient franchise of electing their sovereign, in whose line and family they were willing the crown should remain, as long as its heirs were capable of sustaining the warlike character of their nation.

Animated with that chivalrous spirit, which was, however, by no means common to the eighteenth century, the efforts of the faithful Hungarians were irresistible in the cause of their queen and her infants.

Accordingly Lintz, Passau, and Munich, the capital of the hereditary dominions of the Bavarian emperor, opened their gates to the queen of Hungary, and she also fortunately received well-timed subsidies from England, where her cause was nearly as popular as in Hungary.*

Closely pressed by her powerful enemies, Maria Theresa was forced to throw to the selfish Frederick of Prussia the sop he coveted, by ceding to him the rich provinces of Silesia and Glatz, whereupon he entered into a treaty with the queen of Hungary, and nobly left his allies to shift for themselves. Maria Theresa made, indeed, peace with Frederick, but vowed vengeance when she felt herself strong enough to chastise him.

The battle of Dettingen was gained by her ally George II., in 1743; and the same year that Maria Theresa was crowned queen of Bohemia, Frederick, not content with the first concession, now again invaded Bohemia. The battles of Fontenoy, Rocoux, and La Feldt, were fought with various success. Her rival, Charles VII., died, at length, for her peace, of a broken heart, and the husband of Maria Theresa was unanimously elected Emperor, in his place. Francis Stephen received the imperial crown at Frankfort, in 1745.

This succession war, for establishing the claims of the empress-queen, as she was now called, is known in Germany by the emphatic phrase of the Seven Years' War.

Europe was at last quieted by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, October, 1748, when Maria Theresa devoted herself to heal, throughout her dominions, the wounds

* In England the *height* of popularity used to be permanently established, by exalting the public favourite to the distinction of a sign at an inn, and some red-faced Amazons, bearing the traditional title of “queen of Hungary,” are still to be seen in remote villages in England, shewing clearly that Maria Theresa was the heroine of the middle of the last century in England; and modern times furnish a very remarkable instance of the *downfall* of a great man, to whom similar public honours had been awarded; for it will be remembered that when the idolized Brougham ceased to maintain the required standard of popular favour, his sign-portrait was reversed.

of war, and repair the sad ravages caused thereby. *The emperor Francis, her husband, had no power* ; his wife, under the title of empress-queen, exercised all the authority over her extensive dominions. She opened the ports of the Mediterranean to commerce ; the arts were munificently patronised ; her armies were well disciplined, and excellent regulations took place for the support of veteran soldiers, and all those who were disabled in the war. Fortifications were likewise built, observatories for the purposes of astronomy were established at Vienna, Gratz, and Tyrnau ; and science was encouraged by munificent rewards, by this great and exalted female sovereign. The old grudge between the empress and Frederick the Great, now again, in the year 1756, broke out with open hostilities. Field Marshal Daun, the general of the imperial forces, was more than a match for the Prussian, and relieved Bohemia in so masterly a manner that Frederick was forced to retreat. To commemorate this exploit, the empress-queen, in the year 1757, instituted the order of Maria Theresa.

Maria Theresa was blessed with a numerous family. Of these the Emperor Joseph, the emperor Leopold, and the archduke Maximilian and four daughters, survived to the age of adolescence. The small-pox made, however, tremendous ravages amongst the children of the imperial family, and several fell victims to this scourge, whilst the fair beauty of her own features was destroyed by it. The other children of the imperial family were carefully educated under the surveillance of their accomplished father ; but the education of the young Duke Maximilian, of Caroline, queen of Naples, and the beautiful Antoinette, afterwards the unfortunate queen of France, was sadly neglected. The empress, absorbed in the cares of state, left these children to tutors and governesses, who suffered them to indulge in that indolence which is so agreeable to most children.

The empress-queen was passionately fond of her young and lovely daughter, Marie Antoinette. On one occasion, in very exultation of victory and regal power, the empress took this lovely infant on her lap, and told her imperial consort that their Antoinette should choose from the map of Europe, then lying on the table before them, which kingdom she would reign over ; the cherub archduchess accidentally pointed to France, upon which the delighted parents clasped her to their bosoms, and said *it was the only one worthy of her beauty*.

This historical anecdote is thus elegantly alluded to, by a modern anonymous poet—

“ Ah, mother mine, who playful bade me choose
Upon the mimic world where I would reign ;
And when my childish finger did refuse
All realms save this with infinite disdain,
Proudly exclaimed, “ France only merits thee !—
You knew not of the cup it held for me.”—*Lament of Marie Antoinette.*

It was during the fierce war with Prussia, that the empress-queen lost her beloved consort, the emperor Francis Stephen. He died suddenly, on a journey, at Inspruck, when about to enter his carriage. Putting his hand to the back of his head, he fell in a fit, and was carried back senseless by his attendants into the apartment which he had just quitted. A vein was forthwith opened in his arm ; but with the strange neglect, often, indeed, experienced by the great, who, with a *grand retinue*, have not a devoted friend, he was afterwards left alone ; and a contemporary author affirms, that he was seen lying on a sofa, with his arm unbound, and the blood freely trickling from the orifice, no one having been present to take the least care to restore him to animation, which, perhaps, was only temporarily suspended.

His family, by whom he was sincerely beloved, mourned his death with the sincerest grief. The empress-queen was inconsolable ; his death, and the manner of it, left a wound that was never effaced from her memory. He died in his 58th year.

No prince ever handed down to posterity a more amiable character. When about to depart on that journey from which he never returned, he was particularly anxious about his youngest child—the unfortunate Marie Antoinette—then a lovely girl, seven years of age ; and when seated in his carriage he said, “ I must see that dear child again.” She was accordingly brought to the carriage, and put into his arms ; he

then embraced and kissed her with such mournful and passionate earnestness, that his conduct surprised every one around him, who thought not the separation would be otherwise than very short. Francis was a prince of truly domestic habits; the routine in the imperial family—a numerous and beautiful one—was just like the home life of a country gentleman's establishment; they lived temperately, dressed simply, and were taught, by the example of their father, to speak courteously and humanely to every one.

After the death of this excellent prince, Maria Theresa gave up all public amusements; the grief she always cherished for his loss, almost assumed the character of moroseness. She wore continually widow's weeds, excepting when she was forced to relinquish them for her royal robes, on days of high ceremonial. In her personal habits, no woman who had to labour for her bread ever devoted a greater number of hours to arduous employment, than did the august Maria Theresa to the cares of Government; for *she herself* read the whole of every paper before she signed it which required the least deliberation. In this employment she devoted many hours of each day. Summer and winter, at her palace in Vienna, she occupied a saloon on the ground floor, opening on to the garden, and when the weather was fine, it was her custom to walk, with her papers in a portfolio slung to her side; here she took constant exercise, and read, as she walked at a rapid, steady pace. So great was her fondness for the open air, that she lived almost in solitude, as no one of her family could bear open windows at Vienna during the winter season; and her favourite minister was compelled to sit shivering, enveloped in furs, while she gave him audience in her saloon, with all the windows open in the severest weather. When Joseph II., her son, after he was elected to the dignity of "Emperor of all Germany," at the death of his father, had occasionally to transact business with his august mother in this saloon, he used, laughingly, to declare, that a winter campaign, with all the robust exercise and lively excitement of a soldier's life, was nothing to be compared, in matter of hardship, to sitting hours with his mother and a perished prime minister, reading and signing papers, without a fire, and with open windows when the Danube was frozen over.

From the year 1756 to 1763, the war continued to be waged fiercely between Frederick the Great and the great empress, when Maria Theresa concluded a peace, giving up Silesia, the territory about which the contest had been commenced. During this second seven years' war, were fought the battles of Hock-kirchen, Kunnersdorf, Maxen, Landshut, and Siplitz, the result of which was in favour of the empress; at Rosbach, Torgau, and Lissa, Frederick was victorious. Humanity shudders at calling to mind the blood spilt in these merely territorial combats, wherein sovereigns play the game of war for the domination of some province, which owes no national affection to either party. But Frederick was the aggressor, and the empress can scarcely be blamed in this instance for criminal ambition, in defending her dominions from the encroaching spirit by which the warlike Prussian monarch was actuated. The same plea cannot, however, be offered for her in regard to the partition of Poland.

The first dismemberment of Poland was the only deliberate iniquity, political or personal, that can, indeed, be laid to the charge of Maria Theresa; and well may this generation grieve, with historians, to find this virtuous sovereign making one of the *three crowned criminals* who first perpetrated that abominable wickedness. It was in the year 1772, that Maria Theresa joined Frederick the Great and Catherine of Russia in the first partition of Poland. The plea by which she satisfied her conscience was, that if she had not taken her share, the two other plunderers would have divided it between them! That the subjects she thus acquired were humanely governed is, fortunately for them and the queen-empress, a point that admits not of dispute; and fortunate were they, in the issue, who fell under her benevolent and virtuous sway.

We have said that her eldest son, Joseph, whom she had caused to be elected "King of the Romans," succeeded to the title of "Emperor" on the death of his father, in the year 1765. He did not exercise the functions of an independent sovereign, although, as heir to Austria, Hungary, and Bohemia, he had greater authority than his father; this, however, was little more than pertains to the heir apparent of any powerful dynasty. He had peculiar views of reform, which he wished

ardently to effect in the imperial dominions, and which made him sometimes think that his mother, and her old prime minister, Prince Kaunitz, kept him a little too much in tutelage, when they discouraged his ardent wishes on the side of liberalism. He remained, however, a dutiful subject and affectionate son.

Among the few faults that blemish the fine character of Maria Theresa, an ascetic devotion, that was nearly allied to personal bigotry, was one—we say *personal* bigotry, because her religion is totally free from every species of persecution; the evil effects thereof, a too anxious adherence to the rigid discipline of the Catholic church, was injurious only to herself and her own family.

Frequently absorbed in meditation, on the sudden death of her beloved husband, at Inspruck, she abandoned herself to agonies of grief, not only on account of his loss, but because he was called away without a moment either for the utterance of a prayer, or for his having the rites of the church administered to him. Not content with the masses and requiems offered up with all the profusion of such ceremonies of the Romish hierarchy, this heiress of the Cæsars made it a custom to pray, long and frequently, in the imperial vault, by the coffin of her deceased husband, for the repose of his soul and the forgiveness of his sins. Thus believing, she made his children, as in duty bound, join her in this solemn office; but, to the terror of the young archduchesses, they were often required to descend alone into the vault, to offer up their prayers for their father's soul.

The rigid observance of this custom destroyed the archduchess Josepha. The King of Naples had espoused, by proxy, this beautiful girl, and all things were ready for her departure, when Maria Theresa expressed a wish that the young queen should once more offer up her prayers by the coffin of her father. There was a sternness in the manners of the empress, after the death of her husband, that rendered resistance to her will impossible. The archduchess Josepha heard her mother's commands with dismay. She had always experienced an invincible horror in descending into this gloomy abode of death, to perform so supererogatory a duty; but this feeling of horror was now aggravated by a strong anticipation of personal danger. The wife and child of the emperor Joseph had a few weeks before died of the confluent small-pox; their coffins were in the imperial vault, which was, in consequence, pestiferous in the most virulent degree. Before descending into the vault, the archduchess Josepha tenderly embraced her young sister, and took leave of them with tears, saying, she was going to her death. She sadly, indeed, uttered the truth. On her return from performing these dreadful devotions, she was seized with shivering fits, and *died a victim to the small-pox in three days*.

Her sister Caroline was afterwards queen of Naples in her place. Whether the empress reproached herself for this command, which proved so fatal to the lovely Josepha is not known; but for the individual herself, assuredly to a woman of sensibility, in marrying an uncultured person like the king of Naples, a much harder fate awaited her than the early death caused by the foul atmosphere of the pestiferous vault and early death.*

The emperor Joseph never married after the death of his wife and heir. His marriage had been a happy one, he never sought another, but remained a widower without heirs. The hopes of the empress-queen were therefore centered on her second son, Leopold, for the continuance of the imperial dynasty of Lorraine. This prince had married the heiress of Tuscany and reigned in Florence in her right,

* As an instance of the puerility of the sovereign, to whom the archduchess Josepha was married, we quote the anecdote of the manner in which he received the news of her untimely death. He was exceedingly disappointed and chagrined at being forced to wear black and remain secluded for some days instead of welcoming a young bride with marriage festivities. None of his companions knew how to comfort him. At last he thought he would play at her funeral and walk as chief mourner. This bright device amused him highly, and one of his pages, who was very pretty, pretended to be dead, and was laid out on a bier; all the *buffa* companions of the king followed in procession, while the pretended corpse was carried through the suite of apartments and laid in state. The king then recollecting the disease that destroyed his poor bride spotted the face of the page who represented the corpse, with dark marks made with a cake of chocolate! And all this was not in a spirit of mockery, but done out of the mere babyish folly of a grown child of twenty years. The archduchess Caroline when she became his wife taught him, after a fashion, to read and to write.

under the title of the Grand duke of Tuscany. Maria Theresa was very anxious for heirs to the imperial line. When the late emperor Francis (the Second), was born, the intelligence was sent to her while all her family were in the evening at the theatre. The imperial theatre adjoins the palace, being one of its appendages, and there is a private entrance into the state box direct from the apartments of the sovereign. It was long since Maria Theresa had entered a theatre, never, indeed, since the death of the emperor. With feelings, therefore, of the greatest astonishment, a crowded audience, attending to the marvels of one of Mozart's operas, saw their beloved and respected empress, dressed in her plain sable weeds, hurry into the state box among her brilliantly arrayed and beautiful archduchesses. Leaning over the box in great agitation, at one majestic motion of her hand, the orchestra ceased their performance, and the empress-queen addressed these words to her loving people of Vienna, in their vernacular idiom—*"Leopold haban un buëb'n"* (Leopold has a boy.) She then retired as hastily, while the orchestra, amidst the tears and acclamations of the delighted people, thundered forth the national air of Vienna—"God preserve the Emperor."

During the chief part of her reign she had but one prime minister, the chancellor of Austria, Prince Kaunitz. This veteran statesman served with fidelity, Maria Theresa, and her sons, the emperors Joseph and Leopold, throughout the unexampled term of forty years. The greatest intriguer in Europe, he was the devoted servant of the imperial house. The chief fault of the empress-queen was, that she acquiesced in a tendency to despotism. Before the close of her days she had the satisfaction of seeing all her surviving children seated on thrones, but lived not to witness the disastrous fate of her youngest and fairest child, Antoinette, and her unfortunate family.

At sixty-three years of age the empress-queen was affected with a declining illness that gradually led her onwards to the grave. Her bodily functions were, perhaps, too much drawn upon from excess of mental exertion, for her intellect remained bright and serene to the last, and with hope, resignation, and fortitude, she prepared for the last great change.

Half an hour before she expired, one of her ladies in waiting whispered that she thought the empress slept. The senses of the dying sovereign were acutely on the alert (of which friends and attendants upon death-bed scenes are sometimes sadly unaware). She heard the remark, and answered mildly—

"I cannot sleep, nor would I if I could. I am conscious of the near approach of death, and I will not allow him to surprise me slumbering. I will die awake."

Her death took place in the year 1780. She was succeeded by her eldest son, Joseph II., in the hereditary appanages of the house of Austria. He was already elective Emperor of Germany.

The character of this great sovereign was marked by the most inflexible firmness of purpose, but as this trait (a remarkable characteristic which we long opined to be visible also in the character of our present most gracious Queen), was generally manifested in a virtuous cause, it was virtue.

Her purity of conduct, as wife and widow, her abstinence from pleasure, and fulfilment of all duties as far as possible, both as sovereign and mother, form a strong contrast, in personal character, to her celebrated contemporary, Catherine of Russia.* Her character, indeed, would be spotless, save for the too rigid enforcement of a supposed duty, which led to the death of her daughter Josepha, besides her belief in the power of earthly absolution for the dead, and sundry ascetic practices of the Romish Church.

It is well known that the empress-queen was one of the most celebrated beauties in Europe. At the time of her famous appeal to the Hungarian diet, she was in the flower of her charms, and she owed much of her success to the admiration excited by her personal appearance; she ceased not, too, to interest, after the time when, of a middle age, she caught the small-pox of some of her children; and this scourge to the imperial family somewhat impaired her beauty.

* See this Portrait and Memoir, *Lady's Magazine*, January, 1826.

DESCRIPTION OF THE
PORTRAIT OF MARIA THERESA,
Accompanying the present Number.

THIS stately portrait, from the pencil of Schell, a German artist, represents the Empress-queen in the prime of her beauty; the picture is one of the most attractive ornaments of the Versailles Gallery. The costume is altogether in the best style of the last century, the only fault being that the hair is laden with powder; its arrangement is, however, graceful—there is no ornament excepting a light diamond spray. The material of the dress is pale green brocade; the form of the boddice, the pointed corset, the waist surrounded with a string of pearls. The bosom is shaded by a full tucker of Brussels lace; the stomacher is laced across with strings of pearls, forming diamond-shaped intersections, each of which is fixed by a ruby stud, from which hangs a pear pearl. Both stomacher and robings of the dress are trimmed with quillings of silver gauze. The lacings, of pearl, are continued in a sort of tablier; the ruby studs and pear pearls gradually increase in size down to the hem, giving a most magnificent effect. The sleeves of the dress, though straight, are nearly covered with three rows of Brussels lace. The imperial mantle of scarlet, lined with ermine, and bordered with gold, is clasped on to the shoulders with two large ruby brooches, set round with pearls, and it elegantly forms the drapey at the back of this beautiful and attractive costume.

S O N N E T
ON THE AUSPICIOUS MARRIAGE
OF
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

CLOTHE with rich tapestry the gilded hall,
And weave bright garlands of the fairest flowers!
Hoist silken pennons on the royal towers!
Proclaim the mask, the banquet, and the ball!
And ye far distant from the glittering scene,
Poor and forsaken, even to you is given
To lift your eyes to the blue vault of heaven,
And bless the nuptial hour of England's Queen!
Pray for the Lord's anointed, for such prayers
Will shed a halo round her fair young head,
And o'er her brow a holier lustre shed
Than the rich gems that deck her braided hair:
Then hill and vale shall echo back the strain—
"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!" "LONG MAY VICTORIA REIGN!"

E. E. E.

FINE ARTS.—EXHIBITIONS.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

“Disons la vérité, *quand même*

MONTAIGNE.

A LEARNED Spanish letterato was one day visited by a mediocre, presumptuous pestering poet, who besought him to listen to two sonnets he had made on a court festival, and requested not only that he would pronounce an opinion on them, but moreover that he would select which he should deem the better of the two, since it would not be possible to publish both. The grave and crude Spaniard endeavoured by a variety of polite excuses to avoid being obliged to declare his opinion, but the pertinacious poet insisted on his listening to the recitation of the two compositions and then expressing his authoritative decision of preference and selection in favour of one. Scarcely had the young pest of a poetaster finished the recital of the first sonnet, when the old letterato exclaimed, “*I see—I see—print the other!*” “But how? (enquired the young man, who was just in the act of preparing to read the second). But how can you judge of and select the other, when you have neither heard nor seen it?” “*That’s of no consequence,*” said the old Spaniard; “*I am sure the other is better than that you have just read, because a worse is impossible!*”

This little anecdote was repeated, laughingly, by Mr. R. A., a man of sprightly wit, in reading the note at the bottom of the first page of the catalogue of the British Institution, in which—“the directors regret that from want of room they have been under the necessity of returning a considerable number of pictures.” “*These are the ones that we ought to see;—the others!—the others!—I am sure they are better than these that have been received. It is the case of the Spaniard’s two sonnets: L’OTRO, L’OTRO ES EL MEJOR?*”

Such were the laughing words that fell from Mr. R. A. —, after having viewed the exhibition for the present year; and although we are inclined to consider his expressions much exaggerated, as well as the application of the anecdote to the artistic productions before us, nevertheless we feel compelled to admit that his strictures were not without some grounds of reason. We shall not repeat all his criticisms without modification, because we think them too severe, but we cannot, without a smile, remember how, when standing before No. 221—“*Bright-eyed Fancy hovering o’er*” (W. Etty, R. A.)—he exclaimed—“See here, what bad design, worse invention, worse composition, and still worse painting. In fact, it is not painted, but the various colours—red, violet, blue, white, indeed, all the colours of the rainbow—casually brought together by the hand, without the slightest harmony; completely forgetting that without harmony of colours, it is not called—The art of painting, but—The prostitution of painting—children’s amusement—playing-cards—madness—nothing! Look again,” he went on, “look at *Mercury and Argus* (51) by T. M. W. Turner, where the blue, violet, and yellow are in complete disagreement. This is the true rival of W. Etty’s manner of painting and colouring. But to which of the two honourable Academicians is the merit due of anteriority in the invention of this ultra-romantic-comico-maniac manner of colouring? It would be difficult, perhaps, to solve the question as to which has the prior claim to the merit of the discovery; the safest way, therefore, will be to repeat the judgment of Solomon, and divide it between them in perpetuo, for they have decidedly dipped their pencils upon the same pallet. But truly, I think, their pictures might both be aptly compared to the pallet itself on which the colours are scattered confusedly, awaiting the hand of practice and the eye of harmony, to select and form them into a picture. Without harmony, there may be confusion, but no picture; as without harmony there may be noise, but not music! These things are old, but neither repeated often enough, nor sufficiently understood by many artists.”

Hearing, not without pain, strictures severe as these from the lips of a learned critic, we made an attempt to soften his opinion; but, without in any way noticing our palliative suggestions, he turned to contemplate—" *Christ blessing little children*," (by C. L. EASTLAKE, R. A.), and reading the verse appended—" And the disciples rebuked them, but Jesus said, suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto me," Matt. xix. 13, 14,—“ It is not possible,” he exclaimed, “ more completely to profane a subject of scripture at once so loftily and august by tender and mystic. Here (3), all the noble spirit of the fact is lost; the artist has reduced the scene to a trivial conversation of English children and women of the present age, without judgment, without historic truth, without any real beauty, and—as Sir Martin Shee observed in his last discourse upon the Fine Arts—without correctness of style. This painting appears rather a scene of common life from some Flemish landscape, but without the beauty and force of chiaroscuro belonging to that school, for its colouring is feeble, and its light, scattered over in a conventional manner, destitute of all justness of effect. But this defectiveness and total want of good colouring seems to be a common failing of the R. A. and A. R. A. artists. Just look at—*The Sailor's Wife*, (380), by S. DRUMMOND, A. R. A., in which woman, child, drapery, sea, mountains, sky—all is of one colour, that is, without any true colour, but the whole overspread by a grey cloud, resembling so much *wadding*!

“ What bad colouring, and how scattered the light, in that very mediocre, or worse than mediocre picture, (420), *The enthronization of H. M. Victoria, in Westminster Abbey*, by AGLIO.

“ This fault of diffusing the light too equally over the different parts of the canvass is manifest again in the great picture of *Robin Hood*, (290), in which is represented—‘ Robin Hood and his merry men entertaining Richard Cœur de Lion in Sherwood Forest.’ For the more exact understanding of the picture we find it further noted that ‘ At last Bold Robin (not knowing the King) drunk Richard's health, and the King himself drunk to the King.’ On the left is little John, whose stature was seven feet, bringing in tow a pryme fallow bucke. Will Scarlet is next to him. Fryer Tuck sings to Allan-a-Dale's harp. Maid Marian sits in her bower, close to the ‘ Trysting tree.’ This large picture, however, deserves not all the blame that has been cast upon it by various journals; some parts of it are well designed; some others well coloured, particularly as to the accessories. But the open mouths of all the faces; the truthless uniformity in the mode of illuminating all the heads; a certain monotony of colouring in some points; the want of harmony in others; defects in osteological design, conventional affectations, and many other instances of negligence, notwithstanding that the painting is highly finished, present just grounds of stricture upon MACLISE, A. R. A. The painter of it, a young artist, who, nevertheless, may become a good painter, if he study closely and avoid the mannerism to which he seems inclined. The other little picture of two half-figures, (420), *The Farewell*, an ancient Knight embracing his Dulcinea, is good in effect, in contrast, and well painted, and shows that MacLise strives to improve. If he studies, there is little doubt that he will attain to a high rank, nor longer appear like a painter *upon china*.”

Here concluded the indignant philippic of our friend, Mr. R. A., he himself forthwith striding out of the rooms of the exhibition, infuriate in the highest possible degree.

We are somewhat inclined to suspect that our friend is of the number of those unfortunate persons, whose works, or the productions of some favourite friend of whom, were rejected by the directors “ for the want of space in the rooms;” whilst they covered the walls with paintings, either of a very mediocre description, or which the public have already seen in many other exhibitions. While, however, we do not entirely accord in the severe judgment passed by our friend above-mentioned, we feel that it would be well for students in painting to reflect deeply on his criticisms, which contain many truths, easy to recognise and apply, notwithstanding their exaggeration, to the pictures pointed out;—truths, which may be harsh, but which should be listened to and learned, even by those already distinguished for their talent; and the word *learn* ought always to be properly understood, and profitably used by such,

because from them the ART has a right to exact more, and because, as Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo have said, "The painter should study his art to the end of his life, and he will always find that much remains to be learned."

We will now commence our own review of the various pictures.

Entrée dans l'Eglise (2), by F. GOODALL, is a work in which the architecture is well designed, and painted with a good tone of colouring. The figures are well composed; all is firm and true, and displays much thought. It is a production that affords much promise of the artist's future success. We admire also his other little picture, (297), representing *The Inside of a House in Normandy*, where a soldier has been defeated at a game of chance. It exhibits truths of costume, good invention, and much elegance of touch; but he must guard against mannerism.

In *Maiden Meditations* (4), by N. J. CROWLEY, R. H. A., as well as in *A Brown Study*, and in *Characters in Mrs. S. C. Hall's Drama of "The Groves of Blarney,"* as represented by Tyrone Power, the painter displays an evident capability of rising to a grade of eminence in the arts. His pencil is vigorous and free; and he only needs to keep in mind that the talented artist should not only display a fine imaginative faculty, and good execution in every figure, but also should cultivate the true chiaroscuro. The *Grandmother* (5), by J. CALLCOTT HORSLEY. This tasteful painter has two pictures in the exhibition, painted with grace; but *Love's Messenger* possesses this quality in a particular degree, especially in the girl, who is trying to elude the vigilance of her grandmother.

No. 16, *View in the higher Swiss Alps, after a Storm*, by CALAME, is a painting in which the truth of the objects is represented with much poetry, and displays a masterly touch of pencil, with vigour of tint; indeed, it leads to the expectation that the author will arrive at a deep knowledge of the art applied to practice. So also in *A Morning View of the Witterhorn, seen from Rosen-Läiti, in the Canton of Berne, Switzerland* (50), and in *A Savoyard Landscape by Lake Bourget* (64), real merit is manifested, as well in conception as in execution.

We perceive another name, which we greet with pleasure, as we believe all will who delight in beautiful landscapes—we mean that of Creswick. The views *At Haddon, Derbyshire* (33), *Near Ashopton, Derbyshire* (210), *The Mouth of the Waterford River* (273), and *An English Lake Scene* (341), all have the character of freedom; and the beauty of the branches of the trees is truly wonderful; the figures also are always well introduced, and add much to the general effect. Another quality in the style of Creswick is a certain elegance, added to that of *con poco far molto*. Some persons, however, charge him with a want of fire, and thus complain that in No. 273, he has placed trees on spots where they do not grow. No. 118, *The Visit of Boccaccio to Petrarch, at Arqua, bearing the degree of the Florentine Senate, restoring his Patrimonial Property*, by J. PARTRIDGE. The story is gracefully invented, and the contrast of the physiognomy and dress of Petrarch, with the countenance and vestments of Boccaccio, is well conceived and full of effect. We might, however, desire a closer observation of the costume of the epoch, and more harmony of lines and colouring. But Mr. J. Partridge is an artist who will attain considerable excellence if his industry does not fail him, and he continues to study the classics and nature. To the latter he has adhered with much fidelity in No. 28, *A Sea-boy*, which is a picture not without merit; and in No. 164, *A Sea-nymph*, another graceful painting, and one which proves a studious remembrance of the classics. The picture of the three heads, *Apostles*, No. 274, is full of masculine vigour of painting, in which may be discovered meditations upon the great masters. No. 11, *Settina, "Still on memory beams one star,"* THEODORE VON HOLSTE. This is a work replete with artistic knowledge, and leads us to desire that many more of the productions of such a master were here exhibited.

But why do we feel compelled to pass over rapidly so many works? Because either the execution is so bad, as entirely to conceal the good intention of the invention, or because the subject of the picture is not worth the trouble, or does not please sufficiently for us to speak of them. This last is perhaps the case with T. Von Holste. Why does he not, with his imagination and knowledge, seek for lofty subjects adapted to the necessities of the present epoch, in which the arts should assume

a high character, and noble mission in their organization. This question does not apply solely to this artist, but to the major part of those who possess talent sufficient to entitle them to the name of artist, and to enable them to comprehend its dignity. We address it to those who, rather than "artists," should, from the vulgarity of their talent, and low ignorance of mind, be designated "artisans." We readily accord their ample ability to fill their canvass with pigs, asses, and cauliflowers! But these are accusations which reach not Mr. HART, R. A., who in the subject of No. 426, *Lady Jane Grey at the place of her Execution*, has evinced a desire to attempt subjects connected with history, and particularly with that of England; from such may always be drawn some great truth, conveying precepts of public utility. The moment selected by the artist is highly pictorial and picturesque. "She (Lady Jane) was led to execution by Sir John Gage, the constable of the Tower, and attended by Feckenham, who was Queen Mary's confessor, and abbot of Westminster, whose exhortations were to the last unavailing. She was disrobed by the attendant ladies, and after repeating the Psalm, 'Miserere mei Deus,' submitted to the axe of the executioner."

And although S. A. Hart has undertaken a grand subject, and treated it in a grand style, and upon a magnificent scale (height thirteen feet nine inches, width thirteen feet), an uncommon thing in this country, still we do not think he has arrived at perfection. On this point we could offer many critical remarks. Some critics have been too severe upon this picture, which in itself has many beautiful qualities. Considering the great difficulties of the subject, we think much indulgence due to the artist who has given an example of the treating lofty subjects in a lofty manner; and for this he is entitled to gratitude. Here we cannot omit an anecdote. Whilst these reflections upon this painting were revolving in our own minds, we overheard a humorous gentleman, who was looking at No. 19, *Contemplation*, exclaim, "In that I cannot have the contemplation of a *beau ideal*!" and coming to the picture, No. 20, and reading in the catalogue—"What shall I say?" "Nothing!" he replied. However, the various and graceful pictures in this exhibition, by E. W. COOKE, demand other reflections. For example, No. 44—*Calais Pier; Sloop returning to Port*—in which you seem to be on the very spot, is a delightful picture. Nos. 174—*Scheveling Sands*, and 187, *A Dutch Fish Waggon*—are little paintings in which the correctness of the design (for which the English school is never much to be praised), and the truth of the group of the figures, is truly wonderful. It is much to be wished that this artist, who has so many elements of real success as to bear comparison with the Flemish masters, would select subjects of a more historical nature. The same desire extends to another artist, who has some poetry, and a witchery of invention and execution, in things apparently the most vulgar, or least interesting—we mean the magician, E. LANDSEER, R.A. This picture alone, unique in its kind—*Young Roebuck and Rough Hounds*—No. 1, is an inimitable perfection of execution, and one of the most wonderful pictures of the animal race. These dogs' heads, the whole picture alluded to, seems to us rather a study of heads to be afterwards introduced in the composition of some other picture. We cannot, however, deem it very praise-worthy in so eminent an artist, to defraud the public of works more interesting in subject. So unapproachable a master will pardon our requirements; let him think that he is a painter-poet, and that from him are expected, and may be required, happy poems in paintings: that if he is desirous of always introducing into his pictures dogs and other animals, he may find, in the history of the dogs of Saint Bernard and of Newfoundland, in that of horses, lions, and all animals, numerous subjects in which they are the principal heroes, and, for this reason; the perpetuation of their remembrance in some visible manner (as the pencil of a Landseer can immortalize them), may be a delightful lesson of the highest morality and philosophy to many men.

The desire which we have expressed relative to Mr. COOKE, and some other artist, we must now, and for the last time, repeat to Mr. LEIGH upon seeing his—*The Free Companion*, No. 134, and—*View of the Castle and Village of Villa Viciosa, with the neighbouring Guadaramma Mountains*—No. 435. In the first of these pictures the genuine manner, full of military expression, fierce and superstitious—evident in the

whole ; in the second, the beauty and truth of the lines, and of the colours, so completely local, induce us to urge Mr. LEIGH to exert his talents on subjects more special, definite, and illustrative of the history of his country, which in its civil woes, and in every epoch, furnishes an ample number of facts worthy of being represented in painting. Mr. T. ZEITTER is an artist who evinced a disposition to historic, rather than imaginative works. He has represented, in No. 187—*The Chartist's Advance from the Welch Mountains*—and in No. 175—*The Chartists' Retreat to the Welch Mountains*—there is a degree of freedom and imagination in his works which we admire ; at the same time we could wish to see him less frequently negligent in his design, and that he did not treat, in a manner approaching the comic, subjects in themselves of melancholy gravity ; and, finally, we should like greater warmth in his colouring, for there is a monotonous *ashy* colour throughout all his pieces, which in themselves are really graceful, as, for instance, No. 19—*Hungarian Nobles and their Attendants ; a Sledge Scene at Gram, on the Danube*. The local truth of this little painting is certainly astonishing. It is a pity, then, that conventional monotony of colouring, and that, too, not according to the natural effect, should be spread over works, in other respects very truthful. And among other instances of this exhibition, of the same defect, we must cite Mr. J. B. CROME—*Scene on the Old River Norwich, Moonlight*—(134)—in which, together with many others, monotony is produced by the too abundant use of sepia. Very beautiful is No. 260—*Grace Darling*—by H. P. PARKER—*Grace Darling and her Parents supplying refreshments to the North Sunderland Fishermen, who were nearly lost in attempting to reach the wreck of the Forfarshire*. The lighthouse being filled with the rescued from the wreck, the fishermen were obliged to take up their abode in an out-house, where they were detained two days by the violence of the weather, during which time they received the ample hospitality of these worthy people, and their daughter. Such is the subject of the picture, and it is well treated ; the figures are expressive ; the groups well formed ; in short, it is a work abounding in talent, but a greenish hue pervades the piece—sky, earth, room, clothes, furniture, men, women, all greenish. It might almost be supposed that the artist, whilst painting, wore green spectacles, which caused him to see every thing in the same tint.

In No. 76, T. WOODWARD—*Fighting Horses*—the composition displays true talent, but the artist seems to have beheld all the objects through red glass ; consequently the picture is in false colouring. Again, No. 311—*Italian Goatherds entertaining a Brother of the Santissima Trinità*—is weak, and somewhat inclining to the *ashy*, whilst the picture is true, well and gracefully composed. The same artist, R. SCOTT LANDER, has adopted a better colouring in *The Looking-Glass*. A beautiful lady is contemplating herself in a mirror, and like another Narcissus, admiring her own loveliness. The elegance of this work is truly pleasing ; the reality of the white silk dress of the concealed creature is wonderful. Beside this is another exquisite little thing, well designed and truthfully handled. It is a little Neapolitan scene—*Gathering Oranges, Naples*—by T. UWINS, R. A.—*Gale on the Danube, Ratisbone*—(23)—*Geneva, the Bridge over the Rhine*—(220)—*Old Buildings at Nuremberg*—(227)—and—*Venice*—G. JONES, R. A., are pictures, or rather sketches of various characteristics, and various kinds of edifices, treated with considerable knowledge. He who can copy so accurately, must be quite capable of inventing originals, both effective and beautiful.

In the works of F. R. LEE, R. A., a poetic mind is very evident, although he has preserved a surprising degree of truth in the objects represented in—*A Scene in Penshurst Park*—(29)—*Woodcutters*—(130)—*View from St. George's Hill, looking towards Windsor*—and among his numerous pictures (See No. 149), the last mentioned, we find much beauty and reality. Neither of which qualities are, however, discoverable in the two little pictures by another R. A., ETTY, No. 338—*Group of Children*—and 347—*The little Mariner*—which is a culpable error as respects both name and the art. He is, nevertheless, a man of talent ; but the more a painter has of mannerism, the farther he advances in the false. In regard to Truth, although of a more modest kind, and not *academical*, the picture—*Fruit Piece* (77)—as well as—*Captain Rolando shewing to Gil Blas the treasure of the Cave* (360)—

both by G. LANCE, display a power of pencil in the draperies, fruit vases, and accessories, which is truly admirable. The figures also possess much merit; the style is that of the Spanish school. We might, perhaps, wish for more aerial perspective.

We cannot speak of aerial things, without mentioning No. 139—*Rising of the Pleiades*—by H. HOWARD, R.A. The artist was inspired by these lines—

“Now from the height of their paternal mount,
The Atlantic sirens, in their wonted course,
Prepare to join the starry host of heaven,
Tuning symphoniously their nightly hymn
To Jove, the best and greatest.”

This piece has much sweetness, and a certain transparency in the tints; but it is deficient in celestial sublimity. The mind which conceived such a picture, and the hand which executed it, both display great talent.

Among those who have, in imitation of Maclise, adopted a transparent brightness of tints, we see R. Rothwell, whose painting, No. 144—*Sketched from Nature*—deserves notice. But let him beware, the transition from his style to mannerism, is easy? We derived much pleasure from seeing again the beautiful transparency of the tints, the purity, historic interest, and execution, careful and elegant, in all its details, in No. 239, by C. LANDSEER, A. R. A. He gives us, in his picture, a page of history; honour to him who feels that the painter ought to unite in himself the philosopher also, the poet, and the historian; and all praise to him who can well execute that which he has well conceived!—the excellence of his hand corresponds to that of his mind. Another less complicate but terrible piece of history is presented to us by W. F. FRITH, in No. 306, *Othello and Desdemona*. It is apparently the work of a young hand, which promises greater things in composition; but besides the general qualities of the art, he must give much study to the costumes of the epoch represented. All encouragement should be afforded to young artists just beginning their career; we shall, therefore, conclude this article upon the exhibition of the *British Institution* with offering our congratulations to H. GRITTEN, Jun. upon his picture—*Calais Sands, with Forrouge in the distance*, No. 354. This painting occupies a disadvantageous situation, but it shows talent which, with favourable opportunity, will acquire reputation. It is for rich Mæcenases to foster youthful genius. Among such, and well meriting praise, and much attention, is W. T. MULLER.

His *Offering a Greek Slave for Sale in a street leading to the Slave-market, Grand Cairo*, No. 363, seems as if it had been painted on the spot; it has all the true oriental taste; the lineal perspective is very correct, the tints beautiful and true, and the effect of the details in the entire piece is excellent. We purpose devoting a short article in the next number to those works now omitted, and particularly to those of ladies; afterwards we shall notice the sculpture. We must not, however, finish this, without expressing our admiration of a young painter, who seems to unite together various styles, among which the Dutch predominates. C. BROUÏ is, perhaps, a young German? His elegant little picture, No. 40—*An Effect seen in the Highlands*—gave us infinite delight. Two little creatures watching their flocks, are sheltering themselves from the sun, under one umbrella. The effect of light and shade is most beautiful, and the expressions of their countenances charming. In No. 253—*Fidelity*—is a pleasing picture. We do not much like allegorical and symbolical figures, but we certainly do admire the manner in which the artist has imagined FIDELITY. It is a fair lady, with a physiognomy at once gentle, firm, and calm; the eyes are soft, and her brow is encircled with ivy, the colour of which changes not, nor fades with the variations of seasons. Being a celestial virtue, her dress is of the hue of the sky; she wears a girdle to which some keys are attached, symbolizing that all committed to her keeping is secure. She is resting with her left hand upon a pillar, whilst with her right she caresses a dog, the emblem of fidelity. The invention is very pretty; the design correct; the attitude simple, sweet, and delicate; the physiognomy graceful, and the colouring harmonious. We should like to see from the same artist—*Strength!* Fidelity to the art, and invincible strength conduct to glory in the arts.

THE SILVER-HEADED CANE.

A TRUE STORY OF THE POLISH REVOLUTION.

ONE evening, towards the latter end of the harvest of 1830, two villagers were ascending the little hill upon which the village of Kurowo is situate, engaged in singing a *krakowiak*, the chorus of which might be distinctly heard at the end of each verse—

“Dana, dana, dana,
Ulina kockana.”

As the villagers came to a turn of the road, they stopped their song for a moment, to leap upon a waggon, drawn by four little horses, which one of them had been leading up the steep part of the hill. The waggon contained three barrels of beer, on one of which the youngest of the two placed himself, and began again to carol his *krakowiak*, in which he was sometimes joined by his companion, who was sitting on the front of the waggon, holding the reins in his left hand, guiding and encouraging the horses with a long whip which he held in his right, and occasionally stopping in his song to utter “Hey, hey! wo, wio, wio!” and such other mystical terms as horses understand.

As the waggon approached a particular part of the road, the young man on the barrel said—“Look, Bartek, here is exactly the spot on which I thrashed the cursed Muscovite, last Monday.”

“Well, Wojtek, I wish that I had been with you, were it for nothing else than to have seen how the rascal capered when you applied the whip to his back.”

“The whip was nothing; but if you had seen how I applied my cane to his shoulders; it was a horrid bad cane, however; he may thank St. George that it broke so soon.”

“You served him rightly. Did the rascal think he had a right to strike you, because he could not find his way to the village? I dare say he did; but little thought of the blows he was to receive in exchange. No, no; fighting is a game at which two generally can play; and he who strikes first, sometimes only comes off second best.”

“Although he was not a good Christian, I would have shown him the way, had he but asked me civilly. I taught the dog a lesson, however, that conductors are not to be had in Poland for the beating. Oh! but I forgot, there was one misfortune; the silver top of my cane flew away when it broke, and I could not find it again in the dark, but it is not of much consequence: probably some one poorer than myself will find it, and it may assist to purchase salt for his beef.”

As Wojtek finished, Bartek, with a long *Pr-r-r-vow*, stopped his horses before the door of a little house, the outside of which seemed to have been newly whitewashed, and bore more of the comfortable appearance of an English or Swiss farm-house, than is usually met with in Poland.

The cracking of the whip soon brought out the old woman of the house and her daughter Wilina, both of whom hastened to open the gate, to allow the waggon to enter the yard, where, being safely lodged and the horses put up in the stable, the peasants bent their steps towards the house.

The walls of the lobby were hung around with various implements of husbandry, while the floor was swarming with about twenty fowls, engaged in picking up the means of subsistence, and gabbling in the full luxuriance of all their varied tones. This lobby conducted to the kitchen, which was chiefly lighted by the blaze in the chimney. Some covered pots stood round the fire, guarded by an old cat, murmuring its purring song in deceitful contentment, and ever and anon casting its longing eyes towards some sausages that were drying in the smoke.

As it was the evening before an intended nuptial fête, the old woman had removed

her bed into the barn, and that of Wilina had also disappeared from the corner in which it usually stood. These arrangements had been made in order to gain more room; and to an eye accustomed to its former state gave the kitchen a little of the appearance of being deserted. A small square table stood between two windows, which afforded but an imperfect light, as the fowls had broken the major part of the panes of glass, and these had been supplied by paper, until the itinerant glazier chanced to come to replace them. At this table the young bride was busy preparing her nuptial garments, while Wojtek, forgetting that all the light she had came from these two windows, seated himself with his back to one of them, and otherwise hindered her in her labours, by attracting her blue eyes towards his every time she chanced to let them wander from her work.

The old mother was busy arranging the repast at another table, where Jerzy and his son Bartek had placed themselves in anxious expectation; and when supper was ready, they seemed surprised that Wilina and Wojtek had to be called more than once before they joined them. The repast consisted of milk, potatoes, and a few fish, which Jerzy had caught with his rod in the morning. After this, the peasants regaled themselves with a draught of the beer which Madame Wabinska had sent to Wilina on account of the approaching nuptials; and when Jerzy had finished his third pint of beer, during the drinking of which he passed sundry encomiums both on it and Madame Wabinska, he requested the young people to complete all their arrangements that night, as he had promised to meet their friends at sun-rise next morning.

"Where is the rendezvous, good Jerzy?" said Wojtek.

"Near the image of St. Waurzyonio, on the road to Stesin. Come, then, Bartek, do you give the horses their corn, and see that the stool-waggon is got into proper order; and you, Wojtek, go and look after Piotr, Tomek, Stark, and the other *druzba*, and tell them to get ready to-morrow betimes. I have already seen Maciek and Kuba, and they promise to be with us, and to play their best tunes.

"So, so, replied the mistress of the house; then I, and Wilina, and the mother of Wojtek, and our god-mother Teressa, and Gasprowa, will get ready the cake, the roast, the sausages, the blood-puddings, &c., &c. Oh! but they will be excellent; I will put plenty of pepper into them. Get away, you cursed hypocrite," she continued, addressing herself to the cat, who, observing that the old lady had not been watching her movements, then jumped up at one of the sausages, and brought the whole lot of them down upon the fire and hearth, thus demolishing, at one fell swoop, the charming prospect of how her skill would be relished by the guests of to-morrow.

This untoward event stopped her discourse; and while she was busy searching for pussey, to wreak her vengeance upon the creature, the greater part of the sausages were left to spoil upon the fire, and the cat was enjoying the remainder in some obscure, but safe, retreat.

Wilina was now joined by five or six of her companions, who, after the usual salutations, adjourned with her to the outside of the door, where they repeated and heard all that was worth repeating and hearing, on such an interesting occasion as concerned the last evening that she was to be one of themselves.

Before the sun had risen next morning, Wojtek was in the stable cleaning and feeding his horse, which being finished he proceeded to dress himself with all the care befitting a nuptial morning; and when he led forth his charger, bridled and saddled, it was not wonderful that Wilina should look happy and pleased.

Wojtek was dressed in a pair of white striped breeches, an under-coat of light blue, ornamented with brass buttons, and secured round his waist with a black silk sash; over this he wore a large loose-laced frock-coat, of dark blue, which reached considerably below his knees, almost meeting the white tops of his heavy-heeled boots! On his head he wore a high round *casquet* of short dark fur, ornamented with three roses of red ribbon, neatly tied in knots behind, while on the top was a small dome of red cloth, surmounted with a tall feather. Round his neck he had a red handkerchief, while, from under his cap, flowed over his shoulders, his long brown ringlets, on which that day no ordinary labour had been bestowed.

Whether this description will serve well to give an idea of the young Polish bride-

groom, we cannot tell; but few peasant girls, of any country, could have looked at him without interest, as curling his white mustaches, and bowing to his affianced, he vaulted into the saddle, and was soon out of sight.

Wilina had not over-slept herself. She also had been at her toilet betimes, attended by four of her companions, who were proud of the honour of assisting to deck her out on her bridal morn, and as she appeared at the cottage-door, looked worthy of her Wojtek. She was dressed in a light-blue jacket, laced in front, with a Vandyke border, which was finished behind in a little peak; her white chemise covered her arms nearly to the elbow, and was again seen peeping out at the neck. Above the jacket, which showed well her shape in all the beauty of a fine form, her frock was of dark blue merino, deeply plaited, and, in part, covered by a little smart white apron, ornamented by two diminutively laughing pockets. Wilina's head was dressed with the choicest flowers of which the village could boast. A red ribbon was bound round her brow, over her ears, and tied with a graceful bow at the back of her head, while pendant behind might be observed her beautiful fair hair, gracefully braided into two rows, tied with small blue ribbons, interspersed with about a dozen of other ribbons of different colours, but equally long with the hair; white stockings, and black morocco high-heeled shoes, completed her dress, while round her neck might be observed a string of coral beads, to which was attached a little silver cross; and on her finger she wore a ring Wojtek had given her.

If Wilina's dress was gay, it did not take away from her personal attractions. Her face was oval, rather pale than red, her eyes full of life, only occasionally raised from the ground, her teeth white and regular, her mouth such as would make an old man wish to become better acquainted with it. Such were Wojtek and Wilina on their bridal morn; but the description cannot do justice to her dress and personal charms; it is accurate, but it wants the living soul that spoke forth in every movement of the breathing original.

On the return of Wojtek, Wilina placed in his breast a bouquet of flowers, which were bound by a small white handkerchief, so fixed as to allow three corners to be suspended, this being an old Polish custom to distinguish a bridegroom on the day of his marriage. Wojtek found also something to arrange near the little cross which hung from Wilina's neck, and forgot himself so far as to press her trembling hand upon his jacket, and was very busy in arranging, adjusting, and admiring her dress, when the *druzba* announced themselves by two volleys of pistols, and loud cries mixed with the trampling of horses.

All the inhabitants of the cottage sallied forth to meet them; and the scene was one of much animation, while old Jerzy might be seen very busily urging his guests to fasten their horses to the barrier in front of the door and enter his house to do honour to the many good things which were prepared for breakfast.

As soon as breakfast was finished, the *voiture* of Bartek received Wilina and his father, who drove off for the rendezvous, followed by eight *druze* on horseback, dressed nearly after the same fashion as Wojtek.

On arrival at the figure of Saint Waurzyonio, Jerzy found that the greater number of the carriages were waiting; amongst others the chariots which Madame Wabinska had been kind enough to send, lest they should not themselves have sufficient accommodation; and, in a short time, the whole of the cavalcade moved on towards the church.

Four musicians, seated in the first chariot, led the way, playing gay and lively national tunes suited to the occasion; they were followed by Jerzy's stool waggon, in which Wilina was seated, surrounded by eight young maidens of the village, all dressed something after the style of herself. Tomaszowa, the mother of Wojtek, with her *cronies*, occupied the third vehicle; while the fourth contained Jerzy, the schoolmaster, and such other dignitaries of the village as it was usual to invite to feasts of this kind. By the side of the second carriage rode Wojtek, chattering and laughing with his bride and her maidens, not forgetting at the same time to display his horsemanship by taking advantage of every accident that required skilful management of a fiery steed. The *druzba* galloped without ceasing, round and round the cavalcade as it proceeded on its way, crying, singing, leaping and urging their different horses against each other.

As the parties proceeded, the last carriage picked up a villager, who said, "that during the morning he had passed a troop of Cossacks whom he would have supposed were proceeding to the frontier to relieve the guard, were it not that Abraham, the rich old Jew of the village, had told him, as a secret, that the recruiting was to commence in a few days; he told him also that there was an officer at the hotel, St. Petersburg, of the town, who, he doubted not, was a general or a major, or some other great officer, as he had very fine gold epaulets, and all the Cossacks touched their bonnets as they passed the window of the chamber which he occupied; he had also been assured that the officer spoke only Russian to the waiters of the hotel, a circumstance which was of itself very suspicious."

"It is well for you and me," said the schoolmaster, "that we are not so young as we once were; we at least are safe, but probably it may be dangerous for Bartek and Wojtek to be seen in the neighbourhood."

"They run a risk, certainly," replied another of the party, "not only of becoming Russian soldiers, but also in that case of being buried alive, as the Russian commanders, in order to save themselves trouble, are in the habit of throwing the dead and wounded into the same ditch." "But Bartek is already thirty years old," replied Jerzy, "and Wojtek is the only son of an old widow woman; both, therefore, are exempt from the conscription;" and thus, warmed by the recollection of his own military career, he began to tell the oft repeated, and never to be forgotten tale of how, at the battle of Raclawice, he had charged in the front of blazing artillery.

In the third carriage the ladies did not lose the opportunity of talking anent their marriage-day, when, as they alleged, times were more favourable, the earth more fruitful, and gold more abundant than in these degenerate times; these were the days, they would say with a sigh, when the men danced better and were more polite than they had been since: those that were widows mourned over the death of their husbands, and told how it had taken place; and the mother of Wojtek wept as she related how her Jomasz had been killed at the battle of Raszyn, leaving her with one infant, whom she had reared with great care, and who was now so soon to depart from her in her old age, but was told to dry her tears, as instead of losing a son she was about to gain a daughter who would take care of her in infirmity, and whose little ones would amuse her as they frolicked round her couch. In such sort of conversation did the time pass away until they arrived at the town, whose inhabitants, aroused by the music and other noises, made haste to their windows and doors to see the bride and bridegroom.

As soon as the carriages could be unburthened of their respective occupants, and the horses stabled, the party proceeded to the church, where, kneeling down in the centre of the aisle, mass was said, after which Wojtek led Wilina to the front of the altar where stood the priest in attendance, or, as he was sometimes irreverently termed, "*le maitre d'autel*," who, with more haste than devotion, soon completed the ceremony, amidst the tears of Wilina and the female attendants, who seem in all such cases to consider themselves specially licensed to weep. The party then returned to the inn, where, after partaking of *eau de vie* and cakes, they resumed their places with the cavalcade, and proceeded home, where they would soon have arrived had not Bartek, under the influence of the *eau de vie*, defied one of Madame Wabinska's postilions to a trial of the comparative speed of their horses, at which they both set off at full gallop, amid the cries of Tomaszorva and her cronies. The race was pretty well matched, and it is difficult to say who would have gained had not the wheels of the chariot struck against some rocks in the rut of the road, which freed the horses from the body of the vehicle, leaving it stuck in the middle of the pathway, to the great terror of the inmates, and the amusement of their friends who gave way to the most unbounded merriment as soon as they ascertained that none of them were hurt.

The horses being brought back with some difficulty, were attached to the crazy machine, and the terrified ladies soon found themselves again entering the village of Kurowo, where they were greeted by their friends, who came out to welcome the newly-married couple.

The guests were all soon seated round the well-filled table of Jerzy, when Mr.

Piszczalechi, the parish organist, delivered a long proof lecture in praise of Wojtek, Wilina, &c., &c., not forgetting Madame Wabinska, the lady of the manor, and the beer she had sent, as also the other good things on the table provided by their worthy host; after this oration, which was sufficiently tiresome, had been brought to an unexpected close by the smell of sundry savoury dishes finding their way to the olfactory nerves of the orator, the *drużba* led Wilina and Wojtek before their parents to receive their blessing, which was pronounced with much fervour and solemnity of voice and manner. The repast was continued with great vigour until the sounds of music being heard in the adjoining barn, the younger portion of the guests proceeded thither, preferring the dance to even the beer of Madame Wabinska.

Dancing, merriment, and good-nature, served to pass the time lightly away, until the fatigues of the day and night began to thin the crowd; but it was far in the morning before the more active withdrew, in order to qualify themselves anew for the three days and nights' rejoicing, which is usual at such fêtes. About three o'clock in the morning not more than twenty remained; amongst these might be seen the mothers of Wilina and Wojtek, seated near the chimney, engaged in apparently very confidential and interesting conversation. Jerzy was dancing with one of the village maidens, Wojtek with his blooming wife, while the organist, forgetful of the high dignity of his official situation, had fallen asleep in a corner, evidently under considerably more obligations to the beer than to either the music or the dancing. The schoolmaster, who never missed a practical joke when he could have it with impunity, was busy ornamenting the face of the unconscious organist with a burnt cork, when suddenly the door opened, and a man, enveloped in a military cloak, followed by about thirty Cossacks, entered the barn; the teacher glanced round him for a moment or two, as if endeavouring to recognise some one; Wojtek had scarcely time to observe that he held the end of his lost cane, with the silver top, in his hand, before his ears were saluted with "that is the rascal, seize him—yes—that is the villain who struck me with a cane, away with him—we will teach him not to be so ready in future with his whip and his cane—he will have time enough as a soldier to expiate the atrocious crime of striking an officer of the imperial guard."

As the leader finished, five or six of the men rushed forward. Wojtek, unable to make any resistance, was rudely torn from the agonizing embraces of his mother and wife: these were pushed aside, and told to keep their tears till he came again to see them. Jerzy had made his escape by some private door; and there was apparently not even one arm to assist Wojtek, as both the schoolmaster and organist were cowering in a corner, and the females of the party were too much surprised to have rendered even a feeble means of annoyance. Two of the Cossacks were about to bind the hands of their prisoner behind his back, and the officer had given command to his men to fall back and plunder the farm, when three flashes of fire darted from the roof of the barn, and the officer, with one of his men, fell to the ground. Wojtek, with the speed of a deer, sprung from the soldiers; and from the other side of the barn added to the confusion, and defended himself by hurling stools, and whatever else he could lay hand upon, amidst the stunned but not yet terrified Cossacks, who were on the point of again securing their victim, when a second and more deadly volley was poured upon them; and ere they could recover themselves, ten or twelve men, armed partly with guns, and partly with scythes, jumped down from the end of the barn, and dashed towards the door. But the Russian soldiers, unaware of how strong this force might be, and, as is well known, unwilling at any time to fight where there is a chance of reprisal, gained their horses, and before our peasants were able to load, were far out of the reach of their longest guns. The scene was now changed, from merriment and dancing, to silence, only interrupted by the click of a gun or pistol lock, in the act of being cleaned or examined. As the morning light dawned, Jerzy, who had been leaning with his head on his hands, seemed to have been pondering on the novel and unexpected position in which he was placed; and calling around him the whole of the party, who had been sitting or standing in the barn, he pointed to the dead bodies of the officer and five of the Cossacks, lying near the door, and said—

"Before to-morrow's sun is set, these men will have received burial from the hands

of their comrades, and if we remain here, we share the same fate. It is only necessary that Wojtek, Bartek, and myself, with our wives or mothers, seek safety elsewhere; the imperial troops will not be able to implicate more in the transaction. Hence to your homes, my friends, and I will arrange for our own safety."

It was far in the afternoon, when a strong body of mounted soldiers were seen approaching Kurowo. They halted in front of Jerzy's house; but the inmates were gone. The neighbours were examined, and some of them bound prisoners, but nothing could be learned of that devoted family. The soldiers were for burning and sacking the whole village, but their commander would not then allow it. He said that perhaps they might come back and do so, for the inhabitants deserved it, but his orders would not permit it at that time; full authority was, however, given to plunder the farm of old Jerzy; after which, the dead bodies were brought out and placed upon a waggon. The house was set on fire; and, regardless of how far the burning might extend, the Cossacks, with their prisoners, corpses, and booty, turned from the village, vowing to come back and level it with the ground.

A few weeks after this voluntary banishment of the farmer and his family, the standard of revolt was raised against the oppressor of Poland, and our fugitives were enabled to come forth from their ambush, and join the band of patriots; and for ten long months nobly assisted in the struggle. But the fall of Warsaw was a death-blow to the freedom of Poland, and the standard of Russia again floated over the scenes of her former crimes, and the strength, though not the spirit of the nation, was crushed beneath the foot of ruthless barbarity.

Jerzy was killed in a skirmish at Datnow; the mother of Wojtek soon sunk beneath the fatigue of the campaign, from following which nothing could prevent her; and Jerzy was shortly followed by his wife, who, worn out with fatigue and grief, fell a victim to the cholera, and was buried in the same grave with her husband.

When the remnant of the Polish army was betrayed at the frontier by General Gielgud, Wojtek and Wilina were forced into the Prussian territory, but Bartek remained with the party who refused to cross the frontier—and thus was the comfort of the little circle now doubly broken. Wojtek and Wilina, after a great many hardships, reached France, where, after a few weeks, they were employed to attend to the dairy upon a military French gentleman's small estate, not far from Besancon. Bartek wandered about from one country to another, until the Piedmontese expedition, under Romarino, had failed. He was then compelled to leave behind him, not only his own country, but even France and Switzerland, as these governments had no longer the courage to protect the exile and the wanderer; but England, which affords a shelter to every exile that reaches her shore, received him; and he might be called happy, were it not that the bitter remembrance of his country haunts his day and his night dreams; and his fervent prayer is, that he may soon be again allowed to pray for his country, according to the custom of his forefathers, with the scythe in his hand, before an altar raised on lances and cannons, under a canopy dressed with eagles and colours; for then will the tyrant that has made a long and a wide church-yard of Poland feel the vengeance which the retribution of insulted justice, crying from a thousand towns and villages, will let burst on his guilty head.

R.

Monthly Critic.

The Czar. A Romance of History.
In 3 vols.

To those persons who delight in a full banquet of the horrible, served up with considerable powers of diction, we can fully recommend these volumes. The hero is no less a person than Ivan Vasilivitch, surnamed the Terrible, who played his fantastic tricks before "high heaven" in the age of our Queen Elizabeth.

The history of Russia, by the native Karasmin, is, as our author affirms, far more revolting than set forth in any scenes here described. Be it so; yet should the author have remembered that history must not swerve from fact and choose the matter for narrative, but that the romance writer has the free liberty of selecting and arranging, and not being forced to detail facts, unless he please to do so, *we* think he does wrong to agonize the nerves of *delicate* women by minute details of physical sufferings, the results of cruelty. Our author possesses eloquence, research, and an accurate knowledge of the country wherein his scenes are laid: and such requisites ought to make his writings admired. Why, therefore, if such were unluckily the case, should he be unsuccessful, unless, thus, the author of his own dethronement.

Ivan the Terrible, was, in the earlier part of his reign, the most beneficent sovereign Russia ever possessed, till the death of his beloved wife Nastalia, who was poisoned: thereupon his mind became exasperated to such a pitch of destructiveness, that he deluged his country with blood. The tale commences with the famous embassy sent by Queen Elizabeth to this maniac; the English composing the embassy are the principal personages of the story; but Grace Wilmington, and her friends, are, in our estimation, rather vapid personages, and Sir Thomas Randolph and his monkey alone efficient.

As a proof that our author possesses talents which would command rank in a far higher department of literature than

romance, we quote the following spirited and graphic passage:—

Hoida! Cossacque! Hoidé!

Hourra!

The foremost have the sack—

Huzza!

What! though we slay a Turk, or Pole,
We take his goods to save his soul!

Hourra!

Hoida! Cossacque! Hoidé!

Hourra!

The foeman's hold our course,

Huzza!

The fight, the battle-field, the sack!
Or by the Czar, he's no Cossacque!

Hourra!

Hoida! Cossacque! Hoidé!

Hourra!

A forage for the prey—

Huzza!

A schnapps to Russia's *Olo-Czar*!
Our Hetman and marauding war!

Hourra!

Such was the burthen of the wild and lawless song, given in hearty chorus by a body of horsemen, who were proceeding at a leisurely pace over an extensive plain which lay between the city of Nijni-Novogorod and Moscow. They were in number about three hundred, and would have been formidable to any troop of equal force. Long pistols, supported by their belts, daggers, swords, and lances, composed their martial weapons; whilst some, without appearing encumbered with such a multiplicity of instruments of destruction, held a short whip for the purpose of flagellating their steeds. In other respects, their equipment being so various, it would require a description of each of the equestrians to convey a correct idea of the whole, such a variety of European and Asiatic costume and equipment was there exhibited. The foremost horseman of the party, however, whom we may conjecture to be the leader, was somewhat more carefully arrayed, and displayed a countenance strongly expressive of intelligence and warlike ardour.

By their reckless bearing, their warlike equipment, and varied accoutrements, the Cossacques, the dreaded Cossacques, were known at a glance,—those warriors, who had spread from the shores of the Caspian to the Dnieper, from Trebisond to the Baikal, and whose renown was to extend to our own age, coupled with enterprise, danger, and success.

Formed by hardy habits for toil and war—

[THE COURT

fare, which developed their persons to advantage, a peculiar mode of inoculation, practised amongst them from a very remote period, had preserved them from that defacing scourge of the human race, the small-pox. To these causes may be traced that manly beauty which at that period characterised the hardy warriors of the Don.

Fugitives, and daring spirits from various nations, first formed the ranks of these bold marauders. It is not therefore to be wondered at that a hero sprung up occasionally amongst them; and that as their increasing numbers made them more formidable, whole countries trembled at their approach, or eagerly sought their assistance in an age of direful contentions and incessant wars.

The Greek religion was their adopted faith; and to this circumstance may be attributed that support and preference which Russia so often found in her troubles, from these vagrant troops, which she could not find in those of any other nation. And to their powerful aid, if we trace the acquisitions of Russia since she emerged from barbarism, much may be set down as gained by the support of these valiant auxiliaries. Treated at first as robbers, outlaws, and barbarians, Russia soon learned a different policy towards them. She was not long in discovering that as friends they would be invaluable; as enemies, continually harassing her, and flying at the approach of her armies; severely felt, but never to be found. As their position occupied the extreme south, and south-west, of the Russian empire, they formed, as allies, a formidable barrier against the Turk and the Pole.

The muster of the female beauties of Russia, for the purpose of affording a choice to Ivan the Terrible, of a new Czarina, affords many entertaining scenes, though too often mixed with dashes of the horrible; and the third volume commences out-heroding Herod.

Our author will find a large class of readers to whom his highly-seasoned fare is truly grateful; but he has abilities to please *universally*, if he would but restrain his morbid taste for depicting "things horrible." We will permit him to touch the limits of the terrific, but he must not advance as far as the horrible, or he creates in elegant minds unutterable shrinkings of disgust. On the contrary, if he cultivates refinement, following good advice, and choosing proper subjects, he may preserve all his animation and power of diction, and be, as we have said before, universally admired.

Southwold and its Vicinity, Ancient and Modern. By ROBERT WAKE, M. R. C. S. I. Skill; and Simpkin and Marshall.

Amongst the various departments of literature, topography deservedly holds a very high rank. Learned and intelligent men, who are residents in one particular district, and close observers of its peculiar features, are sure to collect a mass of valuable information. When the place they illustrate has been remarkable in an historical point of view, the labours of the topographer often cast a strong focus of light on obscure or disputed passages connected with national annals. Southwold is one of these historical spots, possessing a high celebrity in our naval records, a fact which of itself stamps a decided value on this publication. But the *History of Southwold, Ancient and Modern*, possesses many other high claims to approbation, for it discusses with great spirit and originality, the geological, zoological, botanical, and architectural antiquities of the most interesting part of this the eastern angle of our island.

The old scarce quarto history on Dunwich and Southwold, written by the antiquarian Gardner (himself a native of Southwold), now bears a high price in bibliophile collections, and is totally unattainable in modern libraries. Mr. Wake's volume not only condenses all the cream of this work, but a great mass of information derived from documents to which no person in Gardner's day had access; moreover, Mr. Wake has most intelligently written the history of the hundred years which have elapsed since old Gardner penned that volume, which preserved the memory of the emporium of the east—the once august city of Dunwich—from falling into oblivion. Among the valuable features which either escaped Gardner's research, or were inaccessible to him, we quote the curious letter by Henry Savile, one of the gallant volunteers from the English court, who made it a point of honour to share the dangers of Solebay fight. The following account of that bloody and dearly bought victory must, at this period of England's naval history, be read with feelings of peculiar interest.

Reminiscences of the engagement at Southwold, between the combined fleets of the

English and French on one hand, and the Dutch on the other.

The memorable victory which England obtained over the Dutch, (A. D. 1672,) is one of those historical reminiscences which connect Southwold and its vicinity with some of the most interesting British incidents.

Southwold-bay, or as it was anciently abbreviated, "Sole-bay," is celebrated as the scene of an obstinate and sanguinary naval engagement. The fleets of Britain and of France were combined on the one hand against the Dutch fleet on the other. The former of 101 sail of men-of-war, besides fire-ships and tenders, carrying 6,018 guns and 34,600 men. The latter, including fire-ships and tenders, mustered 168, of which 91 were men-of-war. The commanders of the combined squadron were James, Duke of York, Count D'Estrees, and Earl of Sandwich. Against these were opposed, on the side of the Dutch, De Ruyter, Blankart, and Van Ghent, accompanied by Cornelius De Witt, as deputy from the States.

The English and French lay upon the bay in a very negligent posture. Sandwich warned his brother commanders of their danger, but was answered by His royal Highness with an imputation upon his courage. The event proved how unjust were such suspicions, and how much the allies were indebted for their safety to the caution of the man who had been so groundlessly censured. Upon the appearance of the enemy there was much trepidation, and the combined forces had to cut away some of their cables before their ships could be got into readiness. Sandwich left room for his comrades to disengage themselves by hastening out of the bay. This judicious and well-timed movement prevented the destruction of the combined fleet by De Ruyter's fire-ships—a result which seemed inevitable, from the false and crowded position in which the English commanders had placed themselves.

Having thus succeeded in disentangling his confederates, the despised Sandwich rushed into the battle, determined to conquer or die. By presenting himself at every post of danger, he drew towards him the fiercest shocks and bravery of his opponents. The entire squadron of Van Ghent was thus encountered single-handed. But the intrepidity of Sandwich proved to be more than a match for the Dutch admiral, whom he slew with his own hand, sinking a man-of-war and three other of the enemy's vessels. At this moment of unequalled success, his battered ship was grappled and fired. Of the thousand brave hands that formed his crew, but a small portion remained. His officers were all cut down, and himself surrounded with flames. Still was he thundering in the midst of the enemy—being vainly solicited to provide for his safety; and when his burning vessel could no longer afford him fighting

room, he boldly flung himself into the sea, and exposed, by his gallant conduct, even in death, the rashness of the censure which imputed his bravery.

In the mean time the Duke of York was hotly pressed by De Ruyter; and so fiercely and obstinately was the dispute maintained between them, that of thirty-two actions in which his royal highness had been engaged, he declared this to be the sharpest and longest. His ship became disabled—himself overpowered by numbers—and the enemy so sanguine by reason of his seemingly hopeless condition, that had not Sir Joseph Jordan come to his aid, the Duke must have shared the fate of Sandwich. Twice, during the heat of the battle, he was forced to desert the ships in which he fought, in consequence of the damage and loss of men which they successively suffered. Night at last brought this well-contested engagement to a close, in which the loss on both sides was nearly equal and very great. It may be judged to what an extent the Dutch fleet received injury, from the fact that the publication of their loss was forbidden by the States. The French ships scarcely took any share in the action, but for the most part kept out of the reach of danger. It is supposed that they had received secret orders to stand aloof and to spare their hands, that the Dutch and English might be weakened by mutual animosity. At all events, whatever efforts they made seemed rather intended to counterwork, than to succour, the British arms. Notwithstanding the inequality of numbers, and the desertion which occasioned it, the intrepidity of our seamen forced the enemy to seek their safety in flight—though they fought even in flight. The victory on our side was dearly bought. But it would doubtless have been more complete, had it not been for the merrymaking which the Englishmen kept upon the day preceding the engagement, being Whitsun-Monday. Many of their officers and sailors were in consequence prevented from helping their comrades, they themselves being left on shore, where they had been keeping holiday without apprehension, and the enemy having made their appearance so suddenly and unexpectedly.

The Southwolders, who were anxiously watching on shore, were precluded by a thick fog from beholding the events of this well-fought day. But the unceasingly-ascending smoke, the constant roaring of the guns, and the quickly-repeated concussions, which shook them in their houses and standing-places, held them, as it were, spell-bound by excitement and panic. Under these impressions they were induced, as the day advanced, to muster a strong guard that, in case of a defeat by sea, Southwold might be prepared to give a warm reception to the enemy on shore. From a similar feeling,

they prevented the country people who had flocked into the town to behold the fight from repassing the bridge, before victory was decided in favour of England.

This is followed by a rare and curious document, containing further particulars furnished by Mr. Wake, from a letter written a few days after the event, by one of the surviving officers, and addressed to the commander-in-chief.

Our whole fleet being at anchor in Southwold bay, taking in water, on Tuesday, the 28th of May, betwixt two and three o'clock in the morning, the wind E. by N. a small gale, one of our scouts came in, giving the usual signals of seeing the enemy; upon which, his royal highness immediately gave those of weighing anchor, and getting under sail, which was performed with all the speed possible, considering the short warning; for before seven the whole blue squadron were a-head of the red, and the white a-stern; in which order, and at which time, the battle began, the enemy having the wind of us; the squadron under Bankart being the van of their fleet, attacked the French, which made the rear of ours, they both separated themselves from both their fleets, and so continued engaged out of our sight almost the whole day, sailing to the southward. At first Bankart came briskly down upon Monsieur d'Estrees; but afterwards finding it too hot, kept a great distance. The Earl of Sandwich, with the blue squadron in the van of our fleet, was attacked by Van Ghent, in the rear of theirs, and endeavouring to get the wind of the enemy, found so great opposition, that after having sunk a man-of-war which laid him on board, having above half his men killed, his ship wholly disabled, and having put off the third, which burnt her, the only ship we lost the whole day—his lordship, and all the officers, except Capt. Haddock, being lost with her; of which some few ordinary men that were saved by swimming to our ships and boats, gave us no further account.

The Henry, that was one of her seconds, commanded by Capt. Digby, son of the Earl of Bristol, having put off several fire-ships, most of her men, her captain, and almost all her inferior officers slain, fell into the hands of the Dutch, but was in a little time retaken, and sent safe into harbour by Capt. Strickland in the Plymouth.

Sir Joseph Jordan, vice-admiral of the blue, pursued the design which his admiral did not live to finish, and succeeded in it, getting the wind of the enemy, which he and his division kept the rest of the day.

The body of their fleet commanded by Monsieur de Ruyter attacked the body of ours, commanded by his royal highness. De Ruyter was accompanied by Van Esse, another admiral, and his seconds, which all at a

convenient distance fired upon the prince, who being to windward of his own division, could receive little or no assistance from them. The captain, Sir John Cox, killed; the main-top mast, flag-staff, and standard being shot down, and the ship entirely disabled in three hours' time, his royal highness thought it convenient to change his ship; so that about ten o'clock, being attended by Monsieur Blanckfort, myself, Mr. Ashton, Monsieur du Puys and John Thompson, his best pilot, he went on board the St. Michael, Sir Robert Holmes, commander; and there put up a new standard, which, because of the great smoke, could not be seen well enough to be attended to by his division. About this time, the Royal Katherine, newly come from the river with fresh men, and wanting many of the conveniences necessary for her defence, was boarded and taken by the enemy; her captain, Sir John Chichely, being carried prisoner on board their ships; but the enemy leaving no great number of men in her, they were afterwards overpowered by ours, who carried the Dutch that had taken her prisoners and the ship safe into harbour. His royal highness continued on his way, attended by the Phenix, Capt. Le Neve, commander, on head of him and the Fairfax, Capt. Leg, commander, and the Victory, the Earl of Ossory, commander, close a-stern; till afterwards Captain Berry in the Resolution, and Sir Fretcheville Holles in the Cambridge, came also on head of us, but were both very soon disabled; the latter having also lost her commander, the Earl of Ossory in the Victory, took their places; the engagement being very hot at this time: towards five in the evening his royal highness observing his ship to sail heavily, the London, and many of the vice-admiral's division, having overtaken the St. Michael, found upon enquiry that she had six foot water in the hold: so that with the same company he brought thither, except his pilot, who was killed there, he carried his standard on board the London, Sir Edward Spragg, commander; where after fighting an hour or two with the ships to windward, they were forced to bear down, and gave opportunity to the Duke and Sir Joseph Jordon to join; at which time De Ruyter put out a signal, upon which all his fleet bore down to join the Zealanders, who with others had engaged the French all day; who being to leeward did as well as it was possible for them to do with the distance. The Dutch being to windward, kept from them. Thus ended the battle and the day; the Duke with about thirty sail kept to windward of the Dutch all night, standing to the south-east, and found himself still so the next morning, and so continued till about six o'clock; when seeing some ships a-stern, upon supposition they were the remainders of our fleet, his royal highness tacked and stood with them, and found them to be as he guessed, and the whole French squadron

with them. About seven he returned to his own ship, as well refitted as was possible by the care of Captain Narbrough.

About ten the whole of the fleet were together, and about twelve we saw the Dutch standing after us. Upon which we tacked, having the weather-gage, and stood to them, in hopes of engaging them presently; but when the van of our fleet was come up to the body of theirs, they tacked, and stood back towards their own coasts. Notwithstanding which, we had certainly engaged them, had we not been prevented, about three o'clock, by a sudden fog, which lasted till six; and though it then cleared up, it blew so fresh, and was so late, and so near their banks, that we did not think it safe to attack them; but continued sailing by them almost within cannon-shot till nine at night. When, being within a league of the oyster-bank, off the coast of Zealand, we tacked and stood till three in the morning to the north-west, at which time we stood back till six, to see if we could perceive the enemy, which not discovering we anchored till the afternoon; then we got under sail, and stood back to our own coast, being very stormy weather.

As the foregoing is the subject of the well-known large painting of Solebay Fight, in Greenwich Hospital, an admirable copy of which is here given, we have hoped to awaken a general interest in favour of the navy, as well as the highly interesting and admirable work of our author.

This is the best of the embellishments of the volume; it is a fine lithographic drawing, drawn by Parrot, printed by Hanhart. The jutting cabin windows of the *Royal James* presents a curious feature in naval architecture. Another meritorious embellishment, is a correct and attractive view of Southwold, with its beautiful groups of noble elms and glorious old church, rising at the back ground of the Gun-hill. Apropos of the Gun-hill, the following tradition exists regarding the cannon, which are here seen bristling above the German ocean.

If tradition is to be credited, Southwold Gun-hill is indebted for its loud-tongued occupants to the celebrated Duke of Cumberland. That duke, it seems, returning by sea from Scotland, had landed at Southwold through stress of weather, and was somewhat apprehensive lest the slaughter of Culloden should prove as unpopular in England as it was in the north. The enthusiasm of the Southwold people, however, relieved his mind from that doubt. And out of gratitude he bestowed on Southwold the cannon taken from the prince Charles Edward, at the fatal

day of Culloden. The prince had captured the cannon from Sir John Cope, at the victory at Preston. The gallant Lord George Murray had, with the prince, brought them before Carlisle, when it surrendered to him. And the prince preserved them during that wonderful retreat into Scotland, which is the admiration of all military men. Again, these cannon were victorious at Falkirk fight, when General Hawley was defeated by prince Charles, a few days before they were recaptured at Culloden. Certain it is, that the Plantagenet single rose may be observed, surmounted by a crown on one or two of the guns, a proof of their antiquity. It is also probable, that "*Johnnie Cope*" got these guns from Edinburgh, every thing of the English army at that era being in a wretched and corrupt state, and all the artillery inefficient.

The medical observations of the learned author promise to be of infinite value to the public. The air at Southwold is well known as the driest in England, and is therefore recommended to all those whose muscular fibres require bracing. The physical causes of this phenomenon are satisfactorily explained in the following passage—

The formation of the soil (at Southwold,) extending along the coast from Harwich to near Yarmouth, constitutes what modern geologists have denominated, THE SUFFOLK CRAG, made up of strata of sand and gravel, enclosing shells and masses of terraqueous sand, and is found about twenty-five to thirty feet in thickness. As a matter of course, such a combination allows the moisture or rain, when it descends, to percolate with facility. Consequently no terrestrial exhalations take place. And the surface rapidly becomes dry. The circumstance of the town of Southwold being built upon such a formation, together with its elevated position, satisfactorily accounts for the dryness of its locality.

A geologist of great intelligence and practical research, who is peculiarly noted for his discoveries in the intricate department of fossil chonchology, as connected with the "crag," has further enriched the present work with his erudite observations. This gentleman is Capt. Alexander, whose intelligent papers are well known to the geological society. He says—

The most interesting deposit in the neighbourhood of Southwold is "*the crag.*" After a gale of wind from the north or north-west, the crag at Easton cliff is generally well exposed. There are occasionally four or five distinct strata, each containing its own pe-

culiar shells and fossils in great numbers, although there is scarcely a stratum in which all the fossils are not to be found. This crag, in fact the whole cliff, rests upon a blue clay, which clay is rich in bones and teeth, &c. of various animals. Easton cliff commences about one mile and a quarter north of Southwold, and is in length about one mile and a half. The south end of it consists of a highly-ferruginous sand, in which is not now to be seen a fragment of a shell, although we are informed by a very intelligent person, that he has seen it full of the more common shells belonging to the crag. This ferruginous sand is continued about a quarter of a mile, when the cliff assumes a totally different character. The upper part then consists of a vast body of diluvium shingle and sand, a little but not very firmly cemented with oxyde of iron. Under this diluvium are various strata of shingle and sand, some much contorted, others regularly dipping north and south; these are intermixed with loam, clay, and large masses of highly-ferruginous sand rock.

Approaching that part of the cliff in which the crag is first seen, the strata become more decided in their component parts; and the northern end of the cliff is principally loam, marl, and a blue clay. But so much of this cliff is washed into the sea every high tide, that it is continually changing its appearance. This crag is also to be seen in two pits in Wangford, three miles from Southwold, and one at Bulcham, five miles from Southwold: these pits are particularly interesting. We are not aware of any other locality, except a pit at Thorp near Sizewell. This crag is not the same as the "*red crag*," of Suffolk, with which for many years it has been associated.

This gentleman's list of the geological curiosities found in his neighbourhood is inserted in the work, and will, without doubt, draw many a geological student to visit Southwold.

In the next edition, we would urge attention to very many typographical inaccuracies.

TOMLINS on the Drama.

If the drama is diseased, it is not from the want of doctors, since each passing month furnishes her with prescriptions and rules for recovery of health. It is a strange circumstance that in every country, as soon as critics have laid down and defined the exact laws which ought to govern tragedy, that department of drama is sure to give up the ghost. Greece

had not another tragedy written after Aristotle had established the laws of her regular drama. France, too, gained critics and lost tragedy, in the last century. So the critics to whom Le Sage does such ample justice in Spain, certainly strangled the Spanish drama. Mr. Tomlins has taken the same view of the subject; and in a few pages, of great ability, exposed the follies of these tormentors of the tragic muse.

To test the effect of adhering to a strict unity of action, let us see what the play of "*Othello*" would be if cast in that mode. The whole of the first act would (as suggested by Johnson) have been narrated; how much this would have tended to increase the intensity of the interest, every one will judge for himself. The second act would have been cut to one scene; indeed it interrupts "the intensity" in any way; and another batch of narrative, telling how Cassio had disgraced himself, and been cashiered would have been better. The third act need only include the working up of *Othello's* jealousy, and all the fillagree work indirectly developing the story, should be hewn away. The fourth act is a series of incidents sadly detracting from the main action, and barbarously protracting the interest, which, however, could be put aside for some good sound broad declamation. The fifth act would make one good scene, and, by the aid of a little homely and explanatory description in the mouth of Emilia, instead of all the characteristic vulgarity that is so injudiciously put into the mouth of a subordinate personage, we might come at once to the murder, which, for the sake of decency, should be off the scene, as also should *Othello's* suicide. After all, it would be very inartificial, and therefore should never have been written. "*Macbeth*," "*Hamlet*," and "*Lear*," are equally unmanageable, and they must be irretrievably faulty, as it is impossible for critics to be wrong who are guided by a work on taste, written upwards of two thousand years since, for a nation whose language is dead, whose religion is exploded, whose race is extinct, and whose manners and habits are only impartially conjectured.

A small portion, indeed, of this highly-entertaining volume is, however, devoted to criticism, even on the critics. It is rather a history of the British stage from the earliest times, replete with curious facts, and amusing information. Truly a most readable little volume; as such, it will gain public attention.



THE QUEEN'S GAZETTE.

VIVAT REGINA.

Jan. 31.—The Queen held a Court at Buckingham Palace. Her Majesty gave audiences to the Marquis of Normandy, Viscount Melbourne, and Lord Hill.

Feb. 1.—The Countess Bjornstjerna, the Baroness de Cetto, Viscount Melbourne, and Lord John Russell, had audiences of her Majesty. Mrs. Fry was presented to the Queen by the Marquis of Normandy.

3.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of the Queen. Her Majesty did Mr. Hayter the honour to sit to him for his great picture of the Coronation.

4.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of her Majesty.

5.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of the Queen.

6.—His Royal Highness the Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, accompanied by the Duke, his father, his elder brother, with suite, and attended by Lord Torrington and the Hon. Col. Grey landed at Dover.—Her Majesty the Queen Dowager and the Duke of Sussex visited the Queen.

7.—Prince Albert left Dover for the Fountain Hotel, Canterbury, escorted by the Earl of Cardigan, and a squadron of the 11th dragoons. H. S. H. attended divine service at the Cathedral in the afternoon.—The Princess Augusta visited her Majesty.—Viscount Melbourne and Madame Deûle had audiences of the Queen.

8.—H.R.H. Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg Gotha arrived at Buckingham Palace from the Continent. Her Majesty, accompanied by her august Mother, received H.R.H., attended by the great Officers of State of her household.

9 (Sunday).—Her Majesty and her august Mother, Prince Albert, the Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, and Prince Ernest, attended divine service in Buckingham Palace.

H.R.H. Prince Albert, accompanied by his father and brother, paid visits in the afternoon to the members of the Royal Family. H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent having been much indisposed for a fortnight past, from an attack of cold and rheumatism, has been frequently prevented from dining at the Royal table.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

Monday, Feb. 10.—This being the day appointed for the Marriage of the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty with Field-Marshal H.R.H. Francis Albert Augustus Charles Emanuel, Duke of Saxe, Prince of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter. His Royal Highness, attended by his suite, proceeded from Buckingham Palace, about half-past eleven o'clock, to St. James's Palace, in the following order:—

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The First Carriage,
Conveying Gen. Sir G. Anson, G.C.B.; G. E. Anson, Esq.; and Francis Seymour, Esq., the Bridegroom's Gentlemen of Honour.

The Second Carriage,
Conveying the Lord Chamberlain of the Household, the Earl of Uxbridge (who afterwards returned to Buckingham Palace, to attend her Majesty's procession), and the officers of the suite of H.S.H. the Reigning Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, and the Hereditary Prince of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, viz. Count Kolowrath, Baron Alvensleben, and Baron de Lowenfels.

The Third Carriage,
Conveying H.R.H. the Prince Albert, H.S.H. the Reigning Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, and the Hereditary Prince of Saxe Coburg and Gotha.

Her Majesty, attended by Her Royal Household, accompanied by H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, proceeded, at twelve o'clock, from Buckingham Palace to St. James's Palace, in the following order:—

The First Carriage,
Conveying two Gentlemen Ushers, Charles Heneage, Esq., and the Hon. Heneage Legge; Exon of the Yeomen of the Guard, Charles Hancock, Esq., and the Groom of the Robes, Capt. Francis Seymour.

The Second Carriage,
Conveying the Equerry in Waiting, Lord Alfred Paget; two Pages of Honour, C. T. Wemyss, Esq., and H. W. J. Byng, Esq.; and the Groom in Waiting, the Hon. G. Keppel.

The Third Carriage,
Conveying the Clerk-Marshal, Col. the Hon. F. C. Cavendish; the Vice-Chamberlain, the Earl of Belfast, G.C.H.; and the Comptroller of the Household, the Right Hon. G. S. Byng.

The Fourth Carriage,
Conveying the Woman of the Bedchamber in Waiting, Mrs. Brand; the Capt. of the Yeomen of the Guard, the Earl of Ilchester; the Master of the Buckhounds, Lord Kinnaird; and the Treasurer of the Household, the Earl of Surrey.

The Fifth Carriage,
Conveying the Maid of Honour in Waiting, the Hon. Caroline Cocks; the Duchess of Kent's Lady in Waiting, Lady F. Howard; the Gold Stick, Gen. Lord Hill, G.C.B., G.C.H.; and the Lord in Waiting, Viscount Torrington.

The Sixth Carriage,
Conveying the Lady of the Bedchamber in Waiting, the Countess of Sandwich; the Master

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of the Horse, the Earl of Albemarle, G.C.H. ; the Lord Steward, the Earl of Errol, K.T., G.C.H. ; and the Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Uxbridge.

The Seventh Carriage,

Conveying Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen ; H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent ; and the

Duchess of Sutherland, the Mistress of the Robes to Her Majesty.

The illustrious personages and officers composing the Procession then assembled in the Throne-Room, and having been called over by Garter Principal King-of-Arms, the Processions moved, in the following order, to the Chapel Royal :—

THE PROCESSION OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

Drums and Trumpets.

Serjeant Trumpeter.

Master of the Ceremonies, Sir Robert Chester, Knt.

Lancaster Herald.

York Herald,

G. F. Beltz, Esq., K.H.

C. G. Young, Esq.

The Bridegroom's Gentlemen of Honour, viz.,

Francis Seymour, Esq.

Sir G. Anson, G.C.B.

G. E. Anson, Esq.

Vice-Chamberlain of Her Majesty's Household, | Lord Chamberlain of Her Majesty's Household,

The Earl of Belfast, G.C.H.

The Earl of Uxbridge.

THE BRIDEGROOM.

Wearing the Collar of the Order of the Garter,

Supported by their S.H.H. the Reigning Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, K.G., and the Hereditary Prince of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, each attended by the Officers of their Suite, viz.,

Count Kolowrat, Baron Alvensleben, and Baron de Lowenfeld.

On arrival at the Chapel, the Drums and Trumpets filed off in the Ante-Chapel, and, the Procession advancing, H.R.H. was conducted to the seat provided for him on the left of the Altar. His supporters, the Reigning Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, and the Hereditary Prince, with the Officers of their Suite, occupied seats near Prince Albert. The Master of

the Ceremonies and the Officers of the Bridegroom stood near the person of H.R.H.

The Lord-Chamberlain and Vice-Chamberlain, with the two Heralds, preceded by Drums and Trumpets, returned to attend Her Majesty

Her Majesty's Procession moved from the Throne-Room to the Chapel, in the following order :—

THE QUEEN'S PROCESSION.

Drums and Trumpets.

Serjeant Trumpeter.

Pursuivants of Arms, in their Tabards.

Rouge Croix, William Courthope, Gent.

Porteuillis, Albert W. Woods, Gent.

Rouge Dragon, T. W. King, Gent.

Blue Mantle, G. H. Rogers Harrison, Gent.

Heralds in their Tabards and Collars of S.S.

Windsor, Robert Laurie, Esq.

Richmond, James Pulman, Esq.

Chester, Walter Aston Blount, Esq.

Lancaster, George Frederick Beltz, Esq.

York, Charles George Young, Esq.

Pages of Honour.

H. W. J. Byng, Esq.

J. C. M. Cowell, Esq.

C. T. Wemyss, Esq.

Equerry in Waiting, Lord Alfred Paget.

Clerk-Marshal, Col. the Hon. F. C. Cavendish.

Groom in Waiting, the Hon. G. Keppel.

Lord in Waiting, Lord Viscount Torrington.

Comptroller of Her Majesty's Household,

Treasurer of Her Majesty's Household,

The Right Hon. G. S. Byng.

The Earl of Surrey.

Master of Her Majesty's Buck-hounds,
the Lord Knmaird.

The Lord Steward of Her Majesty's Household,
The Earl of Errol, K.T., G.C.H.

Kings of Arms, in their Tabards and Collars of S.S.

Norroy, Francis Martin, Esq.

Clarenceux, Joseph Hawker, Esq.

Lord Privy Seal,

Lord President of the Council,

The Earl of Clarendon, G.C.B.

The Marquis of Lansdowne, K.C.B.

Two Sergeants at Arms.

The Lord High Chancellor,
Lord Cottenham.

Two Gentlemen at Arms

Senior Gentleman Usher, Quarterly Waiter, the Hon. Heneage Legge.

Gentleman Usher, Daily Waiter,

Garter King at Arms,

Gentleman Usher of the Black

and of the Sword of State,

in his Collar and Tabard of S.S.,

Rod, bearing his Rod,

William Martins, Esq.

bearing his Sceptre,

Sir A. W. J. Clifford, Bart., &c.

Sir W. Wood, K.H.

The Earl Marshal of England, bearing his Baton, the Duke of Norfolk.

H.R.H. the Princess Sophia Matilda of Gloucester, her train borne by Lady Alicia Gordon.

H.R.H. Princess Augusta of Cambridge, her train borne by Miss Louisa Grace Kerr.

H.R.H. Prince George of Cambridge, attended by Lieut.-Col. Cornwall.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Cambridge, and H.R.H. the Princess Mary of Cambridge,
the Duchess's train borne by Lady Augusta Somerset.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, her train borne by Lady F. Howard.

H.R.H. the Princess Augusta; her train borne by Lady Mary Pelham.

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H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, K.G., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., carrying his Baton as Field Marshal, attended by Baron Knesebeck.

H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, K.G.K.T., G.C.B., attended by Col. Wildman, K.H. Vice-Chamberlain of Her Majesty's Household, The Earl of Belfast, G.C.H.	The Sword of State, borne by Viscount Melbourne.	Lord Chamberlain of Her Majesty's Household, The Earl of Uxbridge,
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THE QUEEN.

Wearing the Collar of the Order of the Garter.

Her Majesty's Train borne by the following unmarried ladies, viz. :—

Lady Adelaide Paget, Lady Sarah Frederica Caroline Villiers, Lady Francis Elizabeth Cowper, Lady Elizabeth West, Lady Mary Augusta Frederica Grimston, Lady Eleanora Caroline Paget,	Lady Caroline Amelia Gordon Lennox, Lady Elizabeth Anne Georg. Dorothea Howard, Lady Ida Harriet Augusta Hay, Lady Catherine Lucy Wilhelmina Stanhope, Lady Jane Harriet Bouverie, Lady Mary Charlotte Howard,
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Assisted by the Groom of the Robes, Captain Francis Seymour.

Master of the Horse, The Earl of Albemarle, G.C.H.	Mistress of the Robes, The Duchess of Sutherland.
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Ladies of the Bedchamber :—

Marchioness of Normanby, The Countess of Burlington, The Lady Portman,	The Duchess of Bedford, The Countess of Sandwich, The Lady Barham,
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The Dowager Lady Lyttleton.

Maids of Honour :—

The Hon. Harriet Pitt, The Hon. Amelia Murray, The Hon. Henrietta Anson,	The Hon. Harriet Lister, The Hon. Caroline Cocks, The Hon. Matilda Paget,
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The Hon. Sarah Mary Cavendish.

Women of the Bedchamber :—

Lady Harriet Clive, Lady Charlotte Copley, Mrs. Brand, Captain of the Yeoman of the Guard, The Earl of Ilchester.	Viscountess Forbes, Lady Caroline Barington. Lady Gardner, Gold Stick, Gen. Lord Hill, G.C.B., G.C.H.	Hon. Mrs. Campbell. Captain of the Band of Gentlemen at Arms, The Lord Foley.
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Silver Stick, Lieut.-Col. John Hall.

Six Gentleman at Arms. Six Yeomen of the Guard closed the Procession.

On arriving at the entrance of the Chapel, the drums and trumpets filed off. The Gentlemen-at-Arms remained in the Ante-Chapel; and the Yeomen of the Guard remained at the foot of the Staircase in the Ante-Chapel during the ceremony. Her Majesty's Gentlemen Ushers conducted the respective persons composing the procession to the place provided for them; the Princes and Princesses of the Blood Royal to the seats prepared for them on the Haut-pas; and the several ladies attendant upon the Queen to the seats provided near Her Majesty's person.

Her Majesty, on reaching the Haut-pas, took her seat in the Chair of State provided for the occasion, on the right of the Altar, attended by the Ladies bearing Her Majesty's Train.

Her Majesty the Queen Dowager was present during the solemnity, on the left of the Altar, attended by the Countess of Mayo and Lady Clinton, Ladies in Waiting; the Earl Howe, G.C.H., Lord Chamberlain; the Earl of Denbigh, G.C.H., Master of the Horse; the Hon. W. Ashley, Vice-Chamberlain and Treasurer; Col. Sir Horace Seymour, K.C.H., Equerry; and J. G. C. Desbrowe, and J. G. T. Sinclair, Esqrs., Pages of Honour.

The service was commenced by His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury—having on his right His Grace the Lord Archbishop of York—on his left the Lord Bishop of London, who assisted as Dean of the Chapel Royal. At that part of the service, when the

Archbishop of Canterbury read the words—"I pronounce that they be man and wife together," the Park and Tower guns fired. At the conclusion of the service, the procession returned, that of the Bridegroom preceding as before, excepting that H.R.H. Prince Albert conducted Her Majesty from the Chapel Royal to the Throne-room, where the registry of the marriage was attested, with the usual formalities.

The Queen Dowager, the Princes and Princesses of the Blood Royal, the Ministers of State, and other persons of distinction, then paid their compliments on the occasion, after which, Her Majesty and H.R.H. Prince Albert, with the rest of the Royal Family, retired to the Royal closet.

The Knights of the several orders present at the solemnity wore their respective collars.

Feb. 11 (Windsor).—The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, walked out together, for a short time, on the slopes, and the East Terrace, during the morning.

12 (Windsor).—The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert rode out in a pony phaeton, in the Green Park, during the afternoon, attended by several of the Royal suite.

13 (Windsor).—The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert rode out in a pony phaeton, in the Great Park.

14.—The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert arrived at Buckingham Palace, from Windsor Castle. Her Majesty and the Prince were received with loud and frequent gratulations, by a

numerous body of spectators assembled in the vicinity of the Palace.

15.—Her Majesty and Prince Albert paid a visit to Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, at Marlborough House.

16 (Sunday).—The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert, H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, and his S. H. Prince Ernest of Saxe and Gotha, attended divine service in the morning in Buckingham Palace.

17.—Viscount Melbourne and Lord John Russell, had audiences of Her Majesty.

18.—The Queen held a Court at Buckingham Palace, for the reception of the congratulatory addresses from the Houses of Parliament, on the auspicious occasion of Her Majesty's marriage. Both addresses were very numerously attended by members of either house.

19.—Her Majesty held her first Levee, for the season, at St. James's Palace.

20.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of the Queen.

21.—Her Majesty the Queen Dowager gave a state dinner at Marlborough-house, to the Queen and Prince Albert. A select party had the honour of receiving invitations to meet Her Majesty.

22.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of Her Majesty.

23 (Sunday).—The Queen and Prince Albert attended divine service in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The Queen Dowager also attended the service.

24.—The Marquis of Normandy and Viscount Melbourne had audiences of the Queen.

25.—The Queen held a Court at Buckingham Palace, for the reception of addresses on the Throne from the London Clergy, the University of Cambridge, the Members of the Religious Society of Friends, on the interesting occasion of Her Majesty's marriage. Addresses were also presented to H. R. H. Prince Albert.

The Members of the Religious Society of Friends having, according to the ancient custom, been uncovered by the Yeomen of the Guard, were then introduced to the presence of Her Majesty on the Throne, and presented the following address:—

"To Victoria, Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the Dominions thereunto belonging,

"The respectful address of the undersigned members of a meeting appointed to represent the Religious Society of Friends in Great Britain and Ireland.

"May it please the Queen,—

"As a Christian and loyal body, permit us, on the important and deeply interesting occasion of thy marriage, to convey to thee the renewed assurance of our cordial attachment to thy person and government.

"The institution of marriage we have ever regarded as a divine ordinance; and it is our prayer to GOD that His blessing may richly crown thy union, and render it conducive alike to thy own happiness, and the welfare of thy people.

"It is with heartfelt satisfaction that we anticipate thy future happiness in this union; and earnest are our desires for thee and thy consort, that, walking in the fear of the Lord, your example may be so ordered in all things by that

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wisdom which is from above, as powerfully to promote the course of true religion and virtue throughout the land.

"The real prosperity of our beloved country is an object dear to our hearts; and under this feeling we would express our belief, that in proportion as pure practical Christianity is permitted to sway thy counsels, and is promoted amongst thy subjects, will thy prosperity be most effectually advanced, social order maintained, and thy throne established in the affections of thy people.

"May He, by whom Kings reign and Princes decree justice, bless thee, O Queen, and increasingly make thee a blessing to thy own and surrounding nations, and mayst thou, at the end of thy days, through the mercy of God in Christ Jesus our Saviour, be received into everlasting glory."

Her Majesty returned a most gracious answer.

Similar addresses were presented to H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, at Kensington Palace.

Feb. 26.—Her Majesty honoured Dury Lane Theatre with her presence.

The Queen's state visit to Drury Lane, accompanied by her royal consort, (being Her Majesty's first formal appearance publicly amongst her loyal subjects since the Royal nuptials,) excited unusual interest amongst all classes of playgoers. The pit doors were besieged by numbers of respectably-attired persons as early as half-past two o'clock in the afternoon, eager to get a peep at the newly-wedded pair; and the streets by which the *cortege* was to approach the Theatre were blocked up by equally anxious, though somewhat poorer, spectators. The house, at the opening of the doors, was crowded to suffocation, and on that side which commanded a view of the royal box, so densely were the spectators packed that stations were taken up by the adventurous and indefatigable the possibility of whose occupation could never have entered the head of either box-keeper or gentleman-usher. Pillars and doors were clung to, bestridden, and maintained in spite of every remonstrance, verbal and physical, with heroic tenacity and inconceivable powers of endurance. Over the royal box was suspended a crimson canopy, decorated with Her Majesty's initials in gold, surmounted with a gilded figure representing Fame. As seven o'clock approached, expectation was wound up to the highest pitch—and when at about 10 minutes past, two yeomen of the guard stationed themselves on either side the royal box, a general stir took place, which speedily rose into reiterated thunders of applause on the appearance of Her Majesty and Prince Albert. Before the Royal visitors seated themselves the national anthem was sung, and each stanza received a salvo of plaudits, which Her Majesty and the Prince graciously and repeatedly acknowledged. The spectators, as might be expected, were too much interested with the occupants of the Royal box to pay much attention to the opera (*the Mountain Sylph*); and at its conclusion their sentiments of loyalty and patriotism were manifested by calling for "Rule Britannia," at the commencement of which the Queen and Prince again rose, and continued standing during its execution.

The farce of *Raising the Wind* concluded the performances—Her Majesty laughed most heartily at the humour with which the hero was personated by Oxberry, and Prince Albert seemed highly amused at the various dilemmas of Jeremy Diddler. "God save the Queen" was again sung, and received with, if possible, increase of acclamation, the Prince especially acknowledging the applause bestowed upon the concluding verse. The entire performance was uninterrupted by any thing approaching to a disturbance, and the occupants of the pit and galleries demeaned themselves on the whole very respectably. Her Majesty was heartily cheered on quitting the theatre by the multitude assembled in the streets adjacent.

GUESTS AT THE ROYAL TABLE.

H. R. H. Duchess of Kent, Feb. 8, 12, 15.
H. S. H. Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, Feb. 8, 12, 15, 24, 26.*
H. R. H. Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, Feb. 8.
H. S. H. Prince Ernest of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, Feb. 8, 12, 24, 26.*
Baroness Lehzen, Feb. 8, 11, 15, 24.
Duke of Sutherland, Feb. 11, 24.
Duchess of Sutherland, Jan. 31, Feb. 24, 26.*
The Duke of Norfolk, Feb. 24.
Marquis of Anglesey, Feb. 17.
Earl of Uxbridge, Jan. 31, Feb. 4, 5, 8, 12, 14, 18, 22, 24, 26.*
Countess of Uxbridge, Feb. 12, 22, 25.
Lady Adelaide Paget, Feb. 17.
Lord Alfred Paget, Feb. 8, 11, 15, 24, 26.*
Hon. B. Paget, Jan. 31, Feb. 24.
Ladies Eleonora and Constance Paget, Feb. 4, 22, 25.
Hon. Miss Paget, Feb. 11, 25.
Miss B. Paget, Feb. 24.
The Countess of Sandwich, Feb. 8, 11, 12, 15.
Hon. C. Howard, Jan. 31, Feb. 25.
The Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Feb. 24.
Viscount Melbourne, Feb. 1, 7, 8, 12, 15, 18, 20, 22, 24, 25.
Viscount Morpeth, Feb. 1.
Sir John Hobhouse, Feb. 1, 22.
Sir George Grey, Feb. 1.
Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay, Feb. 1.
Right Hon. G. S. Byng, Feb. 1, 5, 8, 12, 17, 26.*
Hon. Colonel Cavendish, Feb. 1, 26.*
Earl and Countess of Surrey, Feb. 3.
Lady Fanny Howard, Feb. 8, 12, 15, 24.
Lady Mary Howard, Feb. 3.
Lord Leveson, Feb. 3.
Sir Joseph Copley, Feb. 3.
Mr. Rich, Feb. 3.
Earl of Errol, Feb. 4, 7, 8, 12, 14, 18, 19, 22, 24, 26.*
Countess of Errol, Feb. 19, 25.
Mr. Brand, Feb. 4, 11.
Hon. W. Cowper, Feb. 5, 15, 25.
Colonel Cowper, Feb. 5, 22.
Right Hon. H. Labouchere, Feb. 6.
Earl of Albemarle, Feb. 8, 11, 22, 26.*
Lord Byron, Feb. 8.
Count Kolowrath, Feb. 8, 12, 15, 24.
Baron Alvensleben, Feb. 8, 12, 15, 24.
Baron Lowenfels, Feb. 8, 15, 24.
Hon. Colonel Grey, Feb. 8.
Baron Stockman, Feb. 8, 12.
M. de Gruben, Feb. 8, 12, 15, 24.
Captain Poelnitz, Feb. 8, 12, 15, 24.
Mr. Seymour, Feb. 8, 12, 15, 24.
Countess of Sandwich, Feb. 8, 11, 12, 15.
Mrs. Brand, Feb. 8, 11.
Viscount Torrington, Feb. 8, 11, 12, 15.
Hon. C. A. Murray, Feb. 8, 15, 24.
Hon. Miss Murray, Feb. 24, 26.*
Hon. Major Keppel, Feb. 8, 11, 12, 15.
Hon. Miss Cook, Feb. 11, 12, 15, 26.*
Hon. Miss Cavendish, Feb. 11, 12, 15, 25, 26.*
Mr. Anson, Feb. 11.
Sir Geo. and Hon. Miss Anson, Feb. 12, 25, 26.*
Lord Kinnard, Feb. 13.
Colonel Greenwood, Feb. 13.
Colonel Brown, Feb. 13.
Earl of Surrey, Feb. 14, 14, 20, 25, 26.*
Marquis and Marchioness of Normanby, Feb. 15, 26.*
Right Hon. F. Baring, Feb. 15.
Hon. Colonel Cavendish, Feb. 15.
Marquis & Marchioness of Lansdowne, Feb. 17.
Viscount & Viscountess Palmerston, Feb. 18, 25.
Lady Fanny Cowper, Feb. 18, 25.
Viscount Borington, Feb. 18, 20, 25, 26.*
Major the Hon. G. and Mrs. Keppel, Feb. 18.
Colonel Wyld, Feb. 18, 20, 24, 26.*
Mr. G. E. Anson, Feb. 18, 25.
Mrs. Anson, Feb. 25.
The Saxon Minister, Feb. 20, 25.
The Lord Chancellor, Feb. 20.
Lady Cottenham, Feb. 20.
Duke and Duchess of Somerset, Feb. 20.
Lord and Lady Ashley, Feb. 22, 25.
Duke of Devonshire, Feb. 24.
Countess and Wilhelmina Stanhope, Feb. 24.
Earl and Countess of Verulam, Feb. 24.
Lady Mary Grimston, Feb. 24.
Lord Robert Grosvenor, Feb. 24, 26.*
Hon. Miss Lister, Feb. 24, 26.*
Marquis of Headfort, Feb. 24.
Hon. Gen. Sir W. Lunsley, Feb. 24, 26.*
Marquis and Marchioness of Douro, Feb. 25.
Earl and Countess of Clarendon, Feb. 25.
Earl and Countess of Albemarle, Feb. 25.
Baron Brunnow, Feb. 25.
Baron de Haeringen, Feb. 25.
Lady Ida Hay, Feb. 25.
Earl of March, Feb. 25.
Lord and Lady Seymour, Feb. 25.
Lord Ossltou, Feb. 25.
Lord Cantalupe, Feb. 25.
Duchess of Bedford, Feb. 26.*
Earl of Ilchester, Feb. 26.*
Lord Hill, Feb. 26.*
Lord Marquis of Headfort, Feb. 26.*
Lord F. Seymour, Feb. 26.*
Hon. F. Byng, Feb. 26.*
Sir W. Martin, Feb. 26.*
Captain Green, Feb. 26.*
Captain Bellairs, Feb. 26.*

[Those marked thus * attended Her Majesty to the Theatre on the 26th.]

LONDON GAZETTE, July 6.—The Queen has been pleased to declare and ordain that Prince Albert shall henceforth upon all occasions whatsoever, be styled and called "His Royal Highness," before his name

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Testimonials of Public Respect, upon Her Majesty's Marriage.

and such titles as do now, or hereafter may belong to him, and that for the future he shall use and bear the Royal Arms, differenced with a label of three points argent, the centre point charged with a cross of St. George, quarterly with the arms of his illustrious house, the Royal Arms in the first and fourth quarters; and a supplement to the *Gazette*, dated the 7th, further announces, that Her Majesty has been pleased to appoint His Royal Highness to be a Field Marshal in the Army.

At an early hour of the morning, all the public avenues leading to Buckingham Palace were crowded by Her Majesty's loyal subjects. Never was such an immense multitude assembled in St. James's Park since the rejoicings at the visit of the Allied Sovereigns, in 1814. The dense masses waited with exemplary patience during the falling rain, until shortly after noon, when on the appearance of Prince Albert's bridal procession, loud and continuous applause testified their approbation of Her Majesty's choice of a royal consort. At a quarter past 12 o'clock, the band in front of the Palace struck up "God save the Queen," and a salvo of answering shouts proclaimed that Her Majesty was then on her road to St. James's. As the royal and youthful bride passed down the line of thronging thousands, her pale and anxious countenance betokened her sense of the solemn and vitally important engagement she was about to enter upon, in plighting her troth to the Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg and Gotha. Her Majesty appeared highly gratified by the enthusiastic cheers which greeted her on all sides. The *cortège* was attended with a full guard of honour, but the carriages were drawn by only two horses each, and without the rich caparison which they usually wear on state occasions.

On the arrival of the Queen at St. James's Palace, Her Majesty was conducted to her closet, immediately behind the throne-room, where she remained, attended by the maids of honour and trainbearers, until the summons was received from the Lord Chamberlain, conveying the intimation that every thing was duly prepared for the Sovereign's moving towards the Chapel. In this room the formal procession having been formed and marshalled, it passed thence to the PRESENCE CHAMBER, through QUEEN ANNE'S DRAWING-ROOM, the GUARD or ARMOURY-ROOM, into the VESTIBULE, and down the GRAND STAIRCASE, and along the COLONNADE. The appearance which the scene now presented was one of extreme animation, inasmuch as by far the greater portion of the assembled company was composed of elegantly, and, in some instances, brilliantly dressed ladies. The most conspicuous dresses were of light blue, relieved with white, light green, also intermixed with white, amber,

crimson, purple, fawn, stone, and a considerable number of white robes only. Every lady exhibited a wedding favour, some of which were admirable specimens of a refined taste. They were of all sizes, many of white satin ribbon, tied up into bows, and mixed with layers of rich silver lace, others merely of ribbon, intermixed with sprigs of orange-flower blossom, whilst were here and there to be seen bouquets of huge dimensions, of ribbon and massive silver bullion, having in their centre what might be termed a branch of orange-blossoms.

The colonnade through which the procession passed to the Chapel, was not only excellently arranged, but was admirably lighted from the lanterns above and the windows behind. The seats, which were separated from the pillared colonnade by a dwarf railing, were covered with crimson cushions with gold coloured borders and fringe. All the remainder of this temporary structure had the semblance of having been constructed of solid masonry. The floor of the colonnade was covered with rich Brussels carpet, which extended throughout the apartments along which the procession passed. The seats erected for the accommodation of the spectators were covered with crimson cushions and yellow fringe, thus sustaining uniformity throughout. They were railed off from the line of procession. Comparatively speaking, there was a scarcity of "rank" amongst the company in the colonnade. As his Grace the Duke of Wellington passed through the colonnade he was most warmly cheered.

THE CHAPEL.

The interior of the Royal Chapel is oblong, standing east and west, about 62 feet in length, and 25 in breadth. At the upper or eastern end is the communion table, and at the lower end, abutting over the main entrance, is the royal gallery or closet. Two galleries, supported by cast-iron pillars, stretched east and west the entire length of the chapel. On the floor, placed longitudinally, were two pews on each side of the Chapel, set apart for the chief nobility, and those who took part in the procession. The galleries, east and west, from both sides of the altar to the royal closet, were occupied—the upper end, on the right, by the Cabinet Ministers and their ladies; on the left by the ladies and officers of Her Majesty's household. Below the chair, on the right, and in the galleries opposite, usually appropriated as royal closets, the walls of the building were thrown out, and six benches on each side fitted up for the accommodation of peers, peeresses, and other distinguished spectators. The royal closet was assigned to the ambassadors and their ladies. The whole of the seats in the Chapel were stuffed, covered with crimson cloth, and elegantly ornamented with gold fringe. On the commu-

nion table was displayed a vast quantity of gold plate, including six salvers, one of gigantic dimensions, two ponderous and rich vases, four flaggons, four communion cups, and two lofty and magnificent candelabra. The cornice above the altar, of beautifully carved oak, was richly gilt, superb crimson velvet drapery depending from it in graceful folds upon the communion table. Within the railing, which was also covered with crimson velvet, stools were placed on the right of the altar for the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and, on the left, for the Bishop of London, Dean of the Chapel Royal. In front of the communion table were placed four chairs of state, gilt and covered with crimson silk velvet, each of different construction, and varying in elevation, according to the dignity of the intended occupants. The highest, largest in size, and most costly in workmanship, was of course appropriated to Her Majesty, and was placed somewhat to the right of the centre; that on the opposite side immediately on Her Majesty's right hand, being set apart for His Royal Highness Prince Albert. Before these chairs, which were placed about six feet outside the rail, footstools were set of corresponding structure and decoration. There were also footstools for Her Majesty and Prince Albert, on which to kneel at the altar. On Her Majesty's left a chair was placed for Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent; and on the opposite side, on Prince Albert's right, one for the Queen Dowager. On Her Majesty's extreme left were seats for their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge; and on Prince Albert's extreme right for His Serene Highness the reigning Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, the hereditary Duke, their Royal Highnesses the Duchess, Prince George, and the Princesses Augusta and Mary of Cambridge. The floor of the Chapel was covered with rich purple and gold carpeting, the prominent figure being the Norman rose. The *tout ensemble*, both as concerns the extension, decoration, and entire arrangements of the interior, completely harmonized with the original design and structure of the Chapel; simplicity and elegance, not show or gaudiness, being the uniform characteristic. The ceiling is composed of antique fretwork compartments, varying in size and figure, on the panelling of which are emblazoned the quarterings and heraldic distinctions of the different members of the Royal Family, from the time of its erection to that of his late Majesty.

About 2,100 tickets were issued, and notwithstanding the impartiality of the Lord Chamberlain, it may be supposed that he did not succeed in satisfying all who applied for them.

At half-past nine, there were comparatively few seats occupied in the gallery, and none in the pews below. Among the earliest arrivals were the Duke of Leeds, Lord Mont-

eagle, Sir William Somerville, M.P., who seconded the address to Her Majesty in the House of Commons, and Lady Seymour, looking still a "Queen of Beauty," in a magnificent robe of imperial purple velvet.

Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence was in the west gallery, on the left of Lady Seymour; next to him was Lord Seymour. In the east gallery were the Vice Chancellor and Lady Langdale, Sir Nicholas Tyndal, the Attorney General and Lady Stratheden, Mr. E. J. Stanley, M.P., Lady Mary Fox, Lord and Lady Denman, Sir Willoughby Gordon, the Marquis of Northampton, the Countess of Cowper (Lady Palmerston), Mr. Edward Ellice.

In the Ambassadors' Gallery, facing the altar, among the first arrivals were the American Minister and Mrs. Stevenson, the Turkish Ambassador, the Princess Esterhazy, Mr. and Mrs. Van de Weyer, Count and Countess Bjornstjerna, the Swedish Ambassador, the Russian Ambassador, Count Sebastiani; a number of others arrived in rapid succession, and the south gallery soon presented a very magnificent display of diamonds, stars, and decorations. At ten o'clock one of the bands marched into the Palace-yard, passed the chapel window playing "Haste to the Wedding," and while a smile mantled on the faces of the ladies, the Archbishop of Canterbury most appropriately entered the chapel, and proceeded up to the altar.

At the extreme end of the West Gallery were seen the Right Honourable the Speaker of the House of Commons in his state robes, the Marquis of Normanby, the Marchioness of Lansdowne, Lord and Lady Carlisle, the Countess of Burlington, Lord Morpeth, Lord J. Russell, Lady Clarendon, and Sir J. Hobhouse.

In the lower pew, on the right of the altar, were the Duke of Devonshire, with magnificent nuptial favours, depending from either shoulder, the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Sutherland, and the Ladies Gower, the Marquis of Westminster, the Duke of Wellington, who also wore long bows of white satin ribbon, his Waterloo medal, and carried his Field Marshal's baton. His Grace appeared to be an object of much interest and curiosity to those assembled in the Chapel.

At half-past ten almost every seat in the East and West Galleries was occupied, and bitter were the complaints among the late arrivals of being unable to see the anticipated brilliant pageant in the aisle. The Countess of Durham and Lady Mary Lambton, the Duchess of Hamilton, and Lady Euston, the Earl of Craven, Lord Holland (upon whom the interesting event appeared to have conferred renewed health and youth), Lady Mary Anne Compton, Viscount Duncannon, the Marchioness of Lansdowne and daughter, Lord Palmerston, who wore large

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bows of white ribbon on either shoulder, and the Hon. Miss Young, were among the last who were able to procure seats in the galleries.

The Marquis of Anglesea who was dressed in a Russian uniform, and was fortunate enough to obtain the last vacant seat in the pew on the right of the Altar.

At a few minutes before 12, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the Bishop of London, having previously taken their places within the altar, the Queen Dowager entered the Chapel Royal through the Dean's vestry door, and took her seat. Her Majesty was arrayed in a robe of rich silk purple velvet, trimmed with ermine. The Bishops immediately rose on the entrance of Her Majesty, who, after having performed her private devotions, the most reverend prelates still standing, sent Lord Howe, who was in waiting, to desire that they might take their seats. This act of considerate courtesy created a general sensation throughout the Chapel.

About half-past 12 o'clock the procession of the Royal Bridgroom entered the Chapel. As the Prince walked up the aisle, carrying what appeared to be a book in his right hand, he repeatedly bowed to the peers in the body of the Chapel. His form, dress, and demeanour were much admired. As the Prince moved along he was greeted with loud clapping of hands from the gentlemen, and enthusiastic waving of handkerchiefs from the assembled ladies. He wore the uniform of a Field Marshal in the British army. Over his shoulders hung the collar of the Garter, surmounted by two white rosettes. His father and brother were also welcomed with the utmost cordiality, and both seemed pleased with their reception. Having reached the *haut pas*, Prince Albert affectionately kissed the hand of the Queen Dowager, and then bowed to the Archbishops and Dean. Immediately on his entrance a voluntary was performed by Sir George Smart on the organ. The Master of the Ceremonies, and the officers of the Bridgroom, stood near the person of His Royal Highness. The Lord Chamberlain and Vice-Chamberlain, preceded by the drums and trumpets, then returned to wait upon Her Majesty, and in a few minutes that which was denominated the Queen's procession was announced by a flourish of trumpets and drums as having been put in motion. On the entrance of Her Majesty into the Chapel, she looked anxious and excited, and was even paler than usual. Her dress was a rich white satin, trimmed with orange-flower blossoms, on her head she wore a wreath of the same blossoms, over which, but not so as to conceal her face, a beautiful veil of Honiton lace was thrown. Her bridesmaids and trainbearers were similarly attired, save that they had no veils. Her Majesty wore the collar of the Garter,

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but no other diamonds or jewels, and her attendants were arrayed with similar simplicity. They were followed by the Duchess of Sutherland. Her Majesty walked up the aisle, followed by her trainbearers and attendants, without noticing or bowing to any of the peers. On reaching the *haut pas* Her Majesty knelt on her footstool, and having performed her private devotions, sat down in her chair of state. The different officers of state having now taken their seats in the body of the Chapel, the *coup d'ail* was splendid beyond description.

After the lapse of a few seconds Her Majesty rose and advanced with His Royal Highness Prince Albert to the communion table, when the Archbishop of Canterbury commenced reading the service, rigidly adhering to the rubric throughout. The service was performed with great appropriateness and much feeling, the Bishop of London repeating the responses.

When his Grace came to the words

"Albert, wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honour, and keep her in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all other, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?"

His Royal Highness, in a firm tone, replied "I will."

And when he said—"Victoria, wilt thou have Albert to be thy wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou obey him, and serve him, love, honour, and keep in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all other, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?" Her Majesty, in a firm voice, and a tone audible in all parts of the chapel, replied "I will."

The Archbishop of Canterbury then said, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?"

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, who occupied a seat on the left of Her Majesty, now advanced, and, taking her Majesty's hand, said, "I do."

The Archbishop of Canterbury then laid hold of Her Majesty's hand, and pressing it in that of Prince Albert's, pronounced these words, His Royal Highness repeating them after his Grace:—

"I, Albert, take thee, Victoria, to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death do us part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I plight thee my troth."

Her Majesty repeated the words *mutatis mutandis*, "I, Victoria, take thee, Albert to be my wedded husband, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, cherish, and to obey, till

death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance ; and thereto I plight thee my troth."

The Archbishop of Canterbury then took the ring, a plain gold ring, from His Royal Highness, and putting it to the fourth finger of Her Majesty returned it to His Royal Highness. Prince Albert put it on, repeating after his Grace these words—"With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow ; in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

The Archbishop then concluded the service as follows, Her Majesty and Prince Albert still remaining kneeling at the altar :—

"Eternal God, Creator and Preserver of all mankind, Giver of all spiritual grace, the Author of everlasting life, send thy blessing upon these thy servants, Victoria and Albert, whom we bless in thy name, that, as Isaac and Rebecca lived faithfully together, so these persons may surely perform and keep the vow and covenant betwixt them made, whereof this ring given and received is a token and pledge, and may ever remain in perfect love and faith together, and live according to thy laws, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

"Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

The Park and Tower guns then fired a Royal salute.

The Archbishop of Canterbury then proceeded—"Forasmuch as Albert and Victoria have consented together in holy wedlock, and have witnessed the same before God and this company, and thereto have given and pledged their troth either to other, and have declared the same by giving and receiving of a ring, and by joining of hands, I pronounce that they are man and wife together. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

"God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, bless, preserve, and keep you ; the Lord mercifully with his favour look upon you ; and so fill you with all spiritual benediction and grace, that ye may so live together in this life, that in the world to come ye may have life everlasting. Amen."

The choir then performed the *Deus miseratur nobis*, in a soul stirring manner, the verse parts being doubled by the choir, and sung by Messrs. Knyvett, Wylde, Vaughan, Sale, and Bradbury, on the *decani* side, and on the *cantoris*, by Evans, Salmon, Horncastle, Roberts, Welsh, and Clarke.

Sir George Smart presided at the organ.

The service having concluded, the several members of the Royal Family who had occupied places around the altar, returned to take their positions in the procession. On passing Her Majesty they all paid their congratulations, and the Duke of Sussex, after shaking her by the hand, affectionately kissed

her cheek. After all had passed, with the exception of the Royal Bride and Bridegroom, Her Majesty stepped hastily across to the other side of the altar, where the Queen Dowager was standing, and kissed her.

Prince Albert then took Her Majesty's hand, and the Royal pair left the Chapel, all the spectators standing. During the whole of the service the eyes of Her Majesty were intently fixed upon H.R.H. the Prince, her demeanour being calm and self-possessed to a wonderful degree—the Prince, however, whether owing to the solemnity of the rite itself, or the grand and imposing character of the spectacle, evinced great depth of feeling, both in his utterance and manner.

Her Majesty then proceeded to the throne room, where the attestation took place. Her Majesty and Prince Albert signed the marriage registry, which was attested by certain members of the Royal Family, and officers of state present. A splendid table was prepared for the purpose, and this part of the ceremony, with the magnificent assemblage by which it was witnessed, presented one of the most striking spectacles of the day.

THE RETURN TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE AND THE BREAKFAST.

At ten minutes to two o'clock the Royal procession returned to Buckingham Palace. The Prince rode in the carriage with the Queen, who was attended by the Duchess of Sutherland. His Royal Highness assisted Her Majesty to alight, and led her into the Palace. The Royal Bride entered her hall with an open and joyous countenance, flushed perhaps in the slightest degree, and in the most smiling and condescending manner acknowledged the loud and cordial cheers which rang through the apartment. The Royal Bridegroom handed Her Majesty through the state rooms, the Duke of Sussex soon followed, and the guests invited to the *dejeune* followed each other in rapid succession. The following is the list of guests :—

H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent ; H. S. H. the Duke of Coburg ; Their R. H. the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge ; H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex ; H. R. H. Prince George of Cambridge ; H. R. H. the Princess Augusta of Cambridge ; H. S. H. Prince Ernest of Saxe Coburg ; H. R. H. the Princess Sophia Matilda ; the Archbishop of Canterbury ; the Bishop of London ; Viscount Melbourne ; the Lord Chancellor ; the Lord President of the Council ; the Lord Privy Seal ; the Marquis of Normanby ; Viscount Palmerston ; Lord John Russell ; the Lord Steward ; the Lord Chamberlain ; the Master of the Horse ; the Mistress of the Robes ; the Lady in Waiting ; Maids of Honour—Hon. Miss Cocks and Miss Cavendish ; Viscount Torrington ; the Hon. Major Keppel ; Lord Alfred Paget ; Mrs. Brand ; the Lady in

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Waiting on H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent; Gentlemen of the Duke of Coburg's suite; the Lady in Waiting on H. R. H. the Duchess of Cambridge.

At the conclusion of the breakfast, arrangements were made for the immediate departure of Her Majesty for Windsor, and at a quarter to four the Royal pair left Buckingham Palace, amidst the cheers and festive acclamations of a vast multitude. The first carriage was occupied only by her Majesty and Prince Albert; the second by His Serene Highness Prince Ernest of Saxe-Coburg; and three others by the Lord and Lady in Waiting, the Groom of the Chamber, Equerry, two Maids of Honour, and other attendants of Her Majesty and His Royal Highness. Just before the Royal cortege left Buckingham Palace, the sun shone forth with full brightness, the skies were cleared of their murky clouds, and all things seemed to promise that future happiness which we sincerely trust may be the lot of the illustrious pair.

The prince was dressed in a plain dark travelling dress, and Her Majesty in a white satin pelisse, trimmed with swansdown, with a white satin bonnet and feather.

The evening had closed in before the arrival of the Royal party at Windsor. The whole town was therefore illuminated, and the effect produced by the glitter of the lights on the congregated multitude was exceedingly splendid. Every house in Windsor was illuminated; many of them were handsomely decorated with flags, laurels, mottoes, and artificial bouquets. Ingenious devices and transparent representations of the Queen and Prince Albert, were not few nor far between. The Town Hall, the White Hart Inn, the Castle Inn, and several houses in the neighbourhood, were conspicuous for the brilliancy and beauty of their decorations.

It was exactly a quarter to seven o'clock when the Royal carriage drew up at the grand entrance. The Queen was handed from the carriage by the Prince; she immediately took his arm and entered the Castle. In the carriages which followed that in which the Royal pair arrived were Lady Sandwich, lady in waiting; the Hon. Miss Cocks and the Hon. Miss Cavendish, maids of honour; Lord Torrington, Major Keppel, and Mr. Seymour, the groom and equerry in waiting, who formed the Royal dinner party.

In the evening the auspicious event was celebrated by a dinner given in the Town-hall. About 100 of the inhabitants of Windsor attended, the Mayor taking the chair; being supported on either side by the members for the borough, Messrs. Ramsbottom and Gordon. Public dinners were given at the Star and Garter, and several inhabitants of the town had private parties in honour of the Royal wedding.

We are happy to say that while the

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"great" feasted, the "small" were not forgotten on this joyous occasion. A substantial dinner of good old English fare was provided for the poorer inhabitants of the place and the neighbouring country, the expense being defrayed by voluntary subscription, to which fund 20*l.* was contributed by Her Majesty. Nearly six hundred poor families, amounting probably to 2,000 individuals, were by this considerate charity regaled at their own homes with a good dinner and some excellent beer, wherewith to do complete justice to the toast of "Health and happiness to Victoria and Albert."

Several of the Inns of Court celebrated this day by a dinner to the members; Lincoln's-Inn was most numerously attended on this joyous occasion; somewhere about 150 students and an equal number of Bar-

THE BANQUET.

In the evening a grand banquet was given, by command of her Majesty, in the banquet-room of St. James's Palace, built by George IV., at which the Earl of Errol, as Lord Steward of her Majesty's Household, presided. The room was gorgeously decorated, and illuminated by five magnificent lustres, and table candelabras. There were three tables—one across at the upper end, and two tables running down from thence, capable of receiving 130 guests. Behind the Chairman was displayed, under rich crimson drapery with a crown at the top, all the costly gold plate from Windsor Castle; while the tables and serving tables at the sides evinced the well-known taste of Mr. Elliott, her Majesty's table-decker. The banquet, of course, embraced all the luxuries which art and nature could produce; and a band of musicians was in attendance throughout the evening, the company being waited upon by the servants in royal liveries.

We subjoin a list of the guests:—

Her R. H. the Duchess of Kent; H.S. H. the Duke of Coburg; H.S.H. Prince Ernest; the Duke of Norfolk; the Duke and Duchess of Bedford; the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland; the Marquis of Headfort; the Marchioness of Normanby; the Earl and Countess of Errol; the Earl and Countess of Uxbridge; the Earl and Countess of Albemarle; the Earl and Countess of Surrey; the Earl of Belfast; the Earl and Countess of Sandwich; the Earl and Countess of Claremont; the Earl and Countess of Burlington; the Earl and Countess of Fingal; the Earl of Ilchester; the Lady C. Lennox; the Lady A. Paget; the Lady Elizabeth Howard; the Lady Sarah Villiers; the Lady Ida Hay; the Lady Fanny Cowper; the Lady W. Stanhope; the Lady Jane Bouverie; the Lady E. West; the Lady E. Grimstone; the Lady Ellen Paget; the Lady Mary Howard; the Lord and Lady Byron; the Lord Gardner;

Testimonials of Public Respect,

Viscount and Viscountess Torrington; the Lord and Lady Lilford; the Lord Alfred Paget; the Lord Foley; the Lord and Lady Kinnaird; the Lord and Lady Barham; the Lord and Lady Portman; the Lord Howden; the Viscountess Forbes and Mr. Vaughan; the Lady F. Howard; the Dowager Lady Lyttelton; the Lady Constance Paget; the Right Hon. G. S. and Lady A. Byng; Sir J. and Lady C. Copley; Mr. J. and Lady H. Clive; Mr. and Lady Theresa Digby; Col. and Lady J. Wemyss; Col. and Lady K. Buckley; Lady Caroline Barrington; the Hon. Major and Mrs. Keppel; the Hon. Col. and Mrs. Grey; the Hon. Capt. and Mrs. Campbell; the Hon. Col. and Mrs. Cavendish; the Hon. W. Cowper; the Hon. C. A. Murray; Col. Sir Robert and Lady Gardiner; Admiral Sir Robert and Lady Otway; Sir William and Lady Lumley; Sir Henry and Lady Whentley; the Hon. Harriett Pitt; the Hon. Miss Cocks; the Hon. Miss Spring Rice; the Hon. Matilda Paget; the Hon. Miss Anson; the Hon. Miss Cavendish; the Hon. Miss Lyster; the Hon. Miss Murray; Miss Davys; Mr. and Mrs. Brand; Sir F. Stovin; Col. Armstrong; Mr. Rich; General Sir F. Wetherall; Col. Cooper; General Upton; Master Cavendish; Master Cowell; the Hon. A. Chichester; Master Wemyss; Master Byng; Five Gentlemen of the Duke of Coburg's suit; Four Gentlemen of Prince Albert's Household.

THE ILLUMINATIONS.

In the leading thoroughfares the concourse was immense, both of persons on foot and parties in carriages of every description. The illuminations, however, were by no means so general as on the occasion of Her Majesty's coronation. The leading thoroughfares of the metropolis presented the greatest number and the most costly.

In Westminster, Bridge-street presented several dazzling devices to the crowds who poured in from the Surrey side of the Thames. Brown's Hotel exhibited a handsome star in variegated lamps illuminating the royal arms. Mr. Howard, No. 25, a like emblem. The Magpie and Horseshoe, portrait of the Queen, with—"Long may she reign, the idol of her people, and the terror of her foes!"

In Great George-street, Lord Bexley's town-house was enlivened by the blaze of many parti-coloured lamps portraying the initials "V. A.," surmounted by a crown, and ornamented with wreaths. Miss Moore's residence exhibited similar devices; and on each side of the street the frontage of the several dwellings were hung with festoons, stars, and true-lovers'-knots in ever-varying hues. In Little George-street, Mr. Obbard sported a splendid gas star. The portion of the Sessions-house was illuminated by a large crown and initials "V. A.," adorned with festoons in variegated lamps.

On entering Parliament-street a brilliant

vista was opened to the view as far as Charing-Cross. In this street a dazzling star in gas, with the initials "V. A.," ornamented the frontage of Messrs. Walmsley's offices, as like devices did that of Messrs. Bigg and Son's premises. Benson's newspaper-office displayed a large imperial star in gas.

Downing-street was unusually light and lively, having a sort of temporary triumphal arch erected at its entrance, upon which were formed in variegated lamps in gigantic characters the names "Victoria" and "Albert."

At Whitehall, in the Treasury-office front, in monstrous size, were depicted in coloured lamps the British Crown and Prince's Crown, with the initials "V. R." and "P. A."

The Home-office presented a similar spectacle on a smaller scale, having Norman roses and wreaths in addition.

The Reform Club-house opposite flashed in fitful glare of wind-tormented gas an immense Crown with the Royal initials.

The Board of Trade, in variegated lamps, displayed the star of Brunswick, with the rose, thistle, and shamrock.

The Horse Guards' gate was superbly illuminated. There were two large imperial stars, most tastefully portrayed, the coloured lamps being placed in such a way as to produce a most pleasing effect. The stars were surmounted by a most gorgeous crown to relieve. The Royal initials were ingeniously interwoven with the other devices.

The Navy Pay-office had two crowns, the British and the Prince's, with the letters "V. R." and "P. A.," in coloured lamps.

The balcony of the office of Woods and Forests was adorned with festoons, and on the facade appeared the crowns and initials, all in variegated lamps.

The Admiralty had a parti-coloured sheet-anchor, and the royal initials; the ensign and Union Jack were displayed in the same chameleon-like hues.

The Salopian Coffee-house.—A brilliant gas emblazoned crown; and various other devices ornamented the line of buildings.

In Cockspur-street, Hancock and Rixon, the letters "V. A." in many coloured lamps.

The British Coffee-house, an appropriate transparency, ornamented with lamps.

Green and Ward, a star, with "V. A." in lamps of various colours.

Wells and Lamb, and Dalton's, each a gas star and crown.

The British Library, a star in coloured lamps.

Throughout the whole of Pall-mall the illuminations were pretty general. The principal were the following:—

Henborrow and Allcock, a brilliant gas star, with the initials "V. A."

Graham's.—A crown and "V. A.," in parti-coloured lamps.

The Thatched-house Tavern.—The same.

The Messrs. Willis.—The same in gas.

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The United Service Club, a crown, and "V. A." in gas.

The Athenæum Club-house, a like device, with the addition of wreaths and the letters "V. R."

The Carlton Club, the initials "V. R." and "P. A." surmounted by a crown, supported by two Brunswick stars, and embellished with festoons, all executed in gas.

The Globe Insurance-office, the same in coloured lamps.

The Ordnance-office presented a still more magnificent tableau than at the National Gallery, combining several devices, and consisting of upwards of 60,000 variegated lamps, tastefully and appropriately arranged to represent a shield containing the arms of the Ordnance Department, an imperial crown of great magnificence, stars of the Orders of the Garter, of the Thistle, and of St. Patrick, besides numerous other ornaments, the whole being surmounted with the names "Victoria" and "Albert."

In St. James's-street, Crockford's Club-house displayed the names "Victoria" and "Albert," in gigantic letters of coloured lamps, surmounted by a magnificent crown.

White's.—"V. A." and a crown, supported by laurels, in many-coloured lamps.

Brookes's.—A star and crown, with the initials "V. A.," ingeniously interwoven in variegated lamps.

In Berkeley-square.—The Earl of Albemarle's residence displayed two crowns, "V. R." and "P. A.," in variegated lamps.

The Marquis of Lansdowne's.—A brilliant crown in gas, ornamenting the Royal initials, executed in like manner.

Commencing at Hyde-park-corner, the eye of the spectator was first struck by the brilliant gas illumination of Apsley-house, the design being the initials "V. R." and "A. P.," surmounted by an imperial crown. Pursuing the path eastward, the mansions of the subjoined nobility and gentry, brilliantly illuminated, engaged especial attention.—Those of the Earl of Roseberry, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke of Grafton, the Duke of St. Albans, and Miss Burdett Coutts; Cambridge-house, Devonshire-house, and Burlington-house, were illuminated by a novel mode. The screen walls of these mansions were studded with close rows of long flambeaux, which shed a vivid red light, and produced a pleasing effect. Along the whole line of Piccadilly the trades'-people of the Royal Family emulated each other in the taste and variety of their displays; and though the illuminations were not so general as on the occasion of Her Majesty's coronation, still the effect was very splendid. The residence of the Russian Ambassador, in Dover-street, displayed a handsome transparency of the imperial arms of his sovereign, and the whole front of the premises was tastefully illuminated with variegated

lamps. The Alfred Club-house, in Albemarle-street, attracted numerous groups of admirers. The device was a display in gas of the initials of the Royal pair, based by laurel branches, and surmounted by a crown. In Bond-street the principal attractions were the Navy Club-house, and the Clarendon Hotel. The former displayed a large anchor surmounted by the crown on the initials "V. and A.," in variegated lamps. At the Clarendon Hotel a beautifully painted transparency of the Royal arms was affixed over the principal entrance. It is almost invidious to select the names of individuals, when all had spared no expense in thus testifying their loyalty and attachment to their youthful Sovereign; still, however, we cannot avoid the especial mention of the brilliant displays made by Mr. Giblett, the purveyor; Messrs. Emanuel, manufacturers of boules to Her Majesty; by Mr. Turner, cabinet-maker, of a well-painted transparency—full-length portrait of the Queen in her coronation robes; by Messrs. Grove, fishmongers, a splendid projecting Crown in gas; by Long's Hotel; by Messrs. Saworth and Riley; by Messrs. Watson, Wood, and Bell, and by Messrs. More, the army clothiers. In Hanover-square the Oriental Club-house, and the residences of the Marquis of Downshire, Sir James Clark, and Lord Wrottesley, were brilliantly illuminated. In the Haymarket the great features of encomium and admiration were the illuminations of the Italian Opera House, and of the Haymarket Theatre. That of the Italian Opera House was truly splendid. The centre displayed the Royal arms of England, and the armorial bearings of the illustrious house of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, on separate shields, and depicted in variegated lamps—on each side were the Royal initials grouped in majestic branches of laurel—and the whole was surmounted by the imperial crown. The front of the Haymarket Theatre exhibited a brilliant star, with the initials "V. A."

The National Gallery, in Trafalgar-square, was the object of universal admiration. Some thousand of lamps were employed to exhibit, on an extended scale, and in a truly appropriate manner, the British crown, and the Prince's crown. The entire portico was one mass of variegated lamps. The centre was composed of a brilliant star, of the order of the Garter, having on the right side the initials "V. R." with the crown of England, and on the left the initials "P. A.," surmounted by the ducal coronet of the house of Saxe Coburg and Gotha—one of the most imposing and effective devices displayed. The Union Club-house on one side of the square, and Morley's Hotel on the other were also brilliantly illuminated. In the Strand, with the exceptions enumerated below, the illuminations were generally of a simple character, and confined to the exhibition either of a star, the imperial

crown, or the Royal initials in gas or variegated lamps. Mr. Simpson, the decorator, exhibited a beautiful transparency, containing medallion portraits of the Royal pair; Messrs. Ackermann, a transparency of full-length portraits of Her Majesty and her Royal consort; the numerous newspaper offices situate in the Strand, and in particular "the Wedding Sun," which, in point of tasteful and brilliant execution, eclipsed every other, were all most tastefully and expensively brilliant; the *facade* of Somerset-house presented a gorgeous display of variegated lamps; a projecting imperial crown formed the capital; under it stood the initials ["V. R.," supported on each side by two magnificent stars, the centre of which contained the initials "V. and A."] The entrance to King's College exhibited the Crown tastefully festooned, with the letters "V. and A." in gas. The British Fire Office, Messrs. Coutts's Bank, the English Opera House, the Scottish Union Assurance Company, and the Golden-cross Hotel, also made brilliant displays. The illuminations in Fleet-street were on a similar scale, and of the precise character of those in the Strand. The entrance gates to the Inner and Middle Temple were chastely festooned with variegated lamps; the newspaper-offices and all the banking houses in the line were well illuminated. On Ludgate-hill the best displays were decidedly those of Messrs. Rundell, Bridge, and Rundell, Messrs. Pearce, Messrs. Isherwood, and the London Tavern.

Newgate-street was but thinly illuminated. The devices were neither new nor striking. The richest was that at Patrick's, the oil and colourman, representing a crown and wreath, with the initials "V. and A.," in coloured lamps.

Skinner-street and Snow-hill displayed but a few stray lamps, and Holborn-hill was but imperfectly lighted, if we except a very brilliant star of purest gas at Brett's Hotel which lit the Street on either side for nearly a quarter of a mile.

In Aldersgate-street the principal attraction was the illumination in front of the General Post-office, which was most magnificent. The device was two crowns, with "V.R." and "P.A." under them, and a star in the centre surrounded by a wreath of flowers. This illumination was on a very large scale, covering the whole of the centre front of the Post-office, and had a most dazzling appearance. There were several other minor illuminations.

In Cheapside the stars, crowns, and Royal initials were over almost every other shop. At the corner of King-street there was a very brilliant illumination of the motto "May they long live," which had a good effect. The Mansion-house terminated the illuminations in Cheapside with a gorgeous mass of coloured light in the device of a star sur-

mounted by "V. A." and a crown, encircled with a wreath of flowers. This facing the Bank and several public offices, which were each most brilliantly illuminated, lit up into a perfect glare this part of the city.

In High Holborn, Day and Martin's establishment was by far the most attractive, though here the emblems and devices began to be more gay and striking. A splendid crown, in full relief, and about six feet high, emitted the most beautiful light in diamond-like sparkles. The names "Victoria and Albert" were written beneath in light of equal brilliancy, and the whole was surmounted with a large silken banner. The light was so dazzlingly intense as almost to eclipse the other illuminations in the neighbourhood, and yet the whole effect was chaste, simple, and elegant in the extreme. Nearly opposite, at Park, the gun-maker's, there was a very rich crown, in coloured lamps. Towards the Broadway, St. Giles's, the glare began to lessen, and then wholly to fade, until we came to Tottenham-court-road, with the exception of Grimstone's Eye-snuff warehouse, which was very handsomely lighted up, having a rich crown and wreath, with the letters "A. and V." entwined in the centre. Meux's brewery, at the corner of Tottenham-court-road, presented altogether a very imposing appearance, the whole arched way entrance being thickly studded with brilliantly variegated lamps. From that onward, the lights began to wane, with the exception of a few very brilliant stars, in gas, until we arrived at the Pantheon, which was very richly illuminated, having a raised crown and a rich scroll, with the letters "V. and A." in variegated lamps. Dill, baker to the Queen Dowager, had a gorgeous crown, with the letters "V. R." From that onward to the end of Oxford-street the scene was very brilliant, though but little varied, the devices being in most instances of the same description.

In Lower Grosvenor-street the illuminations, though few, were brilliant. The most effective was that at Duval's, the metal-gilders, where two knights in full armour stood in niches, which were surrounded with a strong gas-light.

Grosvenor-square.—The illuminations in this square, though not general nor striking, were rich in the profusion of variegated lamps. At Lord Winton's were the letters "V. R." with a scroll. At Lord Verulam's a crown done in exceedingly rich lamps, with the initials "V. and A." at either side. At Lord Courtown's, the letters "V. R." and "P. A." At the Marquis of Winchester's a crown, with the initials "V. and A." At Lord Foley's a rich star, and at Lord Cardigan's a star and wreath.

Lower Brooke-street.—Mivart's Hotel formed the chief attraction in this street. It was covered with various devices in gas, the

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Upon Her Majesty's Marriage.

principal of which was a brilliant crown, with rich wreathing scrolls, chastely and elegantly designed. There were several other rich emblazonments in this street, but they faded almost to nothing in Mivart's display.

Manchester-square.—The great, indeed the only attraction here, was the mansion of the French Ambassador. The emblazonment was by far the most finished within our circuit. The design was simple—the execution highly finished—and the colours were arranged with most artificial effect. It was merely a portrayal, on a large scale, of the national arms of France, with the initials of Louis Philippe in the centre, and the whole surmounted by the letters "V. A." The effect from the bottom of the square was very striking, and even so far off as the end of Oxford-street it had the appearance of a strongly-illuminated transparency.

Regent-street.—In this street there were a great number of very brilliant and splendid illuminations over the different shops and club-houses. The most conspicuous were Warren's Hotel—a very splendid coloured lamp illumination star, crown, and "V. A." Opposite to this, the Junior United Service Club-house had across its whole front a device of the Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle, surrounding two stars, and "V. A." in coloured lamps, which had a most beautiful effect.

The front of the Stranger's Club, "V. A." in gas. The Horticultural Society's offices, two brilliant stars, and "V. A." in gas jets. Messrs. Howell and James's shop had the whole front brilliantly illuminated with gas jets, formed in stars, and the initials of Her Majesty and Prince Albert. The pressure of the crowd at this part of Regent-street was terrific; there was a complete block of both pedestrians and vehicles, and from nine till nearly midnight, the screams of fainting and frightened ladies here struck frequently upon the appalled ears of the sight-seeing multitude.

Around the corner in Charles-street—a route the oppressed crowd were forced to take for safety of life or limb—Messrs. Lawrie and McGregor, army agents, with festoons of variegated lamps, tastefully entwined in the balcony, gratefully relieved the passengers' wearied eye, between the blaze of Regent-street and the brilliant glare of St. James's-square, and the otherwise total darkness of this great linking thoroughfare.

In St. James's-square, the front of the Army and Navy Club-house was most splendidly illuminated with gas, displaying the arms of the club, surmounted by an imperial crown, and supported on each side by a star; also the Royal initials, with festoons and other decorations.

The Colonial Club.—"V. A." and the star of Brunswick, in beautiful lamps.

The Windham Club.—A crown and "V. A." executed in like manner.

The Parthenon.—The same.

In the Regent-circus a great number of the shopkeepers had stars, the Royal initials, and illuminated crowns over their shop-doors.

Advancing up Regent-street, the stars, crowns, Royal initials, and other devices, were very numerous. The house of Messrs. Barclay and Sons, upholsterers to Her Majesty, was very brilliantly illuminated in each window. The shop of Messrs. J. and J. Holmes, No. 171, had a splendid star, surrounded with laurel branches in gas jets. The shop of Mr. Ackerman, the publisher, displayed a very beautiful transparency of Britannia drawn in a car by four horses. This was surmounted by the Royal standard. Messrs. Lewis and Allanby, silkmongers, had a very splendid illumination over the whole front of their shop. In the centre a crown on a cushion, and on each side a star and "V. and A." in gas. Mr. Houbigand's shop had a very brilliant star, surrounded by a wreath. Boyle's *Court Guide* office, "V. A." and star. The Polytechnic Institution exhibited a globe of fire, surrounded by a radiance of gas.

Portland-place.—Many of the private residences here were handsomely illuminated. Amongst these Lord Denman's shone conspicuous, with a star, crown, and festoons of lamps in the windows.

Cavendish-square.—Here the English Agricultural Society's Office, Lady Byron's house, Lord Beresford's house, the Marquis of Winchester's residence, Dr. Phillips's, and several other residences were handsomely illuminated.

Long-acre.—The coach-building establishments of Messrs. Wyburn and Hallmarke, Allbut and Hallmarke, each coach-builders to Her Majesty, were very splendidly illuminated. Mr. Bartley's shop also displayed a very beautiful illumination of Her Majesty, seated on a cloud with two attendant Cupids.

At the end of Chancery-lane, the Law Institution had a very splendid appearance, with two stars and two flags, bearing each the inscription "Victoria" in gas jets.

Bridge-street, Blackfriars.—Here the *Standard-office*, *Bell's Weekly Messenger-office*, and the *Hand-in-Hand Fire and Life office*, were each very splendidly illuminated, especially the latter, which had the motto "Hand-in-Hand," in gas jets, across the building.

PARISH SCHOOLS AND WORKHOUSES.

We believe that the children of nearly every parochial school, and the inmates of almost every workhouse in the metropolis and its vicinity, were feasted in celebration of Her Majesty's marriage.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FASHION-PLATES IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

(No. 824.)—*Dinner or Evening Dress.*—Dress of white spotted gauze over white satin. The corsage is low and *à pointe*, ornamented round the neck with a *Berthe*. Short sleeves of black velvet (see plate), in two *sabots*, finished by a third and very small *sabot*, of the same gauze as the dress. It will be remarked that the sleeves in the plate are very short. The skirt has two tolerably deep flounces, with a pink satin *liséré* (piping) at the edge, and row of the same, putting on the upper one. Hair dressed in full tufts of ringlets at the sides of the head, and intermixed with full-blown roses and buds (see plate); a wreath of the same crosses the entire front of the head. Gold necklace and locket; white kid gloves, with the top trimmed with roses; white silk stockings; black satin shoes; fan.

Carriage Dress.—Redingotte of satin, *à reflets* (shaded pink and violet). The corsage is only half high; the front in folds, and forming a slight point. The sleeves are taken down in gathers in three places at the shoulder, the remainder very full to the wrist, where they are again taken in to match the top. The skirt is plain at the bottom, but a garniture of *passementerie*, trimmed on each side with wide black lace (see plate), goes down the left side of the dress. Hat of primrose colour, *velours épinglé*; the front is much thrown back, and sits completely round to the face; it nearly meets at the chin, and the corners are pointed, not round. It is trimmed with a bow of itself on the left side, and a feather drooping at the right. Underneath the front, at each side, is a yellow rose and bud. Hair in smooth bands, with the ends braided and turned up again. A frill of very wide lace serves instead of a collar (see plate); cambric ruffles; lemon-colour kid gloves; handkerchief trimmed with lace; black satin shoes.

(No. 825.)—*New Spring Walking Dresses.*—Dress of nut brown satin. Corsage half high, and tight to the bust. The skirt is trimmed with three rows of broad velvet ribbon, put on at distances, its own width left between (see plate). Mantelet scarf of purple velvet, wadded and lined with silk of the same colour; it is trimmed all round with very wide chenille fringe, the colour of the velvet. Hat of the primrose colour, *velours épinglé*. It is very deep at the sides, and the crown sits perfectly flat; the trimming is entirely of *velours épinglé*, with the exception of a branch of "*Forget-me-not*," which falls at the right side of the front of the hat. Cambric ruffles; primrose colour kid gloves; black varnished shoes.

Hat of white satin, with a bouquet of small scarlet flowers drooping over the front. Redingotte of pale lavender *pour de soie*. Corsage *demi décolletée* (half high), and sitting tight to the bust. Sleeves taken down

in three places at the shoulder, the remainder excessively full. The skirt opens at the left side (see plate), and is trimmed down the front and all round with a flounce of the same silk as the dress, beginning very narrow at the waist, and increasing gradually in width till it is rounded at the bottom, where it becomes very deep (see plate); it will also be observed that the flounce itself is edged with a chenille fringe, a full half finger in depth. Hair in bands, with flowers underneath the bonnet; collar of guipure, fastened with a rich cameo; ermine muff, lined with ponceau; pale yellow gloves; black varnished shoes.

PARIS FASHIONS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Feb. 25, 1840.

A thousand thanks, *ma chère belle*, for your excellent account of the marriage of your amiable young Queen. How much I should have liked being with you, to witness the splendid ceremony! But we, too, have had our share of the rejoicings, for the ball given, on the occasion, at the British Embassy, was splendid beyond description. Only think, two thousand persons were present; and yet, in the two large saloons, the dancers were not too much incommoded; and, then, in the garden, there was such a delightful retreat from the heated atmosphere of the rooms, a most charming pavilion, tastefully ornamented, was erected on the green sward, and opened all round into the galleries of the green houses, which were filled with the most fragrant exotics. The Dukes de Nemours and d'Aumale, the Prince de Joinville, Prince Paul of Wurtemberg, the Infants of Spain—in short, all the French and foreign nobility, at present in Paris, were present. The display of diamonds was perfectly dazzling; and such an assemblage of beauty I never witnessed. As to the supper, I refer you to the public papers, which will tell you that the tables groaned under the profusion of delicacies, in and out of season, and that they were decorated with a taste and luxury truly royal.

The dresses of the dancers were all composed of those light materials which only are adapted to the ball-room, where every thing should be light and ethereal. Crapes, gauzes, laces, with garnitures of flowers, marabout tips, bows, &c., composed the majority of the dresses. Black velvet corsages, with white or pink crape skirts, white and pink, and cherry-colour dresses, with black velvet sleeves. By the way, this is a singular fashion, nevertheless, it seems as if it would take. So *ma chère*, if any accident happens to the sleeve of a new dress, you have only to put in black violet ones instead; but mind they must be short sleeves; I never saw it

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in long ones. The head-dresses were composed of flowers, feathers, sprigs made of precious stones, &c.; the front hair worn in ringlets or plain bands, or bands with the cords braided and turned up again. The dresses of the matronly part of the assembly, were rich and splendid in the extreme; many had trains. Dresses of velvet, velours épinglé, rich brocaded satin, some made à l'antique, with the satin petticoat visible in front, and nearly covered with flounces of rich lace, or antique guipure. Some of the skirts were looped back with diamond ornaments; some with topazes or emeralds; some with cameos; others with a rose, and a small chain of gold; and some with cords and tassels of pearls; and then the coiffures to match these dresses were brilliant with diamonds and precious stones—a la Marie Stuart, à la reine Berthe, à la Fontanges, à la Mancini, à la Jane Grey. In short, there were coiffures of almost every age, together with turbans, à la Sultane, à la Mandane, à la Circassienne, à la Juive, &c., &c. A good deal of black lace was to be seen in dresses of ponceau and pink satin. The Berthe's and guipure flounces were rich and costly. Many corsages had points. Some without draperies, à la Sévigné. The gloves were of white kid, and trimmed at the top to match the dresses; some with garlandes or roses or other flowers; some with quillings or puffings of ribbon; others with lace, and many with marabouts, or swansdown. The gloves still remain so short, that they only well cover the wrist.

I must now give you a special description of two dresses—a robe of blue velours épinglé, corsage à pointe; open skirt trimmed all round with a broad band of ermine; broader, of course, at bottom and on the train than down the fronts, a piece of the same, cut in the form of a Berthe, was round the bosom of the dress. There was a short under-tight sleeve of white satin, and over that an open Venitian one, lined throughout with ermine. There was something almost regal in the splendour of this dress; the coiffure, in perfect keeping, was à la Mary Queen of Scots. The other dress was similar in make, and made of ponceau terry velvet, and the fur was also ermine. The only difference was, that the inside white satin sleeve, likewise tight, reached to the wrist, and that the outer one was confined, down the arm, with ruby clasps.

I do not know what weather you have had, but we have had a week now of piercing cold, sharp frost every night. This has put back the Spring fashions, and we have all taken to our wrappings again.

Hats continue precisely as I have been describing them to you this some time, nor shall we have a change before Long-Champs velours épinglé is the most fashionable of all materials at present, and next to that velours d'Afrique, a silk that closely resembles the

Terry velvet. Feathers, as usual in winter, are more prevalent than flowers. I have, however, seen upon some new hats a light sprig of the scarlet verberna—the forget-me-not, or the calceolaria. These sprigs are placed so as to fall over one side of the front of the hat. Ribbon trimmings are quite out except for hats. Of the velours d'Afrique, some of these being shot with another colour, require a ribbon of a single shade, and others of one shade require a shot ribbon to set them off. On velvet bonnets, the trimmings, strings, &c., are of velvet.

Shawls continue in as high favour as ever. Cashmere or velvet, wadded and lined with silk, and trimmed with lace, a chenille fringe, or lined and trimmed with fur. I make no doubt but that we shall have something new and pretty in this department of the toilette for spring and summer.

Satin and velvet dresses are more seen at present, than any others in morning costume. Some pretty satin dresses have three rows of wide velvet ribbon on the skirts, others have five rows, but the skirt is narrower. This trimming is far more genteel than flounces, which are quite de mauvais goût, since they have become so general. The long sleeves are very simple just now. Three gatherings at the shoulders, then very loose, and a plain deep wrist, or a shallow wrist, and three gatherings above it. You know manchettes are indispensable.

The corsages, particularly in toilette d'Interieur, or home morning dress, are only half high, and very much open in front. A frill of wide lace, well put on, that is wide and tolerably full at back, and as far as the turn of the shoulders in front, then becoming narrower and rather plainer as it comes down in front towards the waist, until it finishes, when only a inch in width, is more becoming in-doors, than the plain guipure collars now in fashion. A little rosette bow of satin ribbon, with a brooch in the centre, makes a pretty finish to the frill in front. Broché satin, and black satin aprons, are worn; they are very small; the lower corners rounded, and trimmed round with two rows of black lace, one at the edge, the other half the breadth of itself, inside, and put on with a lierf. The pockets on the outside are trimmed with black lace. If the corsage is à pointe, the lower part may be trimmed also with lace.

A little half cap of ribbon and lace, and intermixed with flowers, such as I have before described, complete a pretty morning costume. Black silk mittens.

The newest colours for hats, are primrose, white, and pearl grey. For dresses, nut brown, purple, and two shades of lavender, the one very pale, the other bright like the flower just opening.

There, ma très belle, is all that I can tell you to-day, si non que je t'aime, et t'aimerai toujours,

L. de F.

General Monthly Register of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, at Home and Abroad.

No. 11, Carey-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields,

Office for the PRINTED ALPHABETICAL REGISTRATION of MARRIAGES, BIRTHS, and DEATHS after a plan proposed some years back to Government, and by petition to both houses of Parliament, by the founder of the Harrow Road Cemetery, and the new system of exurban Burial in England, —part of which plan, viz., that a Certificate should accompany each corpse, that a double entry might be made, viz., in the Parish where a death takes place, as well as at the place of interment, printed anno, 1824, will be found embodied in the instructions of the Registrar-General of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, printed some where about the year 1837—12 years afterwards! The public as well as the private advantages of this mode of Registration over every other system, if not at once self apparent, is strikingly displayed in the name of John Woolley, Esq. in the present list.—His residence was in Kent—he died at Brighton, and he is buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery: a few years hence how laborious might be the search and how great the expense to discover the simple fact of where he was interred. So also with persons marrying when distant from home, an event of hourly occurrence to one or other of parties marrying. So important, indeed, do we ourselves consider this arrangement to be, that we have little doubt that ere long there are few persons concerned who will be inconsiderate enough not to register with this Establishment. So also as respects Births—how often is the house, in which born, altogether unknown—the place even forgotten;—when, such a record as this registration affords, might be of infinite value; there are, indeed, very few Life Insurance establishments which would not at once receive this proof presumptive of the day of birth, as proof positive of an individual's age.

BIRTHS.

Ashmore, the wife of James —, Esq., Barrister-at-law, of a dau.; at 37, Upper Bedford-place, Russell Square, Feb. 18.
Bethune, the lady of Charles —, Esq., of a son; at Rowfant, Sussex, Jan. 28.
Brown, the wife of the Rev. R. Lewis —, of a son; at Ringwood, Feb. 18.
Cathcart, the lady Eleanor, of a son; at Adlestrop-house, Gloucestershire, Feb. 20.
Curtis, the wife of William —, Esq., of a son; at Hastings, Sussex, Feb. 7.
Davidson, the lady of Thomas —, M.D., of a son; at Shaftesbury-house, Bayswater, Feb. 1.
Duncan, Viscountess, of a dau.; at Naples, Jan. 22.
Dyke, the lady of John Dixon, —, of a son; at Milled-house, Sittingbourne, Kent, Feb. 6.
Goldamid, the lady of Frederick D. —, Esq. of a son, Manchester-square; Feb. 17.
Gordon, the lady of Joseph —, of a dau.; at Shortwood, Jamaica, Dec. 20, 1839.
Hartley, the lady of James —, Esq., of a dau.; at Mecklenburg-square, Feb. 3.
Lysaght, the lady of the Hon. J. A. —, Esq., of a son; at Cheltenham, Jan. 28.
Lyall, the lady of Robert —, Esq., of a son; Chester Terrace, Regent's Park, Feb. 22.
Marshall, Lady, of a dau.; at Montague-house, Whitehall-gardens, Feb. 7.
Maxwell, the lady of William Constable, —, Esq., of a dau.; at Everingham-park, Feb. 2.
Nagle, the lady of Chichester —, Esq., of a dau.; at Cheltenham, Jan. 29.
Onphant, the lady of Major —, of a son; at Wimbledon Common, Feb. 20.
Rendlesham, the lady of the Right Hon. Lord —, of a son and heir; at Florence, Feb. 9.
Seabrook, the lady of Brewster Thomas —, Esq., of a dau., stillborn; at 17, Oriental-place, Brighton, Feb. 2.
Thames, the lady of the Rev. John Henry —, of a dau.; at 17, Wellington-road, Regent's Park, Jan. 21.
Wilson, Lady of Henry —, Esq., of a son; at Strawberry-hall, Suffolk, Jan. 28.

MARRIAGES.

Abbott, Mary, 2nd d. of W. H. —, Esq., to Professor Withers, Bishop's College, Calcutta, Nov. 13.
Brisley, Susanna, d. of the late Capt. W. P. —, Country Service, to Capt. Geo. Perkins; Penang, E.I., Sept. 28.
Burney, Julia, d. of the late Dr. —, of Gosport, to Capt. Henry Poole, R. Artil.; Graham's Town, N. S. W., Oct. 15, 1839.
Clarke, Eleanor, 2nd d. of the late Jno. —, Esq., to M. Templeton, Esq., of Fittinghur; Calcutta, Oct. 13.
Clarkson, Julia Ann, only child of W. Geering —, Esq., of Doctors' Commons and Leonard-place, Kennington, to Heathfield Tupper, Esq., of St. Mary Abbott's-terrace; Kennington, Feb. 4.
Cleghorn, Janet, d. of the late Geo. —, Esq., of Fittinghur, to Thos. Henry Hochley, Esq.; Calcutta, Nov. 5.
Clode, Sophia, ygst. d. of the late George —, Esq., of Gordon-place, to the Rev. Mathew Blayden Hale, Perpetual Curate of Stroud, Gloucestershire; St. Pancras Church, Feb. 25.
Coleman, Elizabeth eld. d. of Thos. —, Esq., of Goss-hall, to John Sladdon, Esq., of Ash; at Ash, near Sandwich, Kent, Feb. 6.
Courteney, Belinda, d. of the late B. —, Esq., of Twickenham Park, Middlesex, to Charles Arrowsmith, of Devonshire-street, eld. s. of C. A —, Esq., of Burton-crescent; Twickenham Church, Feb. 11.
Cox, Eliza, 2nd d. of Wm. —, Esq., of Hobartville, N. S. Wales, to J. A. Youl, Esq.; Hobart Town, N.S.W., July 9.
Day, Mary Ann, eld. d. of John Hill —, Esq., Priory, St. Neot's, to the Rev. F. Latham, B.C.L., of Clare-hall, Cambridge, 2nd s. of the Rev. Thos. L —, vicar of Billingborough, co. Lincoln; St. Neot's, Feb. 11.
Douglas, Ellen, 2nd d. of Capt. —, R. N. Commodore Jamaica station, to Robert Pollock, Esq., 8th Madras Lt. C., 2nd s. of Sir Fred. —, M.P.; St. Paul's, Southsea, Hants, Feb. 6.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

- Dunbar, Janet, *3rd. d. of the late Robert* —, Esq. of Highbury-grove, London, to the Rev. William Chatterley Bishop, late Fellow of St. John's Coll. Cambridge, Minister of St. Katherine's Church, Northampton; *St. John's, Hackney*, Feb. 11.
- D' Rozario, Miss Mary Anne Kenderline Margaret, to J. Pearce, Esq.; *Calcutta*, Oct. 15.
- Eager, Miss Jane Elizabeth, to Chas. Stainbridge, Esq.; *Cape Town*, Sept. 25.
- Eyre, Harriet, *ygst. d. of the late Henry* —, Esq., of Botley Grange, to Robert, *2nd son of the late George E* —, Esq., of Warrens; *at the Cathedral, Sarum*, Feb. 8.
- Gouldstone, Eliza, *eld. d. of Wm.* —, Esq., to J. T. Castle, Esq.; *Sydney, N. S. W.*, July 13.
- Gordon, Jane, *only d. of Capt C.* —, R.N., of Demril-hill, Gloucestershire, to the Rev. Scudamore Barr; *Tidenham Church, Gloucestershire*, Feb. 5.
- Green, Isabella, *eld. d. of Andrew* —, Esq., of Cockermouth, to William J. Dixon, Esq., *eld. s. of William* —, Esq., of Lansdowne-terrace, Cheltenham; *at Prestbury*, Jan. 29.
- Hadden, Robina Duff, *ygst. d. of Gavin* —, Esq., of Union-grove, Aberdeen, to Thomas N. Farquhar, Esq., of Abingdon-street, Westminster; *at Aberdeen*, Feb. 4.
- Harris, Mrs. M., widow of the late Capt. —, to Dr. J. Harford; *at St. Lawrence Church*, Aug. 3.
- Headlam, Eleanor Margaret, *2nd. d. of Jno.* —, Esq., Egglestone, Macquarie River, to Jas. J. Bayles, Esq., Rokeby; *Campbell Town, N. S. W.*, Aug. 8.
- Heald, Rachel, *ygst. dau. of Joseph* —, Esq., of Wakefield, to the Rev. R. F. B. Rickards, of Offwell, near Honiton, Devon; *the Old Church, Brighton*, Feb. 13.
- Heusman, Harriet, *d. of the Rev. John* —, Minister of Trinity Church, Clifton, to Vaughan *ygst. son of the Rev. James* —, Rector of Wraxall, Somerset; *at Clifton Church*, Feb. 19.
- Hiron, Elizabeth, *eld. d. of Thomas* —, Esq., of Marble-house, Warwick, to John Giles Toogood, Esq., of Bridgewater, Somerset; Feb. 20.
- Holmes, Anna, *eld. dau. of the late Rev. John* — M. A., rector of All Saints, St. Nicholas, Southelmham, Suffolk, and of Gawdy-hall, Norfolk, to the Rev. Satton Brockman, M.A., Vicar of Rottingdean, Sussex; *at Redenhall Church*, Feb. 6.
- Hotchin, Francis Sophia, *eld. dau. of Lambert* —, Esq., to Richard Henry Ford, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-law; *at St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington*, Feb. 13.
- Hotham, Frederica, *3rd. dau. of the Hon. and Rev. Fred.* —, Rector of Dennington and Prebendary of Rochester, Kent, to the Rev. Charles Montagu Doughty, of Theberton-hall, Suffolk; *at Dennington, Suffolk*, Jan. 22.
- Huckstep, Miss Elizabeth, —, to Thos. Hanson, Esq., *Sydney; N. S. W.*, July 22.
- Johnstone, the Hon. Miss Hope, one of the maids of honour to Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Carlisle; *at Marlborough-house, London*, Feb. 3.
- Kermode, Anna, *eld. dau. of* —, Esq., of Mona Vale, to G. H. Moore, Esq.; *Hobart Town, N. S. W.*, lately.
- Kerr, Elizabeth, *eld. dau. of David* —, Esq., to S. O. E. Ludlow, Esq., *Madras Engineers; St. Pancras Church*, Feb. 6.
- Layward, Eliza, *4th d. of Charles Edward* —, Esq., late of H. M.'s C. S., to Stephen Vertue, junr., Esq.; *at St. Peter's Church, Colombo, Ceylon*, Nov. 13.
- Le Neve, Louisa, widow of the late G. F. —, Esq., Barrow, Suffolk, to B. Harding, Esq., Albany, late of Calcutta; *St. Pancras Church*, Feb. 22.
- Lillic, Ann, sister of the Rev. John —, to T. F. Sloane, Esq.; *Hobart Town, N. S. W.*, Sept. 7.
- Lind, Ann, *2nd. d. of A. Mc.Dowall* — Esq., of Logan, to Jas. Grant, Esq., Surg., *Launceston, Logan, N. S. W.*, July 10.
- Little, Amelia, *ygst. dau. of the late James* —, Esq., of Gloucester Place, London, to Francis W. Staines, Esq., of Hastings; *St. Marylebone Church*, Feb. 11.
- Longden, Charlotte Sherwin, *eld. dau. of the late John* —, Esq., of Bramcotte-hills, Notts, to Edward *only son of the late very Rev. George Markham, D. D. Dean of York; at Bramcotte*, Jan. 30.
- Lovett, Caroline, *2nd. dau. of Geo.* —, Esq., to Richard E. Bate, Esq., late in *N. S. Wales; Hobart Town*, Aug. 5.
- Magan, Georgina Eliza, *only child of Arthur* —, Esq., of Portland Lodge, Brighton, to John Henry Brummell, Esq., *eld. son of N. C. B.*, Esq., of Oxford Terrace, Hyde Park; *at Brighton*, Feb. 3.
- Marsh, Catherine, *eld. d. of the late Rev. Henry* —, of Maunden, Essex, to George Holland, Esq., of Buckland, Lincolnshire; *at Bromley, Kent*, Feb. 19.
- Minto, Caroline, widow of the late Capt. J. —, to Capt. Beaumont, 23rd Regt. of *W. L.I.; Mangalore, E.I.*, Oct. 14.
- Mudge, Sophia Elizabeth, *only d. of Lieut.-Col.* —, R. E. of Beechwood, Devon, to the Rev. John Richard Bogue, of Denbury, Devon, *only son, of the late Capt. Bogue, R. H. A.; at Hendon, Middlesex*, Feb. 18.
- Murphy, Sarah, *eld. dau. of J. P.* —, Esq., of Stratford, Essex, to Lieut. Robinson Thomas, R.N., of Ballynakill-house, near Waterford, Feb. 4.
- Needham, Mary, *3rd. d. of the late James* —, Esq., of Kensington, to John Thomas, Esq., Surgeon, Bethlem Hospital; *St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington*, Feb. 19.
- Ogilvy, Jean, *eld. d. of the Hon. D.* —, of Cleve, brother to the Right Hon. the Earl of Airlie, to Maj.-Gen. Sir John Foster Fitzgerald, K. C. B., Comm. of the Forces, Bombay Presidency; *at Mahabeshon, E.I.*, Dec. 19.
- Parker, Ann, *eld. dau. of Thomas* —, Esq., of Deal, County of Kent, to W. B. Parker, Esq., of the Town Surveyor's depart.; *Sydney, N. S. W.*, lately.
- Pennefather, Susan, dau. of Ed. —, Esq., of Fitzwilliam Square, Dublin, and Rathalla, to Richard Hall, Esq., of Copped-hall, Tetteridge; *St. Peter's, Dublin*, Feb. 12.
- Potter, Julia, *d. of the late John* —, Esq., of Darwen, to the Rev. Nathaniel James Merri-man, M. A., late of Brasenose College, Oxford; *Preston, Lancashire*, Feb. 19.
- Perigal, Louisa Ann, *ygst. d. of Henry* —,

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

Esq., of Torrington-square, to Henry Pilleau, Esq., of H. M. 68rd Regt.; at *St. Pancras Church*, Feb. 18.

Powel, Amelia, 4th d. of the late Jas. —, Esq., to T. L. Matthews, Esq., Madras Med. Serv.; *Shalapore, E.I.*, Nov. 2.

Rayner, Emma, 3rd d. of Matthew —, Esq., of Uxbridge, to Richard Wilson, Esq., of Perryvale, Sydenham; at *Hillingdon, Middlesex*, Feb. 18.

Reed, Mary Ann, 2nd d. of Geo. —, Esq., of Durham, to Henry Jeffery, Esq., Surgeon; *Sydney, N.S.W.*, May 18.

Reynolds, Henrietta Louisa, 3rd d. of John —, Esq., of Knowle-Green, Staines, to Griffin Bascom, Esq., late of Demerara; Feb. 4.

Risley, Eliza Lydia, d. of the Rev. John —, Rector of Thornton, Bucks, and Ashton, Northamptonshire, to Henry Smith, Esq., of Buckingham; *Tingwick, Bucks*, Feb. 20.

Rusden, Amelia Christiana, 2nd d. of the Rev. G. K. —, M. A., to Ellis Gilman, of Singapore, 2nd son of Jno. Gilman, Esq., of North Brixton; *Maitland*, May 21.

Landeman, Letitia, d. of W. —, Esq., of Perth, to Lieut. Salmon, Adj. Artill.; *Thansi, E.I.*, Oct. 24.

Scott, Maria Antoinette, d. of the late Alexander —, Esq., of Beaumont-street, Portland-place, to Alexander Hamilton Loughnan, Esq., 2nd son of Andrew —, Esq., of Nottingham-place; at *Lambeth, Jan.* 30.

Sherman, Jessie, only d. of Thomas —, Esq., late of Charlton, to Leopold Redpath, Esq., Blackheath Terrace; at *Charlton Church*, Feb. 22.

Smith, Miss, sister to the Princess of Capua, to the Lord Dinorben; at the apartments of H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, in *Kensington Palace*. H. R. H. gave the lovely bride away; Feb. 11.

Smythies, Emily, 3rd d. of the Rev. H. G. —, B. D., Vicar of Stanground with Farcot, Huntingdon, to Edward Greene, 3rd son of Benjamin Green, Esq., of Russell-square; at *Stanground*, Feb. 4.

Speake, Julia, ygst. d. of the late Jno. Coverdale, Esq., of Kedgeroe, Bengal, to Chas. Bradbury, Esq.; *Hobart Town, N. S. W.*, Sept. 7.

Tucker, Anne, ygst. d. of the late Benjamin Wooley —, Esq., of Axminster, Devon, to Francis Dumergue, Esq., of the Inner-Temple, Barrister-at-law; at *Stockland, Dorset*, Jan. 27.

Vincent, Caroline Elizabeth, eld. d. of the Rev. John —, one of H. M.'s Chaplains in N. S. Wales, to Henry Cape, Esq.; *Sutton Forest*, July, 4.

Voysey, Mary Ellison, eld. d. of Henry —, Esq., to Mon. A. J. B. Fauconpret de Thulus; at *Paris*, Feb. 12.

Wagstaff, Hannah, eld. d. of Joseph —, Esq., of Grappen-hall-lodge, to Benson Blundell, Esq., of Lincoln's-Inn, Barrister-at-law; at *Grappenhall, Cheshire*, Feb. 13.

Walker, Harriet, relict of the late Lieut.-Col. Leslie —, 54th Regt. C. B. K. H. &c., to E. P. Wookish, Esq., of Quebec, Canada, and Southam, Warwickshire; *St. George's, Leicester Square*, Feb. 16.

Wynn, Mary, d. of Dr. —, and cousin german to Thomas Wynn, Esq., M.P., to Richard Hare, Esq., of Wexford; *lately*.

Warner, Anne Jane, eld. d. of Simeon —, Esq., of Blackheath, Kent, to the Rev. Charles Burney, M. A., of Magdalen College, Oxford, eld. son of the Rev. Dr. Burney, Rector of Sible Hedingham, Essex; *Lewisham, Kent*, Feb. 4.

Wickham, Julia Mercy, eld. d. of the Rev. T. W. —, Rector of Horsington, to Jamey Hurd, Esq., of Gatton, near Bristol; at *Horsington, Wilts*, Feb. 6.

Wiggins, Mrs. Col., relict of the late Col. —, formerly of the B. N. I., to Lieut.-Col. Riley, Commanding the 3rd Regt. N. I., *Barrack-pore, E.I.*, Nov. 14.

Williams, Mary Anne, eld. d. of B. B. —, Esq., of Portland-place, to William Frederick Elrington, Capt. Scot's Fusileer Guards, only son of the late General Elrington; *St. Marylebone Church*, Feb. 1.

DEATHS.

A'Court, Hon. Frederick Ashe, aged 22, ygst. son of Lord and Lady Heytesbury; at *Heytesbury*, Jan. 28.

Alcock, the Hon. Mrs., aged 70, wife of Lieut.-Col. —, and aunt of the present Viscount Doneraile; at *Florence*, Feb. 1.

Allen, Mr. Joseph, aged 70, Historical and Portrait Painter; at *Erdington, Warwickshire*, Nov. 19, 1839.

Allmar, Eleanor Martha Anne, aged 6 months, daughter of Mr. Thomas —, of Holborn-hill; buried in the *South Metropolitan Cemetery*, Jan. 27.

Bagot, Richard, aged 19, son of the Lord Bishop of Oxford, and Lady Harriot —; after a protracted illness, at the house of the Rev. George Coles; Oxford, Dec. 7, 1839.

Baker, Capt. W. May, 32d Regt. Madras, *N. I.*, aged 38, third son of Sir Robert —, of Montagu-place, Russell Square, of cholera; near *Bangalore, E. I.*, Nov. 30, 1839.

Bertie, Charlotte, aged 13, eld. d. of the Hon. and Rev. F. —, Rector of Allbury; at *Oxford*, Dec. 19, 1839.

Blane, Selina, wife of William —, Esq., of of Dominica, and niece of the Right Hon. Sir Wm. Garrow, at *Enfield, Middlesex*, Dec. 28, 1839.

Bonallo, Mr. David, aged 96. Longevity seems peculiar to the family, for his grandfather, his father, and his own age, when taken at an average, have each amounted to 97. His grandfather, when in his 15th yr., happened to cross Magus Muir, on May 3, 1679, when Archbishop Sharp was murdered, and saw the assassins scouring across the heath, after the bloody deed; *lately* at *Balcurvie*.

Brecknell, Lady Catherine Caroline, aged 60, relict of Joseph —, Esq., formerly of the Life Guards. She was the only surviving daughter of William Charles, third Earl of Portmore; was formerly Lady of the Bed-chamber to Queen Charlotte, and was married in 1810; at *Cheltenham, lately*.

Brine, Rear Admiral Augustus, aged 71, eld. son of the late Admiral James —; at his residence, Boldre-hill, near *Lymington*, Jan. 28.

Burman, Thomas James Philip, Esq., aged 59; at his residence, Arden-house, near *Henley-in-Arden*, Jan. 30.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

- Butler, D.D., Right Rev. Samuel, Lord Bishop of Lichfield, aged 66; at Eccleshall Castle, Staffordshire, Dec. 4, 1839.
- Caldwell, Maj. Gen. Sir A., G.C.B.; in Upper Berkeley Street; Dec. 6, 1839.
- Champagné, Gen. Sir Josiah, G.C.H., Col. 17th Regt. Inf., aged 68. After a short illness, in Harley Street; Jan. 31.
- Chinnery, Sir Brodrick, of Flintfield, co. Cork, Bart. He succeeded his father in 1808; married in 1803, Maria Elizabeth, ygst. d. of Geo. Vernon, of Clontarf Castle, Esq., and is succeeded by his only son, the Rev. Sir Nicholas —; at Dublin, Jan. 17.
- Const, Francis, Esq., aged 88, formerly chairman of the Middlesex and Westminster Sessions; at Rickmansworth, Dec. 16, 1839.
- Cory, Robert, jun., aged 65, of Burgh-castle and Great Yarmouth, Norfolk; at Crofton Lodge, Hammersmith, lately.
- Coventry, the Right Hon. Peggy Countess Dow. of; she was the second daughter, and cousin of Sir Abraham Pitches, became the second wife of George, the Seventh Earl, in 1783, and was left his widow in 1813, having had issue the present Earl and a numerous family; at Streatham, lately.
- Currer, John Richardson, Esq., aged 21, a Commoner of Balliol College, Oxford; accidentally drowned in a small skiff, at Sandford, a place on the river about 3 miles from Oxford, Feb. 6.
- Cunningham, Allan, Esq., aged 48, the Australian botanist and traveller; at Sydney, *N.S.W.*, June 27, 1839.
- Doherty, Lady, relict of Sir Patrick —, C.B. and K.C.H., 13th Drags.; at Bath, Dec. 28, 1839.
- Daubuz, Lewis Charles, Esq., aged 85; at his seat, Leyton, Essex, Dec. 15, 1839.
- Douglas, Right Hon. Lady, ygst. sister to the Marquis of Queensberry, at Lockerbie-house, Jan. 26.
- Drake, Lady, the widow of the late Sir Francis Henry Drake; at Cheltenham, Feb. 18.
- Easthope, Anne, wife of John E——, Esq., M.P., at Ember Grove, Ditton Common, Surrey. Feb. 11., buried in the *South Metropolitan Cemetery*.
- Egan, Edward, Esq. aged 67; at his residence, Grove End Road, St. John's Wood, Feb. 11.
- Egerton, Lady Emily, ygst. dau. of the Earl of Wilton, Grosvenor Square, lately.
- Fitzpatrick, Joanna Harriet Maria, aged 19, eld. and beloved dau. of N. F——, Esq., M.D. of the Lodge near Bedford, and grand dau. of Sir William Long, Feb. 16.
- Gilbert, Davies, Esq., V. P. R. S., aged 75; at Eastbourne, Sussex, Dec. 24, 1839.
- Gott, Benjamin, Esq., aged 78; at Armley-house, Leeds, Feb. 14.
- Gough, Walter Richard, Esq., aged 23, of Trinity College, Cambridge, eld. son of Richard G——, Esq., of Kilworth House, Leicestershire, Dec. 26, 1839.
- Guthrie, Elizabeth Arbuthnot, aged 19; eld. and last surviv. dau. of David Charles G——, Esq., 30 Portland Place, Feb. 12.
- Heath, Julia Georgiana, aged 21; eld. dau. of the Rev. R. H——, and neice of the Rt. Hon. Lord Byron, to the inexpressible grief of her parents and family; at Hastings, Feb. 11.
- Harberton, the Rt. Hon. Eather Dow. Viscountess. She was the eld. dau. and co-heir of James Spencer, Esq., was married in 1788, and left a widow in 1833, having had issue the present Viscount and several other children; at Bath, Jan. 3.
- Harewood, the Countess of, at Harewood-house, Yorkshire, Feb. 15.
- Haynes, Mr. William, aged 68, of Doddington Grove; buried in the *South Metropolitan Cemetery*, Feb. 3.
- Hill, Frances Maria, wife of the Hon. and Rev. Richard Noel H——, Rector of Berrington, only son of Lord Berwick. Berrington, Shropshire, Jan. 4.
- Hilton, William, Esq., R. A., aged 58; Keeper of the Royal Academy; at the house of his brother-in-law, Mr. P. de Wint, the able Water colourist, Dec. 30, 1839.
- Holroyd, John, Esq., aged 69; formerly owner of Barcombe-place, Sussex. On the 4th May, 1800, His Majesty, George III., twice narrowly escaped being shot—in the morning in Hyde Park, and in the evening, when at Drury Lane Theatre, the insane Hatfield fired at His Majesty; but the direction of the ball was turned by Mr. Holroyd, who struck the assassin's arm up; for this act deceased was offered a pension, which he refused, and he retained, during the life of His Majesty, much royal patronage.
- Hope, Henry Philip, Esq., of Arklow House; brother of the late Thomas Hope, Esq., of Duchess Street, Portland-place. He spoke seven different languages, and maintained an extensive correspondence with learned men in all parts of Europe. He had formed one of the most perfect collections of diamonds and precious stones that has, perhaps, been ever possessed by a private individual, valued at £150,000. Although possessed of an ample fortune, his habits were most simple and unostentatious; he seemed to regard wealth only as the means of doing good. He has left, it is said, to each of his nephews £30,000 a year; at Bedgbury Park, Kent, the seat of Viscount Beresford, Dec. 5, 1839.
- Knowles, James, Esq., aged 82, of 92, Alfred-place, Bedford Square; buried in the *Highgate Cemetery*, Feb. 6.
- Lambart, the Hon. Richard William, aged 24; late of the Coldstream Guards, son of the late General, Earl of Cavan; at Hythe, Kent, Dec. 26, 1839.
- Leahy, John Thomas, Esq., late Lieu. Col. 21st Fusiliers; at the Club House, Sidney, N. S. W. suddenly, June 23, 1839.
- Leitrim, Maria, Countess of; at Dinsdale Spa Hotel, Durham, lately.
- Longridge, George Henry, Esq., of Gateshead and of Brighton; he has bequeathed £1000 to the London University College, and £1000 to the University College Hospital; at Hastings, lately.
- Maison, Marshal, aged 69, after an illness of ten days; at Paris, Feb. 13.
- Mansfield, William; 3d Earl of Mansfield, K. T., aged 63; at Leamington, Feb. 18.
- Metcalfe, Capt. Studholme, R. A., aged 29, of atrophy; at Hantsborough, E. I., October 14, 1839.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

- Melvil, Robert, Esq., aged 69, Her Majesty's Consul; at Amsterdam, Feb. 7.
- Morley, Miss Barbara, at the advanced age of 93; at her residence, Sheen-vale, Mortlake, Surrey, January 15.
- Morrison, William Hampson, aged 40, Queen's Clerk and Clerk of the Papers of Her Majesty's Mint; at Leamington, Feb. 16.
- Neale, Admiral Sir Harry, Bart. G. C. B.; at Brighton, Feb. 7.
- Newton, Charlotte, only surviv. dau. of Sam. N., Esq., of Croxton Park, Camb.; at Bath, Jan. 12.
- O'Kelly, Lieut. H. M. 4th (or King's Own) regt. of foot; at Bangalore, *E. I.*; *lately*.
- Ogle, Capt. Bertram Newton, 4th Light Drag. 6th son of the Rev. I. S. O., of Kirkley-hall, Northumberland, of Cholera, whilst on his march with the returning troops from Ghiznee; at Shirkapoor, *E. I.*, Nov. 29, 1839.
- Oldham, John, Esq., aged 61, of the Bank of England; at his house in Montague Street, Russell Square, Feb. 14.
- Park, Mrs., aged 59, relict of the celebrated Mungo Park; West Claremont Street, London, Jan. 31.
- Pellew, Frances Ursula, eld. dau. of the Hon. and very Rev. the Dean of Norwich, and dau. of Hen., Visct. Sidmouth; at Hastings, Feb. 17.
- Penny, Benjamin, Esq., of Camberwell-terrace; buried in the *South Metropolitan Cemetery*, Feb. 10.
- Prescott, Charles, Esq., Bombay, C. S. Drowned from on board the Steamer, *Zenobia*, on the passage from Suez, by falling overboard in a fit of temporary insanity, Nov. 8, 1839.
- Rush, Dame Elizabeth Dorothea Cope, wife of Henry R., Esq., and relict of the late Sir Denzil Cope, Bart., of Brainshill, Hants; at Fir-grove, Eversley, Feb. 16.
- Saurin, the Lady Mary, relict of the Rt. Hon. W. S., and sister to the Marquis of Thomond; in Dublin, *lately*.
- Scarman, H. C.—H. M. 39th regt. Foot, of Cholera; at Kurnool, *E. I.*, Oct. 5, 1839.
- Scott, Capt. George, aged 83, late of E. I. C. S. He was one of the heroic band who defended Gibraltar in 1799, and of whom so few now remain; at Berwick, *lately*.
- Sexby, Arthur, aged 2 years, son of Mr. Philip —, of Handson's-terrace; buried in the *South Metropolitan Cemetery*, Jan. 24.
- Shearron, Thomas, Esq., aged 84; also Joseph Shearron, Esq., aged 80; being the last of their race and name. As they lived together united the whole of their lives, and in the same house in which they were born, so in their deaths they were not divided, the one having expired only twenty minutes after the other; at Almondbury, Jan. 7.
- Shedden, Milicent Sophia, ygst. dau. of Col. Shedden, of Efford, Lymington, Hants., of consumption; in Montague Square, Feb. 6.
- Smart, the beloved wife of William S., Esq., of Cairnbank; at Montrose, Scotland, Jan. 22.
- Spencer, Sir Richard, R. N. governor of the New Settlement of King George's Sound; at his residence in that Colony, *lately*.
- Stackpoole, Lieut. Col., late of the 45th regt. aged 56; of Clanville Lodge, near Andover, Jan. 18.
- Stonor, Charles Henry, at his seat, Holmwood, Oxford, Feb. 7.
- Stuart, Georgiana Frances, wife of Sir Simeon H. S., Bart.; at Clifton, Jan. 16.
- Vardy, Sarah, aged two months, dau. of Joshua —, Esq., of Stamford-street, Blackfriars; buried in the *South Metropolitan Cemetery*, Feb. 10.
- Warren, Lady, widow of Admiral, the Rt. Hon. Sir Borlase W., G. C. B. Her Ladyship is succeeded in her extensive estates by her grandson, Lord Vernon; at Stapleford Hall, near Nottingham, Dec. 28, 1839.
- Wheatley, Laura Maria, dau. of Maj. Gen. Sir Henry and Lady W.; at her father's residence in St James's Palace, Feb. 14.
- White, Lieut. Thos., H. M. 39th regt. Foot, killed in action, at the village of Zoraupore, near Kurnool, *E. I.*, Oct. 18, 1839.
- Wilkinson, John, Esq., aged 25, of Mary-street, Hampstead-road; buried in the *Highgate Cemetery*, Jan. 25.
- Winn, Arthur Archibald, aged 21, ygst. surviv. son of the late Hon. George W., M. P. of Warley-Lodge, Essex; Feb. 20.
- Woolley, John, Esq., aged 68, of Buckenham-Lodge, Kent—at Brighton, Feb. 14; buried in the *South Metropolitan Cemetery*.
- Woodhouse, the Hon. Mrs. Edward Thornton —, of a son; at Naples, Feb. 5.
- Wrangmore, Elizabeth Johanna, ygst. dau. of the late Richard W., Esq., of Cape Town; Cape Town, Oct. 21.
- Wyattville, Sir Jeffrey, aged 76, the architect; at his house in Lower Brook Street, Feb. 18.
- Yates, Lieut. *E. I.*, 34th Light Inf. In camp, near Kurnool, of wounds received in action at Zoraupore, *E. I.* the same morning, Oct. 18, 1839.
- Younghusband, the Lady of Capt. A. Y., 35th regt. N. I.; at sea, on board the *Madagascar*, Sep. 12, 1839.
- Young, Edward, Esq., aged 33, eld. son of Dr. Henry Y., of Devonshire-place, deeply lamented by a large circle of relations and friends; at Sydenham, Feb. 2.



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THE COURT AND LADY'S MAGAZINE,

MONTHLY CRITIC AND MUSEUM



A Family Journal

OF ORIGINAL TALES, REVIEWS OF LITERATURE, THE FINE ARTS,
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c., &c.

UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT

THE WALPURGIS NIGHT,

BY ZSCHOKKE.

THE TEMPTER.

BUSINESS carried me towards the end of April to Prague. In spite of the many objects of interest and amusement which that city presented, I could not suppress a constant yearning for home and the quiet little village where my young wife, for seven weeks had been eagerly watching my return. Since our marriage day we never been so long away from each other. My dear Fanny, indeed, let not a week pass without regularly dropping me a few lines, but, teeming as they did with love, passion and anxiety, they were like oil upon fire, and I wished Prague and the sacred Nepomuk four and thirty miles behind me. The man who has not a dear little wife of two and twenty, charming as the goddess of love, with a thousand blooming Cupids, sporting around her,—the man, who, after a five year's probation, is not five hundred times more deeply enamoured of such a being than he was the day before his marriage, can have no idea of the longing which I felt for home.

Suffice it, my business was brought at last to a close, and I thanked Heaven from the bottom of my soul. I said 'good bye' to my few friends and acquaintances, and told the landlord to send me up his bill, as I meant to be off the next day. The morning came, and with it mine host bowing and smiling, but armed with a whacking score against me. Finding that I had not sufficient gold coin wherewith to pay him and expenses on the road, I felt for my pocket-book, where my money was, in order that I might procure change. I searched every pocket, ransacked every corner. It was gone. A precious business; for there were in it more than fourteen hundred dollars in paper—no joke, truly, for a man who possessed only moderate means, to be deprived of such a sum.

I turned every thing in the room upside down—but it was no use—the pocket-book was not forth-coming. "It's always the way," said I to myself, "when a man is making himself particularly happy, the devil's sure to be at his elbow plotting some

mischievous or other. One ought never to build happiness upon any mundane possession, then there would be less chagrin and pain of heart going. How often I have experienced the same thing before!"

The pocket-book was either stolen or lost, for it was positively in my hands the day before; it was my habit to carry it about with me in my surtout breast-pocket. Family letters too were in it. Notwithstanding this conjecture, it struck me that I had felt it the night before while undressing. How was I to possess myself again of my dear and valuable papers? Whoever had them might, whenever he liked, convert them at once into cash. A pleasant notion this, certainly, to occupy my thoughts! and I began to indulge in commendatory expletives, which is not my besetting sin. If man's ancient enemy had still been going about, as he used to do in the good old days, like a roaring lion, I would have even struck a bargain with him on the spot. While my thoughts were running in this channel, my fancy recurred to a curious figure of a man, whom I had seen some eight days before in a billiard room, in a red coat buttoned close up, and whom I had then set down as the prince of darkness disguised in human semblance. A cold shudder ran through my frame; and yet so desperate was I, that I thought, "well for my part, and if he were, he would be perfectly welcome at this moment, so that he only brought me back my pocket-book."

The thought was hardly out, when there was a knocking at my room door. "Holla!" said I, "the tempter surely does not mean to take the joke in earnest?" I ran to the door—the equivocal gentleman, in the red coat, uppermost in my thoughts; indeed I had a firm conviction who it would be. Sure enough—when I opened the door, who did enter, bowing his head with a distant civility, but the tempter himself, of whom I had been thinking. ●

A PORTRAIT.

I must here state, how and where I fell in with this phenomenon—the curious red figure of a man—else will the reader set me down for a dreamer.

One evening I went to a coffee-house or casino, which I was in the habit of frequenting, as I there always found the latest newspapers. At a table were two gentlemen deeply absorbed in a game of chess; and some young men seated near the window were engaged in a brisk conversation about phantoms and the nature of the human soul. A little elderly man, in a bright scarlet surtout was walking up and down the room, with his hands behind his back. I ordered a glass of Danziger-wasser, and sat down to read the papers.

My attention was strongly attracted by the old gentleman in the scarlet coat—and I forgot even the newspapers and the Spanish war. There was a want of cut about his dress, and there was something in his figure, motions and features, disagreeable and repulsive. He was under the middle size—broad shouldered and compactly built, in appearance from fifty to sixty years of age, and he walked like an old man, with head bent forward. His hair was black as jet, and fell away in long glossy masses from his forehead—there was an air any thing but engaging about his face, which was of a dark sallow hue; he had a hawk-shaped nose, and protruding cheek-bones. Whilst every feature was rigid and hard as iron, his full large eyes gleamed with animation, like those of an enthusiastic youth, except that there was neither enthusiasm nor buoyancy of soul to be read in them. A hangman in grain, thought I, as I coned his visage; or a grand inquisitor, robber chief, or gipsy king. There's a man, I am certain, who would fire a town for the mere fun of the thing, and chuckle to see babes sprawling on a spear point. I would not travel alone with him in a forest for a trifle—such a creature could never have smiled during the whole course of his life.

But I was mistaken; he could smile. He was listening to the young men at the window, and he did smile. But, good Heavens, such a smile! It made my blood run cold. The malice of hell seemed to sit in mockery upon every feature, and if he of the red coat, thought I, is not the devil, he is his brother. Involuntarily I looked down towards his feet, in search of the cloven hoof, and, sure enough, there was one of his feet quite human-like and correct, and the other was a club foot encased in a huckin; yet he had not limped, but went gliding along, for all the world as if he were

walking on egg-shells and did not wish to break them. The Spanish war went clean out of my head. I held the paper before me, indeed, but kept peeping over the top of it, that I might make a thorough inspection of his singular figure.

As Red-coat passed the chess-table, one of the players with an air of triumph said to his opponent, who was resting his forehead on his hand with a gloomy and puzzled look, "You are lost beyond redemption!" Red-coat drew up, cast a rapid glance over the board, and said to the speaker—"You are wrong, by the third move, you will be inevitably mated." The speaker replied by a careless laugh; his chap-fallen antagonist shook his head doubtfully and moved—three moves more, and the *soi-disant* victor was, as he had predicted, actually checkmated.

Whilst the chess-players were preparing the board for a new game, one of the young men at the window said to the red coat with some warmth of manner;—"You smile, sir;—our dispute seems to interest you. But your smile tells me, that you and I hold opposite opinions respecting things worldly and sacred. Have you read Schelling?"

"Yes," answered Red-coat.

"What then is the meaning of your smile?"

"Your Schelling is a man of poetical and subtle mind, who takes the plain phantasies of his brain for truths, since no one can confute his vagaries except with unsubstantial figments, which require even greater subtlety to maintain. Philosophers now-a-days, are the same as ever. The blind wrangle about theories of color, and the deaf about the science of pure musical composition. Alexander would fain have thrown a bridge up to the moon that he might conquer it, and philosophers, not content to walk within the sphere of reason, are for stepping beyond its limits into the regions of illimitable space."

So spake Red-coat, and a dozen voices answered him. Turning aside, he instantly took up his round hat and glided out of the room. From that time I never saw him; nevertheless, I had not forgotten his ungainly figure nor his fiendish physiognomy; so strong, indeed, was the recollection of that day that I even feared his hideous aspect would haunt me in my dreams. Now, however, when least expected, he stood before me even in my *own* room.

The red-coated intruder commenced, by saying—

"I hope I don't disturb you? I have the honor of speaking to Mr. Robert ****"

"That is my name," I answered.

"How prove you that?"

"A strange question this, undoubtedly—a police spy, to a moral certainty!" thought I. "A half-torn letter chanced to be lying on the table, and I pointed to the address."

"It's all very well, truly," said he, "only your's is such a common name, we meet with it every where. Favor me with proof. May be I have business with you, and have been directed here."

"Your pardon sir," said I, "I cannot really think of business now—I am on the point of starting on a journey and have a thousand things to look after. You must be mistaken," I continued. "I cannot be the person you want, for I am neither statesman nor merchant."

Thereupon he measured me with a broad stare, exclaiming—

"So!" then he was for awhile silent, having seemingly made up his mind to depart, but he began again: "yet you were engaged in business in Prague? and your brother, is he not on the eve of bankruptcy?"

I must have blushed like fire, for I was convinced, that, with the exception of ourselves, not a soul knew this. Again the mysterious visitant smiled one of his malicious smiles.

"True," I replied, "though you are, sir, again, mistaken, I have a brother—several indeed—but none whose affairs are in a bankrupt state."

"So?" murmured forth the inquisitor.

"Sir," I continued with warmth, for I was far from pleased that there should be any one in Prague acquainted with my brother's real circumstances, and was afraid that old slyboots would see into my game, as he had done into that of the

chess-players in the coffee-room—"you certainly have been directed to the wrong man. I must therefore beg your pardon for cutting this interview short. I have not a moment to lose."

"Excuse me," he tauntingly answered, "and but for one minute. I cannot, indeed, help speaking my mind to you. You seem ill at ease and annoyed about something. Has anything unpleasant occurred? You are a stranger here. I do not, indeed, belong to Prague myself, and am arrived on a visit for the first time these twelve years. But I have great experience of the world. Confide in me. You have the look of an honest man—do you want money?"

He smiled as he uttered this, or, rather, grinned, as though he wished to buy my soul's secret from me. His presence was growing more hateful to me every minute, when by chance my eyes rested upon his club foot, and superstitious dread of him crept over me, so that I had not the slightest desire of entering into a contract with such a doubtful character, and I told him bluntly that I did not want his money, saying at the same time, "since you are so frank and obliging, will you favor me with your name?"

"My name is of very little consequence," he answered; "it has nothing to do with the matter. I am a *Mandevil*. Now, does my name give you more confidence?"

"A Mandevil!" said I, so thoroughly startled that I knew not what to say, or whether to treat the whole as a joke. At this moment there was a knock at the door. The landlord entered with a letter for me, just arrived by the post. I took it from his hands.

"Read your letter first," said Red-coat; "we can converse, further, afterwards. Doubtless the letter is from your amiable Fanny?"

At mention of this I was more confounded than ever.

"Well, do you know now?" continued the stranger with a grin; "do you know now who I am and what it is I wish from you?"

It was on my lips to say, "Sir, it is my firm conviction that you are the arch-fiend and have a hankering after my soul for a breakfast," but I wisely held my tongue.

"Very well," he continued, "you are bound for Eger. Good! my road lies through that village: I start to-morrow. Will you take a place in my carriage?"

Thanking him, I said that I had already engaged post-horses.

He seemed mortified at this intelligence, and said, "There is no getting at you, I see. However, I really must make the acquaintance of your Fanny, and little Leopold and Augustus as I pass. Can you not now divine who I am and what I want? By the powers of darkness, Sir, I am anxious to do you a service; say only the word."

"Well," I at length exclaimed, "if you are a conjuror, my pocket-book is missing. Tell me how I can lay hands on it again."

"Pah! a pocket-book is neither here nor there. Is there nothing else?"

"In that pocket-book there were important papers, worth some fourteen hundred dollars; advise me what I am to do, if it be lost; and what, if stolen?"

"What was it like?"

"Silk cover, bright green, embroidered, with my name inside wrought in flowers. It was the work of my wife."

"Then the wrapper is worth more than the fourteen hundred dollars?"

Again he smiled at me in a frightfully agreeable way, and continued—

"A heavy loss, indeed! What would you give me were I to replace it?"

As he said this, he gave me a shrewd, odd sort of look, as if he wished for answer to start to my lips, "*I would give you my soul!*" But, as I was silent through amazement, he put his hands into his pocket, and drew out my pocket-book.

"There's your treasure; fourteen hundred dollars in all!"

I was wild with joy.

"How came you by this?" I eagerly enquired of him, as I gazed over the contents and found that every thing was really there.

"I picked it up on the bridge over the Moldau yesterday afternoon, about four o'clock."

He was right. Just about the same time I had, indeed, crossed the bridge with the pocket-book in my hand, and had, as I thought, put it into my pocket.

"Probably, you put it aside of your pocket," said Red-coat. "The fact was," he continued, "that I knew not whether it had been lost by some one on foot or on horseback, behind or before me. I waited for an hour on the bridge to see if anybody would come to search for it. But no one came, and I returned to my hotel. I read the letters which it contained, in order to find out who had lost it. There I discovered your name and address, and, in consequence, called upon you. I was here last night, but did not find you."

Bless me, how a man may be misled by the physiognomy, and I could, I exclaimed, almost have hugged Mandevil, the noble restorer of my lost property. I lavished on him five hundred thanks. My joy was now as immoderate as had been previously my affliction, but he turned a deaf ear to all my thanks. I resolved never again to draw physiognomical deductions. He concluded by saying, "commend me to your Fanny, and a pleasant journey to you! We shall soon see each other again!" With these words he left me.

THE RETURN HOME.

BENT now upon instant departure, my servant was descending the staircase before me, when my brother, he on whose account I was then in Prague, met us. This defeated my resolve. To my great joy, I heard from him that his tottering fortunes had undergone a change for the better. Another very heavy loss had been more than six times balanced by a lucky speculation in cotton and coffee, and he had hastened to Prague to communicate the joyful news to me in person. "Now," said he, "I have succeeded in getting my lambs fairly housed, but it has cost me a world of anxiety. Adieu, to business, say I. Better for me to lay out my money at moderate interest, then I run no hazard of being worth a million to-day or a beggar to-morrow branded with the name of swindler and of knave, and I have come to thank you for having stood by me in my troubles like a brother, and, for once and all to break off my connection with my correspondents here."

We went together to several mercantile houses, but in consideration of my anxiety to get home in a few days he advised me to return without waiting for him. Nothing loth to take his advice, I started for my beloved home in a post-chaise and four.

On the road the thought of my singular visitor, Mandevil, was constantly recurring to my mind. I could not banish the recollection of his red coat, club foot, and most ungainly visage. It also occurred to me, that a large tuft of his coal-black hair stood prominently above his forehead. Possibly he had a small horn under it, and if that were the case, he was Beelzebub from top to toe. True, he had brought me back my pocket-book, and in that respect no man could have acted more honorably. He had read Fanny's letters and the instructions given me by my brother, so that, in fact, there was nothing wonderful in his being acquainted with my secrets. But then that face of his—no! nature never writes in such vague external characters! suffice it, had I ever believed in the existence of a Mephistopheles, I should not now have entertained a moment's doubt upon the subject.

I followed up this train of thought, and, freely confess, that I surrendered myself to the play of my imagination. Time was thus kept from hanging heavily. First, I took it into my mind for granted, that my honest Mandevil would turn out to be the genuine—, and his *honesty* a device to snatch my unhappy soul from heaven. Now, supposing that were so? What lure could he hold out to me? Money? I never was avaricious. A throne? Ay, that indeed, I would have had no objection to possess for a week or so, just to give peace to the world; but then, like a second Cincinnatus, I would leave it to return to the domestic enjoyments of my humble roof. Lovely women! A harem full of enchanting Helens, Armidas and Amandas?

The Walpurgis Night,

No! I thought only of Fanny, and the fairest Circassians became indifferent to me, and I would not have given one straw to have been even Doctor Faustus himself. And why? I was happy! Happy—yet not entirely so, and just because I was so happy. I had some little qualms about old friend Death, who with one sweep of his inexorable scythe, might cut down my Fanny, my two boys, my own self, and then behind this there was the great question, whether and how we were to meet again in Paradise? I would fain have got a glimpse into futurity, to clear my doubts. Yet, granted, that my diabolic friend had yielded to my wish and allowed me a peep through a chink in at Heaven's gate, what else would a subject of Adramelech have had it in his power to shew me but his own seething hell? Thus were these fooleries taking possession of my imagination. Two days and two nights' journey was Prague distant from our village. On the evening of the second day it was getting dark; in vain I raved, in vain I urged even the post boys with promises of money. It grew later and later, the shades of night thickened, and I became more anxious every inch of the road. Nearly three months had elapsed since I had seen Fanny, or my children, who were blooming beside their young mother, like two rose buds by an opening rose. I trembled with very rapture when I thought, that that night my wife, the most amiable of her sex, would be within my arms. It is true, that before I knew Fanny, I had been in love. There was once a certain Julia whom I called my own, but who was severed from me by parental pride and given in marriage to a Polish nobleman. With both of us it was our first passion—a passion bordering on mutual idolatry and madness. When we parted, we interchanged vows of eternal constancy, and tears and kisses had sealed our compact. But we all know how these things often end. She became Baroness Drostow, and I saw Fanny. My love for Fanny was something purer, more matured. Julia had erewhile been the goddess of my fancy, but Fanny was the idol of my heart.

The town clock was booming the first hour of morning, as we rattled through the sleeping streets. I alighted at the inn, into which I sent my servant with my portmanteau, whilst I myself walked on to the extremity of the town, where, shaded by lofty chesnut trees, stood my own dear home with its windows shimmering. I could see them in the distance—in the silent moonlight.

AN UNWELCOME GUEST.

EVERY object was locked in sleep! Oh, Fanny, Fanny, hadst thou been awake, what a world of anguish and terror would have been spared me! They slept—my wife, my children, my servants,—not a gleam of artificial light anywhere! I wandered round and round the house—every door was fast, I could not think of disturbing the household. Better, thought I, the rapture of a meeting in the morning, when the senses are refreshed by sleep, than at the feverish hour of midnight. By good fortune I found the green house open. I entered! There, upon a table, stood my Fanny's work basket, and, scattered upon the ground and seats around, I saw by the moonlight, horses, drums and whips, the playthings of my children. In all likelihood here they had spent the afternoon, and I felt in the midst of these toys almost as happy as though my dear ones surrounded me. I threw myself upon a couch, and resolved to pass the night where I was. It was a fine mild night, and the fragrance of the blossoming trees and flower-beds sent a delicious atmosphere into the room.

Any couch is soft to the man who has not slept for forty hours, and, wearied as I was, I soon dropped asleep. Scarcely had I closed my eyes, before I was awakened by the creaking of the green-house door. I raised myself upon the couch, very strongly surmising it must be a thief—but, picture my surprise, at beholding my friend Red-coat!

"Whence come you?" I enquired.

"From Prague," he answered, "whither I return in half an hour—I wished to see you, and your Fanny, however, in passing, as I promised. I learned from your servant that you had just arrived, and expected to find your whole house in a bustle, surely you will not pass the night in this damp cold place; if you do, you will catch your death.

A German Legend.

I went out with him into the garden, shaking in every limb, such a fright had his unaccountable appearance given me. I tried to laugh away my superstitious fears, but in spite of all my endeavours I could not remove them from my mind. Man is merely man still. The rigid features of my Prague friend in the fitful moon-shine looked more ghastly than ever, and his eyes of more piercing brilliancy than usual.

"You have frightened me, as much as a ghost would," said I. "I tremble from head to foot. How thought you of ever looking for me in the green house? One would say you were omniscient."

A malicious grin shot across his face, as he again said. "Do you know me now and what it is I wish from you?"

"Sooth to say, I know you no better now than I did in Prague. But I'll tell you, by way of joke, what you looked to me like. You'll not take it amiss? I thought, that if you were not a goblin king, you might very possibly be Lucifer himself."

He grinned again and answered, "Well, admitting for the joke's sake, that I were the latter, would you make common cause with me?"

"You need" I said, "make me a tempting offer, before I closed a bargain. For in simple sooth, good master devil, if I may call you so in joke—I am now quite happy."

"Oh, ho! I would neither offer you nor give you one stiver. That was all very well in days of yore, when fools believed in a devil and accordingly, kept out of his way, then there was nothing but to offer terms. But now a-days, when nobody believes in his earthly existence, and pure reason is all the order of the day, the sons of men are to be had dog cheap."

"I hope I am an exception, although I do look upon Beelzebub incarnate as a piece of fiction. More virtue springs from one ounce of reason than from a whole pound of diabolic faith."

"Exactly so. In your proud security, you mortals suffer me to speak in the character you have assigned me; your proud security sends more recruits to hell than a legion of crimps in Satan's uniform. Since you have begun to regard Eternity as a problem, and Hell as an oriental fable; since honesty and stupidity have been pronounced to be virtues of the same calibre; since sensuality has got the name of an amiable weakness, and selfish ambition, magnanimity; since active philanthropy has been proclaimed a folly, and a small carping sarcasm been revered as a knowledge of mankind, the potentates of the *Low Countries* have ceased to give themselves any trouble to catch you. You come of yourselves; you have reason on your lips, the might of a hundred passions in your hearts. Give the godliest among you an opportunity, and he sinks nerveless into the slough of sin."

"Spoken in the true diabolic vein," said I.

"Of course," answered the red gentleman and grinned again. "But I speak the truth, because you people have ceased to believe it. So long as mankind had a reverence for what was true, Satan, of necessity, was the father of lies. Things are now exactly reversed. We poor devils are the antipodes of mankind."

"So far, then, as this goes, you are not mine; for I agree with you, my philosophic devil."

"Good! then you will soon obey me. Let a man give me but a single hair, his whole head is mine. And—but the air bites bitterly; my horses are put to, and I must be off: therefore, farewell."

He walked on and I accompanied him to the inn, where, sure enough, his carriage was waiting for him, ready to start.

"You'll go in with me, he said, "and join me in a glass of punch which I had ordered before I went out."

I accepted the invitation; heartily glad to find myself fairly ensconced in a warm room.

THE TEMPTATION.

The punch was on the table when my mysterious companion ushered me into the room. There, a tall, haggard old man was pacing gloomily and dejectedly to and fro. The chairs were littered with travelling bags; and, among other things, I observed a lady's shawl, bonnet and gloves.

While we were drinking, the stranger said to the waiter, who entered to remove

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the travelling bags, "Tell my wife, when she comes, that I have gone to bed. We start at daybreak."

My companion and myself fell into pleasant chat over the jug of punch, the contents of which we soon emptied. The spirituous essence revived me, sending a fiery glow through my veins. Red-coat, content with what he had done, now hurried off to the carriage, and, as I assisted him in, said, "We shall meet again."

The carriage rolled quickly away, and all was soon silent.

Upon my return to the room, a lady was there in the act of lifting the shawl, bonnet and gloves. Disturbed at my presence, she turned round, and my senses well nigh forsook me. It was none other than Julia, my first love, proceeding, as she afterwards informed me, to Italy, upon a tour of pleasure. The lovely Julia was not less agitated than myself.

"For God's sake, Robert," she exclaimed, "speak, is it you?"

"Julia!" I muttered, and all the raptures of my first love awoke again in this moment of surprise. I meant to have approached her respectfully. Her eyes were full of tears—her arms extended. I fell weeping on her bosom. When I came to myself, I remarked that she was partially undressed.

"This is not my room," she said, throwing the shawl round her shoulders. "Come Robert, we have much to say to one another"

She left the room, and I followed her to her chamber.

"Here we may speak freely," she said, and we sat down together on the sofa. How soon was our story told! Again I lived in the feverish excitement of my old passion, which I had thought was long ago extinguished. Julia, who was not happy with her lord, hung with her former fondness on my neck. She was no longer the youthful girl but mature in every beauty. The flames of passion exhaled from soul to soul in burning kisses. There was in Julia's words, appearance and manner, a magic influence which it is wholly impossible to describe. Every thought that ever had utterance between us now rose up in bright colours before me: our first introduction at the ball on her sister's bridal day—the feelings which then agitated us; our next meeting in the duke's palace garden; then the journey by water with our parents, and the hour when in the Elysium of Worlitz we had confessed our love and plighted our troth. But enough of this. For us there was no past, no future. We had altogether forgotten that we belonged not to each other. Alas! how frail a thing is man!

Suddenly the door flew open, and the tall haggard man entered, exclaiming, "Who have you got with you at this hour—Julia?"

We started up in affright. The baron—for it was her lord—stood for some moments speechless, and pale as a corpse. Then, advancing to Julia, he seized her by her long chestnut ringlets, and, twisting them round his hand, dashed her to the ground, and dragged her up and down the room, exclaiming, "Traitor! abandoned wretch!"

I sprang to her assistance, but a blow from his powerful arm sent me backwards on the earth. Whilst I was endeavouring to regain my footing, he released his unhappy wife, and rushed towards me swearing he would strangle me. In despair I caught up a knife from the table, and threatened to stab him if he approached. The madman, nevertheless, threw himself upon me, and, with the greatest violence, grasped my throat between his hands. I felt a faintness coming over me, and, in despair, struck about me wildly with the knife, dealing repeated blows at him. Suddenly, the blade was buried in his heart, and the unhappy man fell dead at my feet!

Julia lay sobbing on the ground; her murdered husband was beside her. I stood riveted like a statue to the spot. "Alas!" I thought, "would that this were, but a dream, and that I was but now awake on the couch in my greenhouse." I heaped curses on that Red-coat—curses on the pocket-book! "My poor children! my poor wife!" I exclaimed. "With my foot on the very threshold of domestic paradise, I am hurled back into a state of torture which I could not even have imagined. I am a murderer!"

A German Legend.

The noise in the chamber had awakened the people of the house. I heard the sound of voices and of persons running to and fro. Nothing remained for me but to flee ere I was discovered, and I caught up the burning torch to light my footsteps from the house.

HORRORS ON HORROR'S HEAD.

As I descended the staircase of this ill-fated abode, it occurred to me to hasten first to my home, arouse my wife, my children, and press them once more to my heart, ere I rushed forth abroad into the world, a second Cain, to escape from the hands of justice. This resolution was scarcely taken, when my eyes fell upon my dress, which was bedaubed with the baron's life-blood. I trembled from head to foot, lest I should be seen. The house-door towards the street was locked, and, as I hurried back to make my escape through the court behind, I heard footsteps descending the staircase and voices shouting. I ran across the court towards the barn. I knew there was an outlet from it into the garden and the fields beyond the village. My pursuers gained momentarily upon me, and I had scarcely reached the barn before I felt myself grasped by the coat. With a wrench of fiendish torture, I tore myself free, and hurled my blazing torch into the bundles of straw that lay piled high around me. In a moment there rose up a startling volume of flame. During the alarm which would be thus excited, a chance of escape arose in my mind. In this I was not deceived. My pursuers slackened their pursuit, in order to put out the flames, and I gained the open country. Dashing wildly forward, I bounded alike over hedge and ditch. My Fanny, my Augustus, my Leopold—to see them once more—it was no longer thought of. The instinct of self-preservation over-mastered every other feeling, yet when I called to mind my return home that night—my anticipations of the coming morning—I was more than disposed to regard what had passed as anything but real. But my blood-stained, clammy garments—the morning air—convinced me but too surely of its reality. I continued my course with breathless speed, until my strength failed me. If I had had any instrument of death about me, or had there been a river near, certain am I that I should have put an end to my existence. Breathless—my strength spent in every muscle—I continued my flight with trembling knees and feeble strides, forced every now and then to stand still to regain my breath. With difficulty I kept myself from sinking to the earth. Thus was I when I gained the nearest hamlet. As I stood before it, pondering whether to pass by the outskirts, or march boldly through—as the moon was still shining, though the day had not begun to break—the village bell sent forth its peals. In a moment of time the sound of bells rung on my ear from every village round about. It was the alarm peal; every tone struck to my heart. I looked round. O God! behind me was a broad dim glow, a huge column of flame, that shot up against the clouds and hung suspended above my home. The whole village was in flames! I—I was the incendiary. Oh, my Fanny! oh, my children! what a fearful waking from your calm morning slumbers has your father prepared for you!

Then I felt as if something had caught me by the hair and was lifting me from the ground—my feet as light as a feather. I ran with frantic speed round the village, proceeding towards a forest of pines that lay beyond. The flames of my home made the sky bright as day, and the howling of the alarm bells booming upon the breeze, rung like the cries of very fiends within my ears.

When I had gained the dense gloom of the forest, and had so far penetrated into its deep recesses that I saw no longer the ruddy light of the conflagration, in which my shadow had hitherto flitted before me, I could support myself no longer, but sank on the earth, abandoning myself to an agony of grief. I beat my head passionately against the ground, and convulsively tore up the grass and roots with my hands. Death would have been a relief to my tortures. False to the wife of my bosom—murderer—incendiary—all this in one brief hour! Red-coat was, indeed, right: there is not a man pure in heart, but he who has not the opportunity to sin. Give the devil but a hair, your whole head is his. What chance led Satan to my

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undoing in the greenhouse! Had I not shared his punch, I should have seen Julia without forgetting Fanny: had I done this, the baron would not have been killed; I should not have fired my home, I should not now be here prostrate in despair, a terror to myself—a curse to mankind. Meanwhile, the alarm bells pealed incessantly, and scared me to my feet again. I was glad that there was time yet before the break of day, and again I indulged the hope that I might retreat to a great distance, without being recognised. Again a paroxysm of sorrow came over me, and I sank to the earth in tears, as I remembered that this was the first of May, my Fanny's birth-day. In former years, how happily, alas! had we passed that day, amid a circle of smiling friends. To-day; what a day! What a night! It then flashed across my brain that it was WALPURGIS NIGHT! Strange! The old superstition chronicled this night, as evermore, a night of terror, in which wicked spirits break from their prison-house and the fiend holds a levee of his witches on the summit of the Blocksberg! I could almost have sworn to the truth of the wildest absurdities regarding this night that had ever been penned. The accursed Red-coat and all his mysterious sayings started up more vividly than ever before me. Why should I deny it? I would have now given my soul that he were really what I had, in jest, called him in the greenhouse—that even he might save me, and erase out all remembrance of the past; that he might restore to me my wife, my children, in some corner of the earth, where we might live free from mortal care.

Still louder and louder rose the peal of the alarm bells. I marked on the horizon the grey streaks of coming morning. I sprang up from the ground, and continued my flight through the thicket till I reached the high road.

CAIN.

Again on the high road, I once more breathed freely; all that had passed was so horrible—so sudden, I could scarcely think it real. I looked around; through the dark pine trees there still glowed the ruddy reflection of the conflagration. I passed my hands over my garments, and dabbled my fingers with the baron's blood. That alone, would betray me to the first person that met me! I thought of this, and hastily tore my clotted garments from off me, hid them amid some furze, and then washed off the spots from my hands, with the dew on the grass. In this state, with my torn clothes, I ran wildly along the high road.

"What art thou now?" said I to myself, "whoever sees you is certain to pursue you. No one but a madman, or a murderer, would run through the roads in such a state; or, if accosted, I must protest that I had been robbed; and should a poor peasant meet me, whom I could overpower, I would have his frock from him, and that would for a while serve me for a disguise. During the day I could conceal myself in the covert of the woods, and during the night continue my flight: but where get food? where money? On a sudden it struck me, that my pocket book was in the coat which I had thrown from me, and that I had left myself without a single stiver. Irresolute how to act, I stood stock-still; for a moment, I thought of turning back and searching for my pocket book. But, the blood of the baron! I could not have looked upon it again, though it had been to procure for me millions—and to return, to have the fitful gleams of the distant fire between the pine trees constantly before me, no! sooner witness the gaping flames of hell! so I wandered on.

The rattle of a carriage caught my ear—perhaps it was a fire engine and peasants hastening to give assistance, I dashed again into the thicket, where I could yet have a peep at the road. I trembled like an aspen leaf; the sounds I had heard were caused by a handsome open carriage drawn by two horses, packed with trunks, and passing leisurely along. There was only a man in it, and he was driving. Gradually, as he approached, he slackened his pace, and at last he pulled up before the very place where I was. Having dismounted, he walked round the carriage, and carefully examining it on every side crossed the road and disappeared in the thicket.

"You would be safe, if you were in that carriage?" I inwardly exclaimed! "your wearied limbs cannot carry you further—clothes, money, speedy flight, all these, these are now within your grasp; it is the interposition of Heaven to serve you, avail yourself of the opportunity, the carriage is empty,—one leap and you are in it!"

A German Legend.

The deed was done as quick as thought, for there was not a moment to be lost in hesitation. The thought of every man is nighest his own bosom—let him save himself who can. Necessity and despair have no law. In a moment I had passed from out of the thicket upon the road, from the road into the carriage, I seized the reins, and turned the horses round, away from my burning home. At that moment the proprietor sprang forth from the wood, and, just as the horses had felt the whip, he caught them by the bit. Flashed the horses violently, a desperate effort must needs be made. The horses reared, and, springing forward, their owner fell under their feet, whilst crying for help, I drove over him; his voice pierced my soul. It was a well known voice, a voice dear to me, I could scarcely trust my ears. I pulled up, and leaning aside, gazed upon the unhappy man. I saw him, indeed, and my very heart shuddered at the thought,—there I beheld my own brother, who having, unexpectedly, brought his business in Prague to an early termination, or from some other cause was now on his return home.

I turned aside my eyes, as if struck with lightning; I was paralysed in every nerve, rooted to my seat; my victim lay moaning beneath me: I had not intended, I had not even thought of doing such an act as this. I crept carefully from the carriage, and sank down beside my brother. The wheel had passed over his breast; with a voice choked with anguish I called him by name. He, alas! was dead, and I the wretch, who had robbed him of a life dear to me as my own. Horror of horrors, two murders in one night! both it is true, involuntary, both committed in desperation, but, still they *were* committed, and they were the consequence of the first crime, which I ought to have avoided.

My eyes were filled with tears. They were not tears of sorrow for my dear brother who lay dead beside me, but tears of angry passion against my destiny—against Heaven: never till this day had I polluted myself with such an odious crime but was full of sympathy for everything that was beautiful, good, great, and true. There was, indeed, no pleasure in my eyes equal to that of making others happy. And now, one fatal, thoughtless moment of passion and self-forgetfulness, and the malicious sport of chance or necessity had made me the most wretched, the most forlorn of human beings under the canopy of heaven. Let not then any man boast himself of his virtues, his power, his self command! One short minute, during which a mortal lays his better principles a little aside, is all that is required—but one short minute, and, he who is pure as an angel, becomes capable of any atrocity. Well if events be more happily ordered for him, and that no brother lie in his way for him to drive over to his own eternal misery.

But a truce to moralizing! He that has not, by this time, drawn the moral for himself, can never receive it from another, and I will hasten onwards to the conclusion of my unhappy story, which is yet fuller of horrors than aught which the fancy of poets could have framed.

REPENTANCE.

With intermingled anguish and fondness I kissed the pale forehead of my brother. At that moment I heard voices in the wood, I sprang to my feet in terror lest I should be caught over the corpse of him so dear to me, whom, as a stranger I would nevertheless in the first instance have robbed, and did actually kill! Almost unconsciously I was soon in the heart of the thicket, having abandoned the corpse, together with horses and carriage, to their fate. The all-powerful instinct of self-preservation was the only feeling awake within me; every other was dead. I rushed madly through bush and briar; where the underwood was thickest, there deep despair carried me. "Whoever finds thee," I kept muttering to myself, "will kill thee, Cain! fratricide!"

I sunk exhausted upon a rock in the centre of the wood. The sun had arisen without my having perceived it. A new life breathed throughout nature. The dreadful Walpurgis night was past with my deep crimes; but its children were sporting like fiends about my path. I mentally saw my weeping Fanny, with her orphan babes—I saw also my brother's disconsolate family. I beheld a court with judges assembled to pass sentence upon me—the train of the executioner, the scaffold;

my existence was a burden to me—had I allowed myself to be strangled by the baron, I should have deserved my fate ; I had been a traitor to my Fanny, and to my plighted faith sworn to her ten thousand times—had I even gone back, when the village was in flames, I might have once again embraced my wife and babes, and, tearing myself away, have rushed into the flames ; so that I might, at least, have been free from the crime of fratricide. My existence was a burthen to me, because I was afraid of committing new crimes, for such, apparently, was inevitably my fate, at every step I took, such terrible impress had the night's events wrought upon my mind, that I believed the guilty soul increased the number of his crimes with every breath he drew. I thought of committing suicide—but even for that, there was left to me too little energy. I, therefore, made up my mind to surrender myself to the hands of justice, there, under its just sentence, to expiate my crimes : and under even those dreadful circumstances, I perchance might press my Fanny, my Augustus, my Leopold to my bosom, and supplicating their forgiveness, pass lamented into eternity. There were many domestic arrangements which I might be yet capable of making, many counsels and directions which I might give my Fanny,

This thought procured me, at length, some contentment ; I grew more tranquil, I had as it were surrendered my life, and the furies of conscience, now that they had what they wished, ceased to war within my bosom. I arose and walked on,—but I knew not whither ; in my agitation and anguish of mind, I had even forgotten from what quarter I had been flying. Around me was the thick and gloomy forest. I strained my eyes to catch the last gleams of the conflagration that were to guide my steps towards my judges, yet the road mattered not. Each step of every road was sure enough, in the end, to carry me to them.

After I had walked on for some time, the darkness of the wood became diminished, and I found myself upon a rugged forest track, into which I struck, indifferent whither it might lead me.

THE TEMPTER.

The neighing of horses close before me was the first sound which startled me. A fit of terror again seized me, and the love of life awoke anew : again I felt an impulse to retreat into the forest brake. It is true, I said, thou hast transgressed ; thou art a criminal of fearful dye, yet mayest thou still be happy, if thou canst but this once escape. For thou never wast a villain at heart, even admitting that thou wast most unsteady in principle. There was I cogitating, thus forgetful of all my resolutions, and, already, in thought, in that solitude, where, unknown to the world and under a strange name, I might live happy with my wife and children. While, however, this was passing in my mind, never once had I changed my course, but, continued advancing. At a turn of the road, I stumbled upon a carriage upset, from the wheel having been broken, and to my horror or delight—I knew not which feeling predominated, the well known man in the red coat was standing beside it.

When he saw me, he grinned at me in his wonted fashion and said, "Ha ! you are welcome. Did I not say we should meet again ? I have been waiting here the whole night. My postillion went back to town for assistance, and has not yet returned."

"His help is more needed there than here," I said. "The town is all in flames !"

"So I suspected, from the redness on the sky. But what makes you," he asked, "loiter in the wood ? What seek you here ? Why are you not helping to quench the flames ?"

"I have other fires to quench than those of blazing wood."

"I guessed as much," he said. "Did I not tell you so ?"

"Save me. I am a vile criminal, a faithless husband, a murderer, and an incendiary, robber, fratricide, each of these since the moment you left me, and within three hours. Yet I swear to you I am not a wicked man."

Red-coat, when I said this, stamped with his club-foot upon the ground, as if he were bursting with inward displeasure. But his features remained rigid as iron ; neither did he give me a reply. I then recounted to him the unexampled mishaps of the past night ; still he contracted not one single muscle of his face.

"Do you know me now and what it is I wish from you ?" he at length exclaimed.

"My soul, my soul!" I cried; "for now I begin to believe that you are he indeed, for whom in Prague I set you down in joke."

"And that was?"—

"Satan!"

"Then fall down and worship me," he commanded, with terrible voice.

I fell even upon my knees before him, like a madman, and, raising my folded hands, exclaimed: "Save me! save my wife and children from destruction! They are innocent. Transport us to some desert wild, where we would be content with bread and water for food, and a cave to shelter us. We should be happy there as in Paradise. But wash from my memory only the dread recollection of the Walpurgis Night, or even Paradise itself would be a hell; and, if thou canst not, then 'twere better for me to expiate my guilt upon the scaffold."

As I said this, he raised his club-foot and contemptuously thrust it with such force at me that I fell backwards to the ground. I sprang upon my feet; again I would have renewed my supplications, but he interrupted me, saying, "This is the man of piety and refined feeling! This is the proud mortal that plumed himself upon his reason! This is the philosopher who scoffs at the existence of the devil, and makes eternity the theme of his learned doubts! He—that very man—now crowns his wickedness by worshipping the fiend!"

"By this, Satan! I recognise thee," I wildly exclaimed,—"by this, that gentle pity, which, evermore, inhabits the warm heart of man, has no place within thy iron breast. I wish not pity from thee, whose heart knows no other feeling but malignant scorn. I, buy thy favour—buy it with my soul! Still may it better its case; it may even yet find the way to repentance and to grace; still might it be able to escape thy clutch, even when thou deem'st it most securely thine."

With grave demeanour he answered me, "No, sir, I am not the fiend you take me for; I am a man as you are. You were a criminal; now you have become a madman. But he who has bidden adieu to his better faith, is not long of being quit of his reason as well. I despise you: and, though I could have aided you, in very sooth, I would not. I do not ask your soul. It is ripe for hell, without Satan offering the smallest drachma for its purchase."

HOPE.

At these terrible words I stood awhile in a maze of bewilderment, full of shame and rage, of remorse and resolution, and ready to fall into any snare that might save me for the moment.

"If you are not he I take you for," at length, I said, "would you were. Save me, or I am lost! Save me, for you alone are blameable for my terrible condition."

"'Tis ever thus with man," he said, grinning. "He is, in his own mind, pure as snow, though steeped even in brother's blood to the very lips."

Enraged beyond all quiet endurance, "You, sir—you," I exclaimed, "were the cause of the innumerable horrors of this Walpurgis Night. Why came you last night to my greenhouse, where, peacefully and void of offence, I was sleeping, waiting the breaking of the morning light? Had you not disturbed me, none of these dreadful calamities would have happened."

"But did I waken you to play the wanton and the incendiary? Thus is it with man! Though he had murdered thousands in cold blood, he would seek to gloss over the guilt, and put it upon the shoulders of the mountaineer who dug the iron from the dark bowels of the earth. Sir, the very breath you breathe is the cause of your crime, because you could not have committed it without breath. But without breath, you must remember, you would have had no life."

"Why, then, did you play the part of a demon beside me in the garden, and say, in so significant a manner, that he who lends Satan but a hair, that man's head is sure to be drawn after him by it as by a thread?"

"This is well now. And was there falsehood in that? What more terrible witness of the truth of what I have advanced than yourself? Did I ask you for that hair? or have you offered it to me? But, sir, when you saw Julia, your first
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love, you should then have called to mind your own Fanny. You had too much reliance on your own virtue, or, rather, you thought not of virtue at all. Religion and virtue would have told you, "flee home to the greenhouse." Sir, a man must never rely on his own heart in the hour of temptation. The first light thought to which he allows free scope is that hair you wot of in the devil's clutch.'

"You are right. But could I foresee that?"

"Unquestionably you could."

"Impossible. Only think of the fearful concatenation of circumstances."

"You should have thought of consequences at the first step. Could you not have thought of the coming of the baron, when you held his wife in your embrace? or of the conflagration, when you flung the light into the straw? or of your brother's murder when you urged the horses against their owner's breast? for, he, or another—'twas all the same—every man is your brother."

"May be. But do not cast me into deeper despair. You must, at least, grant that the first slip might have happened without all the other horrors necessarily following, if there had not been a concurrence of the most fearful incidents which destiny did ever throw together."

"Who will agree with you in that? What was there fearful in the baron simply coming to look for his wife? What fearful in there being straw in the barn, as there is in all barns? What awful in your meeting your brother peacefully returning to his home? No, sir, what you call a concatenation of dreadful circumstances, had you remained in the path of rectitude would have been a source of rejoicing to you. The world is good; it is man's disposition that turns it into a hell. It was man who first fashioned the dagger, and brewed the deadly poison; but for him the same materials would have been wrought into peaceful ploughshares, or medicinal and sanative drugs. Think not to justify yourself!"

As he said this, a cry of anguish burst from me, for the horror of my condition spread itself out fully before me. "Oh!" I exclaimed, "up to this night I have been guiltless—a good father, a faithful husband, without reproach: now, I am without peace, dishonoured, without consolation!"

No! sir, even here I must gainsay you. It is not to-night alone that you have become what you are; you have long been so. No man changes in an hour from an angel to a fiend, unless he have within him already all the tendencies to become one. You wanted but the opportunity, or the latent seeds of crime would have developed themselves before now. You only wanted Julia and solitude. The fire slumbers within the flint and the steel, although we see it not:—strike them together, it starts forth at once. A chance spark falls into the powder magazine, and half a town, with all its happiness, is hurled into irretrievable ruin. Let no one extol to me the pious crowd, that, in the pride of innocence, attends the poor sinner to the gallows! That many of those witnessing that awful scene are not suspended there is purely from the want of the opportunity to commit the same dread crime."

"I will," I answered, "try and console myself with that thought. And, if you are right, the whole world is not a whit better than either of us, as far as that goes."

"No, sir," he angrily said, "you are wrong again. I grant you *half* the world, but not the *whole*. For all I have said, I believe that there is a reward for virtue; and I further believe in the existence of a soul, which you, with all your pretended superiority, secretly doubted; and it is just with you as with one-half of the world, especially now-a-days, when the leading features of man's character are false faith, selfishness, and dastardly ambition which sticks at nothing to gain its object. See, then, how you stand condemned."

"You may be right," I answered, "but I am neither better nor worse than other men of my time."

"What you are," he replied, "that the world appears to you to be. We never see the external world pictured in our own selves, but ourselves in the external world. Every thing is but a mirror."

"For God's sake, sir," I exclaimed, in a frenzy of despair, "save me, for the time is running by. Granted, that I may be a bad man, but might I not become better?"

"Unquestionably," he said. The pressure of necessity brings power to meet it."

"Save me ! save my wife and my children !" I cried in frantic wildness. I can, I will become better, for I see with horror of how great a measure of guilt I was capable ; foul guilt, indeed, of which I would never have deemed myself capable."

"It may be. But you are full of weakness, and such weakness is the mother of the vilest actions. I will save you, if you cannot save yourself. Do you know me now and what it is I wish from you ?"

"You are an angel, assuredly—my guardian spirit."

"It was not idly that I appeared to you in the garden before the perpetration of these horrors. I warned you. But, courage ! He that holds fast by faith need fear nothing."

DELIVERANCE.

Whilst Red-coat was speaking these words of comfort to me, it seemed as though his fiery-coloured garment were enveloped in a bright flame, and as if also green fire were shooting up around us from the earth, but it was occasioned only by the trees. The colours of the sun, passing between and amongst them, flickered, confusedly, in strange fashion before my eyes. At last every thing was darkness to me, and, swooning, a sense of consciousness departed entirely from me : something had befallen me.

At length my senses seemed to be—though sluggishly—regaining their influence over me ; and a far-away sound was heard within my ears, and glimpses of light, shooting and dancing before my eyes bewildered my mind beyond measure. With the speed of thought, the noise and light grew at length more distinct. I mused upon the state I was in : nevertheless, I could not make out what had happened to me. Either it was a swoon from which I was recovering, or madness, or death. My senses seemed to be severing from the nervous system—the spirit from the senses. What, I inwardly pondered, can yet remain behind. A wide range of fantastic and doubtful thoughts flashed in an instant through my brain. I made one strenuous effort and burst open my eyes. Above me hovered, as if mantled in clouds, the old man—smiling upon me with a sad smile of extreme earnestness. I could no longer trace hard iron-lineaments in his face, but beheld a mild and gentle spirit beaming from his radiant looks. The splendor of the scene dazzled me, and soon again I slowly and gladly closed my eyes and passed my senses away in dreamy slumber. I was now wholly unable to move a limb. "What has come over me, or what is yet to come ?" thought I ; for it seemed to my mental vision that I heard the din of cities and villages passing before me ; then the roaring of tempest-shaken forests ; then the rushing of many waters, and the roar of billows dashing angrily against the rocks ; then as quickly was the whole scene changed, and I heard the gentle tinkling of bells, and the distant melody of simple shepherd song.

"What is this ? where am I ?" again thought led me to ponder, and over me the form of the old man still hung, his eyes anxiously bent upon me.

"I will save thee," at length he said, in a tone of infinite sweetness. "Be no longer afraid. Thou hast seen thy life and thy death. Weakling, become man ! I will not save thee twice."

With that the glancing lights again came before my eyes, and it seemed to me as if I lay in a rocky cavern, into which the light crept faintly through a narrow crevice. But the old man continued stooping over me. Then he said, "Now thou art saved and I bid thee adieu. I have fulfilled thy desires."

"But," I said, "give me my Fanny, my children, in this wilderness !"

The old man answered, "They are already with thee."

"And, if thou can'st, wash out the memory of my guilt—aye, and for ever !"

The old man replied, "I will ; it shall trouble thee no more."

Whilst he uttered this, something like a vapour passed across me, and, in utter unconsciousness of all that had passed, I gazed at the grey rocks above. Now I felt inexpressible rapture, and yet every thing looked like the doings in a fairy tale. Whilst thus gazing on the rocks above me, an invisible being pressed its lips to mine. I felt a sweet warm kiss.

That kiss brought me back again to earth. I thought my eyes were open ; it was not so, but I was still half dreaming, and they were closed, for I could hear the patter of light footsteps around me, and yet saw not any one in the cavern. Now a soft breath played over my cheek, and two delicate lips again touched mine. The feeling of life returned to my limbs ; I heard the prattle of children's voices. The thoughts of the dream and a something of reality blended confusedly together, but, gradually separating, the latter became more and more realised, till I regained perfect consciousness of every thing that was passing around me.

It seemed to me that I was lying on some hard and inconvenient substance, as if upon the seat of the greenhouse. I opened my eyes, and my Fanny bent over me. She had awakened me with her kisses. Our children were clapping their hands for joy, as soon as they saw me awake, scrambling up upon the seat, and clambering over me, crying one after the other, "Papa! good morning ; Papa, Papa! And my little wife hung about my neck, and with tears in her eyes reproached me for having slept all the cold night in the greenhouse, when if Christophe, our servant, had not arrived a quarter of an hour before from the inn, and made a fuss with the maids in the kitchen, and so made known my arrival, not a soul would have heard anything of my return.

The heavy Walpurgis dream had taken such strong hold upon my thoughts, that, although thus awakened and at home, I lay long without venturing to trust either my eyes or my ears. I looked for the fantastic cavern in the wilderness, and it was only the greenhouse. There lay the drums, and whips, and cock-horses scattered on the ground. On the table stood my Fanny's work-basket—every thing, indeed, as I found it when I had selected the greenhouse as my resting-place for the night.

"And is Christophe this moment come from the inn?" I inquired. "Did he sleep there all night?"

"To be sure, you strange creature, you!" said Fanny, as she patted me on the cheek. "And he declares that he did so by your orders: what then tempted you to pass the night on this seat? Why did you not rout us out of our beds? We would have leaped from them joyfully to have received you—every one of us, that we would."

My frame shook with the excess of delight. "You, then," I asked, "have passed the night in gentle and quiet slumber?"

"There's a question!" said Fanny. "If I could have fancied that you were here in the greenhouse, I could not have closed my eyes. I should have crept towards you like a ghost. Do you know, too, that it was Walpurgis Night, when the witches and kobolds are sure to be gadding on some mischievous errand!"

"I know it, alas! but too well," said I, rubbing my eyes, and overjoyed to find that all my crimes were but a dream—that neither inn, nor town was burnt—that neither Red-coat from Prague, nor the long-forgotten Julia, had paid me a visit. Now, indeed, did I clasp my dear Fanny to my heart. With her and my children upon my bosom, I felt more earnestly at that moment than ever, the joy of purity of heart and a good conscience. A new world was fresh blossoming around me, and more than once this, in turn, seemed to me unreal—another dream. Fully to satisfy myself that no blazing light had been flung among the straw, I cast my eyes ever and anon towards the roofs of our smiling village. Never had I dreamt a more connected, more clearly-defined, or a more fearful dream. The spirit's power of thought becomes more active, as usually is the case, just before recovery from a morning dream,—and it was not until its close, when it blended with waking consciousness, that it had become fantastic.

We now passed in joyful triumph through the lovely garden into my delightful home, where my domestics were all waiting to welcome me. After I had changed my dress, laden with all sorts of toys for my children, I went to Fanny's room to breakfast. There sat the young exulting mother, with her little ones beside her. At every glance I cast upon the dear ones, new thoughts of rapture gushed through my veins. I sank in silence upon Fanny's breast. With tears of joy in my eyes,

I gave her the presents I had bought for her in Prague, and said, "Fanny, this is thy birthday."

"Never has it dawned upon me," she said, "fraught with such happiness as to-day. I have you back with me. I have also invited our friends to celebrate, in all mirthfulness of heart, the day of your return. Dearest, you are not displeased?" But come now, sit down beside us, and tell me every thing that has occurred since you went away."

The oppressive dream still clung to me too closely for conversation upon any topic, until at length I thought that the best way to shake it off would be to narrate it. Fanny listened, and grew very serious. "Certainly," said she, smiling, when it was done, "one has some reason to believe in the witchery of the Walpurgis Night. You have dreamed a long and tedious dream. Be a good boy in future, sweetest, for of a verity your good angel has spoken with you. Write down your dream. Such a dream is far more remarkable than the whole current of many a life. You know I have great faith in dreams. They do not, indeed, show anything beforehand, but what they show us is a very great deal, and that is *ourselves*. They are sometimes the very clearest mirrors of the soul."

THE TEMPTER WITH THE TEMPTATION.

A circumstance which occurred that same day—not, indeed, extraordinary in itself, but nevertheless remarkable,—heightened still further the interest of my Walpurgis dream. My wife had invited some friends to a little family feast. We were taking our repast, on account of the beauty of the day, in the spacious upper hall of the greenhouse. The Walpurgis dream was already half obliterated from my recollection by a more charming reality. At that moment the servant announced the arrival of a strange gentleman, who wished to speak with me, a Baron Mandeville von Drostow. Fanny saw that at the mention of his name I was alarmed.

"Surely you will not," she said with a smile, "quail before the Tempter, seeing he does not bring the temptation with him, neither even before the Tempter with me beside you?"

Accordingly I went down stairs, where, seated on the very couch upon which I had slept, was the veritable Red-coat of Prague. He arose, and, greeting me like an old acquaintance, said, "You see I am a man of my word. I must now make the acquaintance of your amiable Fanny, with whom I became accidentally acquainted through your confidential letters. Only don't be jealous of me," he continued, pointing at the same time towards the garden. "What is more, I bring two guests with me; my brother and his lady. My sister-in-law, however, knows you already. We met by chance in Dresden, and are now pursuing our journey in company."

I expressed my pleasure at this visit. Meanwhile, a stout muscular man entered from the garden into the cabinet where we were conversing, and with him a lady in a travelling dress. Judge of my dismay. It was Julia, the baron's wife! Julia was less embarrassed than I was, although she too blushed at the first. After the opening civilities were over, I led my guests to the upper hall, and introduced them to my Fanny. The Baron von Drostow paid her the most flattering compliments. "I fell in love with you in Prague, when, without your husband knowing anything of the matter, I learned all the little secrets which you confided to him."

"I know all about it," said Fanny; "you purchased these secrets with fourteen hundred dollars. But you are a naughty man for all that, for you have caused my good man to pass a bad, restless night."

"We have not done with that business yet, Fanny," said I. "For there behold the dear tempter," and I pointed to the Baron's lady—Julia!"

Fanny was taken aback for a moment, but women are not without ready expedients. She embraced Julia like a sister, and placed the Tempter on the right hand, the temptation on the left, next to herself. "As far away from you as possible!" she said to me with a roguish shake of the head. Fanny and Julia, although they had never met before, were soon fully acquainted with each others secrets, they had a world of news to tell one another, and they both took delight in making me the object

The Walpurgis Night.

of their raillery. For myself it was the rarest of treats to see these forms side by side ; both so lovely, but Julia—only, a beautiful woman ;—Fanny an angel.

Julia, as I learned from her, in the course of a walk through the garden, was very happy. She was warmly attached to her husband, a man of superior mind ; for her brother-in-law, Redcoat, she had, however, the awful reverence of a very child. He had spent many years, she told me, in travelling, and his residence was then in Poland, where he possessed a small property, in the immediate neighbourhood of her husband's estate. Amongst his books, and in the country, he pursued a life of practical benevolence. She spoke of him in the most enthusiastic terms, and maintained that there breathed not a man of nobler mind than he. From these remarks I made this practical deduction, that one must not put too great reliance upon a man's physiognomy.

"Why," I afterwards asked this worthy man as a fit opportunity offered itself, "why did you put that mysterious question to me in Prague, "do you know me now and what it is I wish from you!" These were words which riveted my attention in Prague, and had afterwards played such a prominent part in my drama.

"Bless my soul !" he answered ; "I was on the point of telling you, when I called with your pocket book, what it was I wanted, and of explaining I had found it, and I did all in my power to cause you to have confidence in me, and give me proof that it was you who had lost it ; but you hung back from me, as if I were a most suspicious character. I saw you were ill at ease ; and could therefore scarcely entertain a doubt, but that I had returned it to the right man."

I now related my dream to him. "Sir !" he exclaimed, "the Walpurgis spirits must not be allowed to die. The dream deserves to be made a chapter in moral philosophy and psychology. If you do not chronicle it to the minutest particular, I shall write it down myself, and send you the whole in print. THERE ARE GOLDEN LESSONS IN IT. I am glad, however, that I have the honor to figure in the catastrophe as an angel of light, otherwise I might not have wished the story of your Walpurgis Night to spread itself abroad, with my name attached to it.

We spent the remainder of that happy day in each other's society ; I with the truly wise Mandeville, Fanny with Julia.

In the evening we accompanied our guests to their inn, and Fanny said to me as we parted from them before the hotel door—"Here we separate, accompany not the fair temptation one step further. Your Walpurgis dream contains a valuable lesson, as well for me, as for you. Do you know me now, my lord, and what it is your Fanny wishes from you?"

THE STRAWBERRY PLANT.

I strike not chords of a high sounding lyre,
Fitted for regal court and palace hall,
Nor sing of tourney, knight, or dame, or squire,
Nor heed tho' themes of love and glory call ;
A lowlier lay is mine ; a simple chaunt
Of wild wood melody : which waterfall,
Deep glen, scath'd rock, or heathery hill inspire,
Of elves and fabled sprites, the lonely haunt.
There, for mine own delight, I poured the strain
Where roses bloom and ivy tendrils flaunt.
Nor deem, I pray, thy humble poet vain,
If now she seek to stamp the passing thought,
That those sweet summer hours may live again,
With al their deep blue skies and lovely memories fraught.

It was in the month of June we left the dust and smoke of London for our mountain home. The warm high South wind, which in the country exhilarates one in every vein, in town only envelops in clouds of dust, and wafts a thousand un-

The Strawberry Plant.

pleasant odours from the shops of green grocers, butchers, fishmongers, &c. What a contrast then, the morning after our arrival, when the clear bright sun, in his glory shedding his rays from a sky of cloudless blue, called us from our beds : and when the beautiful scene around summoned us forth to pay the homage of admiration, how readily did we obey. The sea sparkled as if every drop were set in diamonds, the huge rocks frowned no more in the full blaze of sunshine, the grass in the mountain patches was as green as the emerald, whilst the newly opened foliage displayed the softer, milder glow of the chrysolite. Who could chide us if we did spend the whole day, even to the exhaustion of our strength, wandering over that lovely country, unmindful of dinner, reckless of the pile of lessons unlearned, and of piano-forte untouched. Yet was the time mispent? Surely not. Did not high and hallowed feelings sanctify our idleness? Did not our eyes fill with tears of gratitude and love, as we looked around, and saw all creation smiling in the light of heaven? Did not our hearts swell as we gazed on the high peaks of our far-famed mountain, piercing into the depths of the spotless sky, on those scathed rocks which almost lost their character of rugged desolation, as their vast sides, bathed in the flood of light, shewed the smallest speck of vegetation dappling their sober tints of grey. How we contemplated, with an all-pervading feeling of kindness to all living things, the small white sheep of the mountains sheltered under the rocks, peeping over their summits, or passing lazily along to the sweeter grass which attracted them in the vallies ; or the pretty black cattle reclining in most perfect repose, their large calm eyes so mildly quiet, and now and then gently lashing their tails to displace some glittering fly intrusively settling on their sleek and polished sides ; or watching some rosy checked girl bending beneath her earthen jug lightly poised upon her hip, or dexterously borne upon her head, daudling by the dog-rose bushes on her way to the mountain stream. What a picturesque creature ! a ragged petticoat, but half way down, her limbs unhosed and unshod, one shoulder not yet embrowned by the summer sun, peeping from out of the well-worn sleeve and loose strap, and shaming the dark-tanned neck and throat. That long strait hair, all uncombed to the smoothness of patrician tresses, floating freely in the breeze, now half shading her mirthful eyes, then blown back from her forehead. And hark ! hear ye not how merrily and wildly she raises her untaught voice in careless song, which rings up the mountain side ; and now, arrived at the brook, she bathes her feet in the stream, or dabbles along its pebbly bed enjoying its coolness, or soothed by its gurgling sound, as it dances over the rocky fragments that obstruct its way. She is as happy after her fashion, as we are ; nay perhaps, happier, all intellectual and susceptible of fine emotions as we deem ourselves, for she enjoys the present sunshine with all her soul as well as all her body, and knows no care beyond that of the day. It were painful to contrast the squalid little wretches of manufacturing towns with these free wild mountaineers ; they have no feeling in common, and scarcely the same physical appearance ; but as I looked on this happy, unapprehensive being, I resolutely set aside the thoughts of her wretched sister of the factory, the disgrace to our country, and the living proof that the prosperity of wealth may be a very questionable prosperity, amidst all its heaps of gold and glitter.

Now we proceed along a narrow sheep path, winding up the rocky side of the hill, but, soon, diverging from the beaten track, we wander amidst the low fern growing so luxuriously on the smooth short turf. What a shout we uttered when we descried, peeping forth from the earth, blushing intensely scarlet, the first strawberry ! half concealed amid its polished leaves, one white blossom resting its full-spread petals upon its rosy sister, and each receiving added beauty from the contrast ! How soon were we both on our knees before it, gazing on its exquisite beauty. And when, as we penetrated further thro' the fern, we discovered numbers speckling the grass all round us, what delight was comparable with ours ! They were to be found at the foot of the rocks, or still better, after a scramble up their sides, when we reached a slope of turf, and there we saw twenty or thirty all ripe and rosy, inviting our fingers to pluck them. I remember, that high up on one of these rocks was a tiny spot of mingled turf and moss, and growing there

The Strawberry Plant.

was the loveliest strawberry plant that eyes ever beheld. It was the identical specimen whence every artist has drawn from time immemorial. First, there was the fullest redundance of leaf, polished and luxuriant, then, in the middle, rose a fine healthy stem, whence depended three full ripe strawberries, varying from the bright scarlet of maturity to that richer, darker hue that told of perfection just passed away. Drooping over the tops of these were two, one of which had been just kissed to blushing by an ardent sunbeam, the other was in that halfgrown state when it seems a mound of seeds. Peeping from the leaves below was a cluster of delicate flowers, some full blown, some with one or two petals only remaining, waiting for some Zephyr, as it swept by on hasty wing, to scatter them to earth, and some were in the mere bud. But there was the plant in every stage of its existence; and there, be it recorded as the triumph of mental over sensual taste—there we left it unsoiled, untouched, to sink gradually to decay by the hand of nature herself. It was not made to be gathered sacrilegiously by mortal hands. Perhaps it was destined for some right royal feast given by Oberon and Titania, and was carefully watered by the chrystal dew collected in their acorn cups by the little fays themselves, and who knows how many tiny diamond eyes were peering at us, flashing rage and vexation at seeing us so near their cherished treasure, or how many hearts were fluttering beneath the thymy mounds, lest we dare despoil the stem of the fruit destined for Queen Mab alone. I hope it had no less noble termination of its existence. I hope no gluttonous old snail, attracted in the silence of the night by its fragrance, toiled up the sides of its dwelling place, and revelled on its beauties, or a troop of those indefatigable little red ants who issue from their under-ground cities, and think no more of climbing a tree, than of reaching the summit of the lowliest blade of grass. There is only one thief whom I would forgive if he plucked it before it fell to its mother earth—that enchanting fellow who sings so divinely all the evening long, to cheer his mate as she sits close in the ivy bush; had he carried it to her I would have forgiven him, nay, had he eaten it himself, I would not have been inexorable; one of those rich mellow trills with which he ushers in his joyous carol, would completely disarm my wrath.

Here I invoke the fairy queen and her good people.

THE INVOCATION.

Almost I fear to tread this forest glade,
Dimm'd and obscur'd by evening's dusky ray.
Lest mortal presence should disturb some fay,
Gliding and flitting in the chequer'd shade :—
Sure 'tis a spot for elvish meetings made,
Where the young fawns in glistening moonshine play,
And nightingales ring forth their thrilling lay
From bowers entwin'd in honeysuckle braid.
Here spreads the lofty oak, and a small mound
Thyme purpl'd, swells below, 'Titania's seat.
And hark ! the beetles drum and crickets sound
Summon to frolic gay the fairy feet,
Whilst the bright glance of di'mond eyes flash round,
Bidding me from their secret haunts retreat.

THE SUMMONS.

I come, Queen Mab's glad messenger, to call
Her fairy people from each cave and cell,
From lily cup, moss couch, and fox-glove bell
To meet their lady in her sylvan hall.
For the sweet June is here; and feast and ball
Shall welcome her. The pearl from ocean shell,
Full moon and star and glittering meteor, all
Shower soft radiance: glow-worms deck each tree;
Dews thrice-distill'd in acorn goblets fall;
Whilst trumpet and horn of knat and velvet bee
Aid the wild music of the babbling springs;
Nectar from violets is cull'd for ye;
With emerald verdure shine the fairy rings,
And Zephyrs are abroad to speed your gauzy wings.

THE FAIRIES' MIDSUMMER FEAST.

The fays are abroad on this Midsummer's eve,
O'er the thyme-cover'd mole mounds their footsteps are flitting,
Or they dance on the cords that the small spiders weave,
For the gambols and vaultings of fairy land fitting.

'Tis the fairies' own season. The mushrooms are up,
Round the oak, on the green sward, like tables they're growing;
There, at moonlight, the elves will assemble to sup
On the napery, white as the earth when 'tis snowing.

The acorns are rip'ning full fast on the oak,
And their cups are mature for the festival glasses,
And the brightest of rain-drops have long been bespoken
To distil from the soft cloud of eve as it passes.

Whilst the sweetest of blossoms have gather'd the dew
And suffus'd it with fragrance and taste so enchanting,
The odour so grateful, the flavor so true,
That even the gods could deem nothing was wanting.

All the bushes send tribute to furnish the board,
For their berries are ripe in the beams of Apollo!
And the chesnut of Spain has their offerings stor'd,
In her round spiny fruit-husks so green and so hollow.

There are haws of dark red from that sturdy old thorn,
Who, in May time, is deck'd with such glorious profusion
That her mantle of white in the mist of the moon
Has shone in my sight like a snowy delusion.

There are nuts from the hazel that shadows the brook,
And hips from the dog-rose as brilliant as coral,
And sloes, fruit austere, tho' so lovely they look,
Perchance to be eaten for sake of the moral.

The Fairies' Midsummer Feast.

On each mushroom's broad disk, somewhat rare we behold
Here a delicate dewberry, blue as the sapphire;
There a crab of Siberia, here pippin of gold,
Like a beautiful sun-set, half gold and half fire.

Here the dark jetty balls of the burnet recline
There the spindle contributes her rich blushing angles,
Whose crimson vests bursting, shew globules that shine—
As the clouds when they ope, disclose planets like spangles.

The ivy studs lie in their garment of gloom—
Yet to minds that observe, for their faithfulness treasur'd,
A contrast, 'tis true, to the sour sloe's bloom—
Yet a lesson, like it, how mere looks should be measur'd.

That the fairies have foresight and skill of their own
That bright glowing mould in its sweetness discloses,
For they sav'd the red petals that fell overblown
And now they appear as a conserve of roses.

And such is their feast, held in old, forest glade.
On the turf which is soft as the cider duck's bosom,
Whilst for lamps, the green glow-worms have lent them their aid,
Sparkling out of the bells of each gay-colored blossom.

And forth from the blue sky beam glittering eyes,
Looking down on the revels with rays kind and tender,
Whilst, full o'er the forest, mark Cynthia arise,
To bathe the whole scene in her silvery splendour.

And merrily, merrily trip the young fays,
To the sound of the stream with its clear brawling waters,
Whilst the soberer elves smile at all their wild ways,
And think of past mirth as they gaze on their daughters.

Nor want they gay music to cheer up each heart,
For they've summon'd the voice of each musical neighbour,
And their cadences flow with such exquisite art
You would think there were cittern, pipe, lyre and tabour.

And the west wind is rushing and gushing around
Thro' the leaves and the flowers in murmurs delicious;
And the hum of the insects comes up from the ground,
All to pay honor due to a feast so auspicious.

So fly the swift hours, till even their feet
Move less free as the mantle of night spreads its awning,
And they turn to look out for some welcome retreat
Where their light forms shall rest till the break of the morning.

Nor has Mab, their kind hostess, neglected each guest,
There are flower bells ready for each weary comer,
Where the night breeze shall rock them as sweetly they rest,
And dream o'er again the gay feast of the summer.

THE FAIRIES' LAMP.

The twilight grey
Has pass'd away,
Not a gleam is left of the burning day;
With fly and moth
Come forth! come forth!
Fear not the mist nor the chilling damp,
But in quiet mirth
Glide over the earth
By the emerald light of the fairies' lamp.

Sings in the trees
The softest breeze,
Like the murmurs of the honey bees;
There is a sound
Of life around,
The beetles hum and the tiny stamp
Of the elvish court
Who hold their sport
By the emerald light of the fairies' lamp.

The Fairies' Lamp.

Beware! beware!
'Tis bold to dare
On the realms of the little elvish pair.
For we know well
They can weave a spell,
Rack us with ache or the torturing cramp,
If we seek to trace
Their skulking race
By the emerald light of their fairy lamp.

All gaily light
Like di'monds bright
Each bank and hedge shines forth to-night,
Glimmering out
Around about

Like Will o' the Wisp in treacherous swamp;
Yet have no fear
For nought is here
But the emerald light of the fairies' lamp.

The pioneer
Who mineth near
Has been raising his turfy hillocks here,
Little we ken,
We thoughtless men,
He piles them up for the elvish camp
Who settle wars
And strifes and jars
By the emerald light of the fairies' lamp.

THE CAPTIVE FAIRY.

MORTAL.

I have caught thee, Fairy fine
In this subtle snare of mine,
And in vain, thy glittering eyes
Flash in anger and surprise.
Struggle not! thou shalt not go
Till thou'st told me all I'd know.
First—when earth is bound in frost,
And the waves are tempest tost;
When the hurricane howls loud
And the 'Thunder' 's in the cloud,
When bitter, bitter blows the wind,
Where do ye safe shelter find?

FAIRY.

"Sometimes in a wreathed shell
Far beneath the ocean's swell,
Midst coral beds and madrepore
Sleep we till the winters o'er:—
Sometimes in a cave afar,
Hung with gems of crystal spar,
Sometimes in a warm recess
Of the woody wilderness."

MORTAL.

Yet again fine spirit speak,
When the sky 's no longer bleak,
But when soft and balmy showers
Di'mond all the new cloth'd bowers,
When the painted flowers are springing,
When the woods with songs are ringing,
When the fickle clouds are flying,
And the fitful breeze comes sighing,
In that season most delicious,
But alas! the most capricious;
Where do ye your dwellings make,
In wood or mountain, vale or brake?

FAIRY.

"Ho! mortal; then we fairies fly
Madly thro' the sapphire sky,
Gambol in the cloud and mist
By the struggling sunbeam kist,
Revel on the violet bed
Light upon the cowslip's head,
Hide beneath the primrose leaf,
Snatching there a slumber brief;
Then up again and soar away:—
So we spend the summer day."

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MORTAL.

Never was a fairy sprite,
With a wit so gay and bright,
Never was a mortal blest
With so priz'd, so lov'd a guest;
Little wayward imp in truth,
But I'm fain to speak her sooth,
Clear thy brow, and lift thine eye,
For I swear to let thee fly,
And to break thy captive chain
If thou answerest once again:—
When the waters languidly
In their stony couches lie,
And within the shaded pool
The lazy cattle stand to cool,
Lashing off the buzzing flies
That in endless myriads rise;
When the burning sun on high
Rides along a cloudless sky,
And the rill has ceas'd to flow
And the breeze forgets to blow;
Where do ye, sweet spirit say,
Linger out the summer day?

FAIRY.

"I would fain be gone, thy chain
Breaks my heart and binds my brain,
I burn to be in thralldom held,
Yet I speak by force compell'd.
Think not that we are doom'd to bear.
Vicissitudes of earth and air.
A moment sees us speed away
If storms deface the summer day;
Conceive the smallest space of time
'Twill bear us to a balmy clime;
One moment, in an iceberg's centre,
If it be our will to enter;
The next, where balmy spices are,
In some southern land afar;
Now in the shade of orange groves
Which the Italian peasant loves;
Or, spreading wide our gauzy pinions,
Float on Neptune's blue dominions,
Lull'd on waves that rise and fall
To some sea nymph's madrigal."

'Tis enough, thy words are spoken
Be my captive's fetters broken.
Swift as thought she glanc'd from sight
A di'mond in the sapphire light.

THE LEGEND OF THE STONE CROSS IN PEREDYL.

(A VILLAGE IN VOLHYNIA)—A POLISH TALE.

SPRING is blooming around, and joy is in Peredyl ; children dance on the green, and the aged sit gazing at their doors, and talking of by-gone years. The early dawn is beaming, and orchard and wood, taught by the nightingale and the black-bird, send forth a voice of song. The rippling of the lake is heard, and reedy banners wave around it, and a calm azure sky and bright sun are reflected in the water, and through the flowery meadow winds a stream, making sweet melody as it flows between its grassy banks.

In that meadow a maiden tends her flock, the sparkling drops of a summer's stream are dim in comparison with the brightness of her eyes. Enchantress-like, she sings to the fields and groves, and the lark catching her song, carries it up to heaven. When Pazia appears, it seems as if 'twere written on her countenance, "all shall smile with me, but one alone sigh up to me. Lament, oh earth ! for God will soon take Pazia from thee, and her native village will be desolate, as a heart from which hope hath departed."

The dogs are barking as in time of war. But whence cometh war to Peredyl ? A hundred miles around all is silence, and the Polish sword sleeps in its scabbard. Ah ! what are those rising clouds from behind the wood ? They grow bigger and bigger—already they have reached the middle of the sky, and spread far both east and west. Ye fearful clouds, advancing in gloomy array, what bring ye ? Are ye pregnant with fertilizing dews, or harbingers of the devastating whirlwind ?

Now every door-way is thronged ; head after head is thrust forward ; every eye is strained ; terror increases with terror. A shout goes up to the sky, "Fire ! fire !" is shouted again along the road. Cry follows cry, black masses of clouds roll onwards in succession, yet no sun-ray dispels them, and there falls no avenging thunder-bolt to shatter them.

"The end of the world is come at last," cried Leon, son of Kurdz ; comely was he to look upon, in strength a very lion. The aged exclaim, "this youth could guide unbridled horses amongst wolves, he might do wonders if he would." Now in anguish he cried, "Where, ah ! where is my beautiful Pazia ? Come what may, I must to her." Thus saying he clasped his hands, then he bounded over gardens and hedges to the meadow. There the birds still sing, the humming of the bee is heard, the stream still pours forth its melodious current, the flocks too are bleating—but Pazia weeps. "Yon villages—the wood—the fields are consuming in flame, and the people weep bitter tears in the midst of smoking ruins ! What times are these ? Whither shall I fly ?

"To me," replied Leon, but still she cries, "woe ! woe !" and covers her face with her hands, to hide from him the tears that pearl-like glide through her fingers. "Rather would I look upon the blood of man, than on one woman in tears," said Leon, "Weep not, my beloved ; tears will not avail. Rather let us think of our marriage—nay, even now I will go to the priest ; we must be united though the world perish." "Stay," cried Pazia, "for I have not courage to remain alone. I feel as if I had eaten some poisonous plants," and she sank down in silence. Leon looked wildly around, then imprinted on her forehead the burning impress of his heart and soul.

Louder and louder bark the dogs ; the sky is suddenly obscured as though an ark had stretched over it its world-wide spreading sails. Every where flames are rising, and the sun seems imbedded in ashes. Ah ! see that crowd of crows and ravens sailing round Peredyl, and urged forward by the shout of "Allah !" resounding along the forest. See too, the villagers half senseless, running to and fro ; they ring the bells of the convent and sacred edifices, and gather round about the priest, who, holding in his hands the cross, cries "God save them ! God save us !"

A crowd of the young flock around an aged man, "Father ! tell us what this means ?" "Many a time," he answers, "have I seen such sights. God sends the beautiful spring, and with the spring come the Tartars." They shriek wildly, and disperse with the speed of terror.

The Legend of the Stone Cross in Peredyl.

"Allah ! Bismillah !" is heard throughout the village, and every house is enveloped in flames. The church sinks down in glowing ashes, and the steeple groans as the bells drop from it. The castle on the shadowy hill is the last object that the sons of Allah desery, and thither they hurry with burning torches. Ah ! beautiful castle ! where art thou now, and thy treasured recollections of many centuries ? Even the mill that rose above the stream has disappeared in flame and smoke. Ah ! wretched nation ! thou hast ever lived salamander-like in fire ; and like the pelican also, thou has torn open thine own breast to assuage the agonies of thy children.

Whilst the Tartar host plunders and burns the village, murdering the aged and the children, and making captives of the young and beautiful, some of their horsemen rush into the meadow. At sight of their glittering spears Pazia falls senseless, and Leon raging like a wounded bear, stands before her ready for battle. Five Tartars advanced to bear away the maiden, as an offering to appease the wrath of their chan, who has just smitten his Mirza because no youthful female captive has yet been brought before him. The foremost is struck by Leon to the heart, and he instantly ceases to live. Another he forced from his horse ; loudly cried the enraged Tartar, and the fields echoed the cry, and a death silence followed. Leon has now gained his adversary's spear, and with it he slays two more of the enemy ; the last is still seated upon his swift arab, but without the hand that bore his spear. Half sinking from pain he rides away. Leon cast from him the blood wet weapon, and soon recalled his Pazia to life. " My beloved, my dearest friend," she exclaimed, " an arrow sticks in thy shoulder," and as she tore it out, Leon sunk upon the ground exhausted. In silent terror Pazia knelt by him, and to all appearance they now both seemed as if they had ceased to live.

The snowy charger slowly paced the field : now the blood of his master reddened his proud neck, and left a bloody track upon the ground.

" Dogs !" cried the furious chan, " Giaours are then still left living here ?"

Swift as the arrow they flew towards the yet dying warrior ; his head soon swept the dust, his body entangled by the spur ; before they reached him he was dead.

Meanwhile Leon recovered, " Where are the Tartars ?" he enquired of Pazia, and, as he spoke, he saw them coming, " Flee ! flee !" he exclaimed, forcing her from him with aspect terrible as a thunder cloud, and he prepared himself for battle.

The day has died away and is succeeded by the night. The moon wandering through the smoke behind the lurid clouds, looks like a white-robed spirit amongst the tombs, or like the pictured scull upon the funeral pall. Still loud bark the dogs. The villagers steal out from their hiding places. The women wring their hands, or in silent grief fold the arms of their children as in prayer to God. This night there are no sleepers in Peredyl—care is in all hearts.

NIGHT has passed away, and the morning sun, beautifully radiant, floats swan-like on the lake. The inhabitants of the forest and the field, of the waters and the air, again pour forth melodious song, and nature is gay in Peredyl, as if those fires, and the dread visit of those Tartars, had been but the phantoms of a dream. But how different is it in the dwellings of man. There the spirit of destruction is reveling, and seems to invite to the banquet the reptiles of the earth. But instead men creep forth from holes and caves, to look upon ashes, and blood and death. The dogs have ceased to bark, and with fear look upon the black ruins ; no longer do they bite and tear each other, but now they lick the hands of their masters. Misfortune has united even the beasts, wherefore not men ? Some of the villagers will remain and rebuild their houses, some think to wander abroad and beg, a lot more horrible than destruction.

" But what means that cross of stone beyond the boundary of the village ? Whence came it ?" exclaim the people as they gather round it. The men uncover their heads, and the women sink on their knees, and murmur out their inmost thoughts in prayer. The sun bursting through a cloud is now shining upon it in full effulgence. " Are we all here ?" some voice was heard to whisper, and one was about to answer " Yes," when a woman's cry broke the silence enquiring for her

son. Another cry was heard from one that sought her daughter, and the only answer she received was the vacant gaze of the crowd. Grief has maddened them, they blaspheme and curse their existence, and in blind despair cling to the cross and kiss it till their lips grow cold with the chill of death. The souls of those mothers are happy now—they dwell with their children. The spectators bear them to the cemetery.

Quiet night is come again, folding the flowers, nourishing the grass with heaven-born dew, and besprinkling the sky with stars. The longing moon holds mysterious converse with the earth, and from time to time a silver-bordered cloud sails by, bearing a host of chochlicks.* The breeze is up, and plays around the cross, where the villagers, assembled to pass the night, have kindled a great fire, blending all into picturesque shapes and forms. The owl is hooting near, and not far off hungry wolves listen to the baying of dogs, as the sound is borne far away by the echo. They are going to wage war for the corpses of men and animals.

The night is half spent. Two stars shoot from the sky to the meadow and the cross. The stony cross melts into flesh, and the upper part assumes a maiden's form, and receives her life and spirit. Still prisoned within the stone, Pazia has fixed her eyes on heaven, when lo! an angel form appears in the sky, and seems to give mysterious commands to the chochlicks. They descend and range themselves in a bright crescent round the cross, in garments that sparkle as with diamonds. The angel has vanished, leaving a track of roscate light. All is still, and the maiden, silent as the swan floating in moonshine on the slumbering water, rises out of the cross borne by the chochlicks above the slumbering peasants.

The walks in the meadow are strewn with slaughtered Tartars, whose stiffened hands still grasp bridles, swords, and lances. The bodies of slain, or drowned men, of cattle and of horses, lie weltering in their blood. Allah, oh! Allah! dost thou behold what thy worshippers do on earth?

A drowned man lay alone on the bank of the stream, with staring eyes, swollen lips, and teeth set together as in death's embrace. His hair is entangled, and his limbs distorted. To him Pazia hastens.

"Friend," said she, "arise," and the drowned arose, and embraced her!

"Thou comest from the village? what news from thence?" he asked.

"Then thou knowest nought of me?" said Pazia.

He answered, "I was following thee until the water burst through the dam and overwhelmed me; and must I lie here for ever—cannot I dwell with thee?"

"Listen to my tale," replied the damsel, "more wonderful than thine. The Tartars overtook me close to the valley, and their spears gleamed horribly before my eyes. They had almost seized me, when, as with uplifted arms I cried, "God save me," I became a stony cross. So must I remain until St. Michael sounds the dooms-day trump. But I have power nightly to quit the cross, and wander where I will. But whither should I wander except to thee? I may remain here until the cock crows for the third time. Then they spoke of their disappointed hopes, and of their afflicted and weeping mothers, when the sound of two voices issued from the cemetery: "Hither, my son—hither come, my daughter," and voices and loud laments were heard there, as if the dead rose from their graves. The maiden re-entered the stony cross; the waves received the drowned corpse, and the mothers sank into their tombs. Whilst echo only bore through the air their parting words floating in sunbright dew.

Warriors are marching from the wood; a thousand suns glitter in their polished arms, their swords are drawn; their lances couched; the tramp of their horses is heard, and swiftly advancing. The peasants awake; some prepare to fly; others await their fate in hopeless resignation. Warriors in breathless speed rush through the village. "Sobieski," the people shout, and echo bears the glad sound along.

The warriors have passed. The shouts have ceased. The people bring forth the wrecks that they had saved. Pillars blackened by the fire, and the stony cross, stand alone the guardians of that desolated spot. Tartar corpses lie strewn over the meadow, and the dogs look with terror on their grim visages, crouching, howling, and refusing their food.

* The name of ghosts with which the clouds are believed to be inhabited

NANCY LAWSON.

OR A MARRIAGE DAY IN MY NATIVE VILLAGE.

ONE fine sabbath morning, some hours after a bright sun had gilded the panes of my small latticed window, which looked into the little flower-garden adjoining my parental dwelling, my chamber-door was suddenly opened, and, in an instant, my schoolfellow, playfellow and neighbour, James Dixon, stood at my bedside. Without allowing me time to enquire the meaning of this unexpected—and, in some degree, unceremonious visit, he enquired if I was not about to quit my bed, and, as was my custom, repair to the distant parish church. I answered his two-fold enquiry in the affirmative, requesting to know why *he* seemed so desirous to be informed of my arrangements for the day? “Oh,” replied he, affecting indifference, “I only wished to know if you *were* going to church, because John and William Lawson, and Thomas Noble, and——” hesitating, “and one or two others are going. But you must make haste,” and he turned aside from me to avoid my watching his change of countenance, “for,” said he, “there is not much time to lose; so, when you have breakfasted, have the grey mares addled—and order the boy to put on the *pillion*, for I have promised Agnes Holme that you will take her behind you to church; ride then to the Rose and Crown, and, if *we* are not there, alight and await our coming.” He waited for no reply; and before I had recovered from my surprise, he was descending the stairs at a rate that shewed he had other business in hand than combating probable excuses. Ere he had quitted the house, however, though not many seconds had elapsed—the whole mystery stood revealed before me—he was that day about to be united in wedlock to the beautiful sister of the two Lawsons! My being requested to take Agnes Holme behind me to church explained the whole business, for I well knew that Agnes Holme and the bride elect had long been sworn friends and companions.

The discovery, I am free to own, gave me more pain than pleasure. But I hesitated not in deciding to comply with young Dixon's wish, and made arrangements accordingly. During the two hours that elapsed before I set out, I could not refrain from wishing that the wedding had been put off for awhile; one short week at least, at the expiration of which, I should have been far removed from an event which I could feel no gratification in witnessing.

Nancy Lawson, who was about to change that name for ever, was, to my young and ardent imagination, the most innocent, interesting, beautiful, and deserving among all the young women my eyes had ever beheld. She was precisely of my own age, something short of twenty; and, from her infancy, had been my playmate and almost daily companion; and, until very recently, was a cheerful, frolicsome, and light-hearted creature as ever enjoyed an innocent and happy existence. She was the second child of a numerous family, while I was the only hope of fond and indulgent parents. Our two families, whose dwellings were but a short distance apart, had always lived upon terms of the closest friendship; so that from Nancy's childhood, she had almost ever been in the habit of spending some portion of the day—minutes or hours, just as her inclination and engagements permitted, with my parents and myself. During her younger years, no motives were ever assigned for those frequent visits, for she paid them in the bland simplicity of her gentle nature, simply because she felt happy in the society of those whom her parents had taught her highly to respect and esteem. But arrived at that period—when she no longer thought and felt merely as a child—she still continued her daily visits, they were then understood as being made to my kind and dear mother, whom she loved almost as her own parent—to that mother, indeed, who was always delighted to see and hear her joyous prattle; and I must ever entertain the opinion—that she fondly cherished the hope of one day calling her her daughter; but, whether or not there existed such inducement for those frequent visits, it is now hard to say.

There was, however, one besides my dear mother, who was always delighted to see her ; none other, truly, than the recorder of this brief memorial. Yet mistake me not—I did *not* love her, in the general acceptation of that term ; or, if I did, I was not myself aware of it. I will not attempt to describe my feelings towards her,—had I ever had a sister I could probably have been able to have done so. We had lived on in each other's esteem and confidence from year to year,—and although numberless opportunities occurred for revealing a hidden passion, if one ever existed, no feeling of that kind was ever thought of by me.

It was nigh the completion of my nineteenth year when I quitted that part of the country to fill a situation in a distant county, when, for the first time in my life, I bade adieu to my parental roof and the beautiful and amiable Nancy Lawson. Three-quarters of a year afterwards I returned for a few weeks to my native hamlet, and during that time my old school-fellow, James Dixon, paid me this, his morning visit. Though school-fellows and companions in all sorts of boyish adventures, he and I had not, of later years, been on such friendly and confiding terms as with the young Lawsons. James Dixon was but a few months my senior, although at an early period he affected and aped the man. He always was of a self-sufficient and forward bearing, so that our feelings and dispositions, as we grew up, were of a totally opposite character, which, truly, more than any unfriendly feeling, operated, I believe, towards making us less companionable than we otherwise should have been. Very early in life he felt, or affected to feel, something beyond a common-place partiality for Nancy Lawson. With those, however, who possessed opportunities of knowing Nancy's sentiments towards James Dixon the impression was, that she disliked him more than any other acquaintance in the neighbourhood. They were *then* far too young to think seriously of any little freaks the winged god might impose upon them ; but from that period James Dixon had resolved to gain the affections and win the hand of this young and charming creature. As his passion for her increased, equally so did his coldness of manner towards me, and many of my young friends were not backward in imputing it to feelings of jealousy. I would not, however, believe that he was really jealous, because I knew myself guiltless of all selfish or sordid views towards him. True, indeed, he was not one I would have chosen for the husband of the valued and lovely Nancy Lawson, because I did not consider him deserving of so much goodness and beauty, nor capable of rendering her future life truly happy. Yet, if his pretensions had been approved of by her friends, which, indeed, was not the case, I was old enough fully to understand that the affair was none of my business.

During a long period the parents of Nancy Lawson seemed to pay little or no regard to young Dixon's attentions to their daughter, and, probably, from those attentions being, apparently, so coldly received by her. But when she had completed her eighteenth year, they considered it necessary to intimate to the aspiring swain,—that, for the future, he must refrain from crossing their threshold. The lovely girl herself had not appeared to encourage young Dixon's attentions ; and I, who possessed, for aught I knew, such good and frequent opportunities of knowing her sentiments and opinions, never harboured the slightest suspicion that she was hereafter destined to become his wife. Well am I aware that it was the prevailing opinion from appearances—that *I* attempted to win, and not without hope, the affections of this young creature ; and, probably, because in all our little merry-making parties she looked up to *me*, next to her brother, as her friend and protector ; and, often, when he who was destined to pledge his troth to her at the altar would have been delighted to have joined us in our rambles, she would give him the most decided hints that his absence would be preferred before his company. Imagine not, reader, for a moment, that this was from a spirit of deception—from the coquettishness of her gentle nature—she was too virtuous to practice deceit,—and too simple-minded to act the heartless coquette.

In this way, matters stood in the early part of the winter preceding the date of this narrative, when I was called away some eighty miles from home : during my absence I was given to understand that no particular circumstance had transpired to induce a belief that James Dixon's suit was ever likely to arrive at a successful termination. He had, indeed, been again permitted to visit the Lawson family,—but this, it was believed, was on the express understanding, that he should cease from all attentions

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towards the daughter. During the few weeks I had spent amongst old scenes and acquaintances since my return, I had neither seen nor heard of anything to induce me to believe that my neighbour had progressed in the long-talked-of love affair ; so that this unexpected, yet indirect, announcement of what was about to take place, surprised me exceedingly.

On the day of my arrival at home, and not a month previous to the morning of James Dixon's visit to me, Nancy Lawson, as was frequently her wont, was sitting in company with my mother. My visit was some days earlier than mentioned in my last letters. The first sounds that fell upon my ear were the joyous and well-remembered accents of Nancy Lawson, in conversation with my dear mother, and on the very subject, too, of my expected arrival. Without hesitating a moment I entered the dwelling where I was ever welcome. My parent and her young friend were the only persons present ; and having exchanged salutations with the former, I hastened to do the same with Nancy Lawson. Guess, then, my surprise when, instead of springing forward to meet me, with all her wonted ardour and affection, she uttered an hysterical shriek—pressed her hands to her bosom, and would have fallen on the floor had not my mother caught her in her arms ; this was followed by a long and alarming swoon. When life and recollection were at length restored, her joyousness of heart was gone, and when she was sufficiently recovered so as to be able to walk across the little grass-plot that separated our abodes, judge of my feelings when she refused my offer to accompany her home.

Come," said she, "as soon as you please after I get home, for the family will all be delighted to see you ; but if you would oblige me, *do not accompany me just now.*" I complied, of course, with her request, in permitting her to return home alone ; but I was perplexed and mortified when I called to my recollection the numberless instances where she had taken hold of my arm, when she did not require any support, and when she had even *insisted* upon my accompanying her. Far was I from being flattered at this effect of my sudden arrival ; and I could not help fancying that something I did not fully comprehend had operated in producing the scene I had just witnessed.

During the few short weeks that intervened between the day of my arrival and that on which the marriage took place, the following singular circumstance occurred to excite my suspicions of my fair friend being the victim of treachery. One morning the elder of the young Lawson's called upon me, requesting that I would that day accompany him to a fair at a distant market town, where his sister Nancy was on a visit for a few days, for the express purpose of *my* taking her to "see the sights," in order to disappoint young Dixon, who he expected would be there. It was not without reluctance that I acceded to his proposal, for my opinion was much changed regarding his sister's real sentiments towards the young farmer. At length I consented ; and after duly enacting all that had been enjoined me to do, rather late in the afternoon her brother joined us in the fair and requested that I would ride *his* horse home, and take his sister behind me on the pillion, which he had brought for that purpose, and leave him my own horse to ride home upon after he had completed his affairs. His sister being present when he made this request, I agreed to his proposal ; yet, I fancied that I observed something in her manner that led me to believe that she did not cordially approve of her brother's plan. Young Dixon was in the fair : and although we twice or thrice met him in our rambles among the fancy stalls, he never attempted to join us ; and nothing beyond the ordinary salutations passed between any of the parties.

Towards evening I set off homewards with my fair charge mounted behind me (a mode of travelling quite common in the mountain districts of the north, at the period alluded to) ; and, notwithstanding that all nature was gay, lovely, and enchanting, I was grieved at heart, for I could not help remarking the unusual sadness of Nancy Lawson. During our long ride in an obscure part of the road, a horseman passed us at full speed ; and though it had become too dark to distinguish either dress or features, by the simple "good night" uttered as he passed, I had no difficulty in recognising that of my neighbour James Dixon. In due time we reached home, where I safely delivered my pensive companion ; and that night, for

the first time, I suspected that Nancy Lawson had made up her mind to marry her long and ardent admirer, even in opposition to the hopes and wishes of her family and friends. And now the reader is aware that the marriage ceremony was fixed to take place a few hours after the early visit young Dixon paid me on the Sabbath morning.

At the appointed hour, mounted on "the grey mare and the pillion behind me," I waited upon Agnes Holme, who had for some time been anxiously expecting my arrival. In due time we reached the Rose and Crown, where we found the rest of the bridal party assembled. Having partaken of some slight refreshment, we repaired to the church, and found the clergyman and parish-clerk ready to perform the ceremony. A few minutes were sufficient to unite "in bonds indissoluble" the hands of the young couple, and in the space of half an-hour we returned to the little inn, but Nancy Lawson now bore the cold and formal name of "Mrs. Dixon."

It was then the custom, on most occasions like the present, to run up a good "shot" at the inn or public-house which the parties had been in the habit of frequenting. As few sold wines, punch was the beverage commonly drunk. Many were the number of bowls in which we indulged; and I am almost ashamed to confess, taking, nevertheless, into the account the day on which it happened, that there were few of us who could with propriety have been called *sober*. The females are, of course, not included, and particularly she "on whom the bridal favors shone was far from enjoying the general hilarity. About two o'clock in the afternoon our horses were ordered to the door, when the whole party prepared to set out homewards, for at three we were to dine at the house of the bridegroom's father. A custom then pretty generally prevailed, for the wedding party to try the speed of their horses on their homeward route, although, as in the present case, they "carried double;" and we had scarcely got clear of the little town, before the bridegroom (with his bride behind him) proposed to try the mettle of the swiftest amongst us. It was in vain that his lovely charge attempted to dissuade him, even although she alleged that she felt unwell, and, at the best of times, was known to be a great coward on horseback. Her lord *now* refused to listen to that persuasive voice by which he had so often been pleased to be governed, and insisted on "keeping up the good old custom," and trying the prowess of his palfrey with one or all of the party. I know not what could have induced me to accept his challenge—whether my mare's known superior powers—whether my companion Agnes Holme who prompted me to the contest—or whether or not some lurking vanity that tempted me to prove to my neighbour that in one thing I was his superior—it *was* agreed that I should run my mare against his spirited palfrey for the next mile, along the stony road, apparently forgetting, at the instant, that I was making myself a party to alarm and annoy *her* for whom *I* too had so long entertained the strongest sentiments of friendship and respect. Perceiving that her entreaties were not listened to by her husband, she passionately appealed to me, and begged, in consideration of the long and intimate friendship that had existed between us, that *I*, for *her* sake, would give up the idea of racing. Surely some evil influence must have possessed me—her gentle accents thus even addressed to my feelings had no influence on my determination to shew James Dixon that I was his superior in one thing, if not in the mystery of winning the heart of confiding innocence. I was resolved. By this time we had reached the mile-stone where the race was to commence, so off we set at full speed, followed by the rest of the party. We had scarcely got over more than a fourth part of the distance agreed upon, when we arrived at a narrow, old-fashioned bridge, at the bottom of a hill, when I was keeping, with perfect ease, something more than a horse's length in advance of my opponent. At this unlucky moment, my companion, Agnes Holme, exulting in our apparently easy victory, waved her white handkerchief in the face of the bridegroom's young horse, when, with considerable violence, he instantly sprang against the crumbling battlement of the old bridge, which being low and in a decayed condition, the horse lost its balance, and both the riders, along with a portion of the old wall, were precipitated into the rocky channel below!

The sequel is soon told. The young, beautiful, and kind-hearted bride, was

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shortly afterwards taken up a mangled and bleeding corpse, while her headstrong and thoughtless husband had received so severe a concussion of the brain, that his recovery, for several weeks, was more than doubtful. When at length his reasoning faculties began slowly to return, the scene that I have just described appeared nothing more than a dream to him. At length it became necessary, to prevent his calling at the Lawson's to enquire after his "dearest Nancy," to disclose to him the melancholy catastrophe of his wedding-day.

It will readily be credited that I was amongst those who suffered most keenly, and, perhaps, with the exception of Agnes Holme, no other individual bore "so great a burden of the general grief." When the melancholy funeral was over—just three short days after the wedding-day—I once more bade adieu to that part of the country, my heart oppressed with feelings that I will not attempt to describe, and which, while life remains, I never shall forget.

One tedious year wore away after another, but I returned not to my home. Time, had done much towards healing the surface of the wound, yet I felt that a visit to the scenes of the happy years of my youth, and the most wretched day of my existence, would open my grief anew and prolong my vain pinings and regrets. At length my aged parents became greatly distressed at my long absence; and circumstances occurring that required my presence in my native place, there was no alternative, and I once more found myself among my earliest friends and acquaintances. Time, in my absence had wrought many changes, and it had also done much towards restoring to the nearest connexions of the departed bride their wonted cheerfulness. But, alas! not so with myself, for my spirits sank within me whenever allusion was made to "the marriage of the lovely Nancy Lawson."

T. BROWN.

THE MYOSOTIS—AN ALLEGORY.

BY CAROLINE FICHLER.

READER, lovest thou the fragile azure-tinted flower by so many nations familiarly styled "Forget me not." If thou would'st gather it, quit the cultivated parterre and follow me to the wooded dell, or the river's brink. They flourish not in the broad and sunny pathway frequented by the busy throng; the scorching glare of noon would wither their dewy petals, and they droop and fade in the gay conservatory, amid the splendid uselessness of far-sought exotics; but here beside the refreshing stream which preserves the turfy verdure of the enamelled fields, where shadowy trees mirror their thick foliage on its glossy bosom, and derive their chief nourishment from its cooling current, there bloom myriads of the *Myosotis*, nodding their fair blue flowers, or pale pink buds, over the transparent flood.

Reader, hast thou a heart for real friendship, or pure affection? Seek them not in the giddy vortex of worldly pleasures; neither in the crowded assembly, nor mazy dance, nor in courtly splendor: in none such is true sensibility to be found. With the world's votaries, individuality of character and real worth are, commonly, subjects of derision, and their fellow beings are estimated by the power they possess of ministering to their interests, and without that power may pass unheeded; with them friendship is but a name, and for them love discharges his poisoned arrows, only. Not so in the retirement of domestic life, where, in the exercise of social duties and active benevolence, combined with a temperate participation in the amusements of the world, like the gentle *Myosotis*, all the holier joys of which our nature is susceptible take root and flourish. There, reader, dwells the truest human happiness, but merit alone can obtain the treasure.

B.

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF MARIA THERESA,
THE EMPRESS QUEEN.*

Just Gods! What evil genius o'er my lyre
Sheds darkening influence? for every chord,
That erst had answered to the poet's fire,
Now vibrates with harsh sounds of discord dire.

Thine muse the omen'd gift, that tuneful lyre
Whose chords are mute on this auspicious day!
Take back thy gift, or deign me to inspire,
That I pour forth a bright and joyous lay.

Art thou that lyre that soothed my woes,
And bade my soul in peace repose,
Whose silver tones have ruled the hour,
While every heart confess'd thy power?
Art thou that lyre which oft could move
The pity of my lady-love;
Bidding each angry passion die
Mid strains of Heaven-born melody?

Ungrateful lyre away! Well dost thou know
What I have sacrificed to win thy charms;
To wake thy fire how did my bosom glow!
And now thou fill'st that bosom with alarms;

What lonely moments I have passed with thee—
My only thought t' immortalize thy name:
At midnight's silent hour, oft would I flee
To strike thy chords and dream of thee and fame.

Such were the ties that bound my soul to thee,
Nice herself began to dread thy power;
And now ye Gods! Thou hast forsaken me;
Nor swell thy chords to bless th' auspicious hour.

Crumble to dust, thou mute inglorious thing!
Scorned by the vulgar herd, esteemed by none.
Arachne's fragile web shall round thee cling,
Away! thy glory is for ever gone.

Yet what say I! the fault is mine, alone!
And Heaven but punishes my rash design;
Lady, my silence only can atone
For having dared to offer at thy shrine:

Now I repent, and leave some loftier bard
To celebrate Theresa's natal hour,
Prostrate I close my wings, nor think it hard,
Since I have dared to soar above my power.

Never should a fragile bark
A troubled ocean brave,
Mid stormy winds and tempests dark
It soon must find a grave;
But rather seek some glassy lake
Whose calm and waveless breast,
The finny tribes alone shall wake,
From clear and tranquil rest.

From Metastasio, by E.E.E.

* See Portrait and Memoir, page 233, March 1840, of this Magazine.

MEMOIR OF
JEANNE D'ARC, (CALLED *LA PUCELLE* ;)

OR
THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

Illustrated with a Full-length Portrait, engraved from an illuminated Monstrelet, in the Library of the British Museum.

No other episode in the annals of France excites so much wonder and interest, as the arrival of Jeanne d'Arc, the peasant maid of Lorraine, in the French camp—her virtues, her noble deeds and cruel death. So extraordinary an event gave birth to the strangest conjectures ; some, partaking of the enthusiastic and mysterious character of those times, believed her to be actually inspired by supernatural revelation, and regarded her as an instrument selected to work out the secret designs of an inscrutable Providence ; others, less disposed to believe in the direct intervention of the Deity in worldly affairs, have considered her enthusiasm merely as the effect of an exaltation of patriotic and religious sentiments, intimately blended in a mind as simple as it was pure and elevated.

Of the many writers who have detailed the first public appearance of this noble-minded peasant girl at the head of the courtiers, and warrior-knights of France—an appearance which produced the most momentous consequences in relation to the fate of that kingdom, Voltaire and Hume have shown themselves singularly careless in the study of facts, holding too in utter disdain every act of mental exaltation—as superstition. Horrified at the various scourges which avarice and ambition on the one hand, together with ignorance on the other, had heaped upon the mass of mankind during the middle ages, they have been, oftentimes, equally unjust towards men and things, by not unfrequently refusing to recognise virtue when associated with enthusiasm, which they regarded as an overheated state of mind, and little short of evil. A spirit of calm and independent research was an indispensable requisite for investigating the affairs of an epoch in which, every moment, the sublime was mixed up with the ridiculous—ignorance, superstition, heroism, and patriotism presenting themselves by turns and often confounded strangely with each other.

Before entering upon that which more directly concerns the personality of the subject of our memoir, it will be a requisite task rapidly to review the state of France at the moment of the appearance of Jeanne d'Arc upon the perilous stage on which she enacted so conspicuous and memorable—yet so brief—a part.

The reign of Charles VI. of France was one of the most disastrous epochs in that nation's history. Never had so many calamities simultaneously befallen it. Upon the death of the unhappy Charles VI., the infant, Henry V. of England, was proclaimed, and the Duke of Bedford took the title of Regent. The Parliament, the provost of merchants, the *échevins* (sheriffs) of the University, were compelled to take the oath of usurpation ; none were exempt from having it administered to them ; the priests and the inhabitants of the cloister were not even excepted. Certain burgesses of Paris, however, boldly withstood its imposition, but their devotion to the son of Charles VI. was punished by subjecting them to the endurance of most horrible tortures, and, henceforward, terror held sway over every mind, and every head bowed submissively to the yoke. The most powerful vassals of the King of France—the dukes of Burgundy and Brittany—were allied to the English, carrying on the war, conjointly, with them. Desolation reigned on all sides : in towns, nought

else was thought of save the best means of fortifying and defending them. In the open country, many were the domains left wholly uncultivated, over whose surface waved briars and brushwood, in lieu of golden harvests : hence that popular tradition that the "*woods had been brought into France by the English.*" The conquerors hesitated not to partition amongst themselves towns as well as provinces. The Duke of Bedford held Anjou and Maine ; the Duke of Gloucester, Champagne ; the Earl of Salisbury, le Perche. The English further demanded that the lands bestowed upon the Church by the piety of the faithful should be given up to them ; and, finally, the castles of the barons who had remained faithful to the French king became possessed by the English barons. In order that this system of usurpation might be extended throughout the kingdom, even the English soldiers were allowed to retain possession of whatever fell into their hands. But the sum of evils under which the unhappy land groaned has yet to be told. The most desolating of all others for France was, that victory had redoubled the courage, and mightily increased the power of the English, so that the armies of the invader were rendered more formidable than ever when led into battle. On the part of the King few were the towns and fortresses now her own ; and such as they were, with disheartened troops and defenders, the only force with which the French could oppose the enemy consisted of hastily levied troops, chiefly draughts formed from the wrecks of armies depressed by constant defeat. Then it was that the disastrous battles of Crevant and Verneuil filled up the measure of brimming woe. Such, therefore, was the situation of unhappy France in the second year of Charles the Seventh's reign ; and the acts of that young monarch fall now naturally under our observation.

Charles VII., proclaimed, on the death of his father, king, in the castle of Espailly, became acquainted with the miseries attendant upon human grandeur ere he had tasted the pompous delights of sovereignty and sway. The English called him, out of mockery, *the king of Bourges*. Certain traditions, the falsity of which modern history has fully detected, and which, are now in consequence, available only for the romance writer, have accused Charles VII. of having forgotten, amidst uninterrupted festivity, his country's perils and misfortunes. To such a state of misery, however, was this prince soon reduced, that on the birth of his son he was unable to pay the baptismal fees, his treasurer having only four crowns in his coffers ! The failing with which he was, unhappily, too truly, chargeable, was indolence of character and the culpable weakness and enervation which he manifested in a position wherein all energy was needed. For whilst an usurping enemy possessed skilful generals and well-trained troops, the affairs of Charles VII. and his kingdom were governed by unprincipled courtiers and heartless favorites ; a species of pest from which royal personages are no more exempt in the time of adversity, than in the period of prosperity. So entirely did these minions seem to occupy themselves with devouring the last spoils of royalty, that it might have been imagined they were really retained in the pay of the English. For, instead of seeking to inspire their prince with the noblest sentiments fitting for such great and pressing emergency, their sole solicitude was to keep aloof from about his person those brave-hearted men who were still in arms, whose uppermost thought was only of laying down their lives in the cause of their unhappy sovereign. Charles VII. was pinched with the absence of every thing he wanted, and he could not even procure provisions, clothing and arms, for the small number of soldiers who still fought under his banners. Accordingly, he was obliged to summon the Scots to his aid, and from the want of other generals capable of assuming such important command, the Earl of Douglas was placed at the head of his troops, Charles having promised the province of Berri to the Scots as a reward for their services, if they helped him to recover his kingdom : a sad bargaining, which, nevertheless, speaks volumes regarding the manifold troubles with which the king then found himself beset.

The affairs of France were at their lowest ebb when the English commenced the siege of Orleans, which, under then existing circumstances, was the most important place in the kingdom. The enemy had collected together a numerous and well-disciplined army, and but one final blow seemed needed to consummate the ruin of the

"land of the lilies," and the English were by no means unmindful of their long chain of victories. It was then, indeed, the settled conviction of all Europe that France could no longer, except by a miracle, be saved. The city of Orleans, in which was concentrated the last strength of the kingdom, heroically at first sustained the siege; the patriotic spirit with which the populace of the place, as well as the soldiery, had hastened to its defence, testified to the enemy that the last struggle would be a terrible one; but the defeat at Rouvray, in the action commonly known under the name of the *Battle of Herrings*,* by Sir John Fastolfe, speedily destroyed every little vestige of hope which remained. The inhabitants of the besieged city saw themselves, to quote the words of an old chronicle, "*in great doubt and danger of being lost*," when suddenly "*they heard that a maiden was coming from before the king, the which talked hardily of causing the siege of the said city of Orleans to be raised*." Such, then, was the miracle destined to be wrought for the preservation of France, and we will now, by a slight chronological retrospection, trace the singular history of the young maid reserved for so high and remarkable a destiny.

Between Neufchâteau and Vaucouleurs, in a smiling valley watered by the Meuse, there lived, at that epoch, in the hamlet of Domremy, a young peasant girl named *Jeannette*, or *Romée*; the latter name being that of her mother, she bore it conformably to the custom of the country. Her father, Jacques d'Arc, was born at Sept-Fonts, near Montierender in Champagne, and for many years had dwelt in the hamlet of Domremy. Isabette, or Isabelette Romée, the wife of Jacques, was a native of Vatern, situate at a short distance from Domremy. The whole wealth of Jacques d'Arc and his wife consisted of a few sheep and a small field, but the scanty produce obtained from culturing the latter, added to that from the flock, was nevertheless sufficient for their subsistence. They were a simple-hearted, hospitable and pious couple, of rigid probity and unpretending demeanour, and were regarded with sentiments of consideration and esteem by all their neighbours.† Jacques d'Arc had five children; three sons and two daughters; the eldest of his sons was named Jacquemin, the second Jean, the third Pierre, or Pierrelo. The daughter Jeannette became celebrated under the name of Jeanne d'Arc. Her sister's name has not been preserved. The most probable conjectures place the date of Jeanne's birth, in the year 1410. Her education was that suitable to a village girl. She could, indeed, neither read nor write, but she made, when occasion required it, a cross, and sometimes two at the top of the letters dictated by her. All her knowledge consisted simply in being able to sew and spin well. The youthful Romée learned from her mother's lips the *Pater Noster*, *Ave Maria*, the *Credo*, and the first principles of moral and Christian faith; and this maternal instruction served to foster and ripen an innate love of virtue, and reverence for things sacred. The various depositions comprised in the *procès de revision*, agree in exhibiting Jeanne to the world as good, simple-hearted, chaste, modest, temperate, patient, mild, prudent, industrious, fearing God, delighting in works of charity, attending the sick. During her childhood, an age at which the value of time is so readily forgotten, none of Jeanne's hours passed away unoccupied, and when freed from her daily labor she was sure to be found kneeling in prayer in a recess of the village church. So great was her timidity, that from the testimony of a credible witness, a single word would have been sufficient to cover her face with blushes. By other testimony it was further confirmed that there was not a better girl throughout Domremy, or the adjoining village of Greux or Gras. "I could fain have wished that heaven had bestowed upon me so good a daughter," are the words of a knightly witness. The commissioner sent by the English for the purpose of making inquiries respecting the early youth of Jeanne, reported that he had found no one act in her whole life, "*which he would not have desired to find in that of his own sister*."

The inquisitorial searches instituted both by her friends and her enemies, with a view

* So called, because the large convoy which Sir John Fastolfe was escorting, brought a great quantity of that kind of provisions, for the use of the English army during the Lent season.

† These particulars are gleaned from depositions contained in a *procès de revision*, collected during an enquiry made at Vaucouleurs by order of Charles VII.

to ascertain every circumstance relating to Jeanne, previous to her departure for the court of Charles, at Chinon, have furnished history with very precious details of her early days at Domremy. The young maiden accompanied her father and brothers to the fields, participating with them in all their rustic occupations—hoeing weeds, breaking clods of newly ploughed earth, gathering and binding harvest sheaves, and, frequently, driving the flocks to pasture. The domestic duties of her parental homestead had an equal share of her attention; in which must be included her labors at the spindle. On many occasions, whilst tending the sheep in the open fields, she had been seen to address her humble orisons to her maker—the ringing of the church bell at Domremy being the signal for her engaging in prayer. One witness who, in his youth, had been the bell-ringer at Domremy, deposed that Jeanne had often sharply reproved him, for not being punctual in ringing *complies* (the last act of evening worship in the Catholic Church), and the pious peasant girl promised to give him a few *Lunes* (a coin of Lorraine), if he performed his duties better for the future. Among other religious customs, observed by the youthful Jeanne, was that of making a pilgrimage every Saturday to the hermitage of Sainte Marie, Notre Dame de Bermont, situated at a short distance from Domremy. The offering of the young Romée, consisted of wax tapers, which she burned before the shrine of the Holy Virgin.

Several ancient popular superstitions intermingle themselves with the narrative of the pastoral and religious life of Jeanne; and the district in which she was born, by its natural features, was well calculated to augment that devotional fervor, which, from even her tenderest youth, had gained the ascendant over all her other faculties. The surface of that romantic canton of France is covered with wide-stretching woods and gloomy forests. At half a league distant from Domremy, is the wood of Chenu, which the simple peasantry of those parts believed to be haunted by fairies, and which rose in sight of the dwelling of Jeanne d'Arc. Hard by this wood, not far from a pure and limpid spring, and upon the high road from Domremy to Neufchâteau, stood an antique and majestic beech tree, known from time immemorial, under the designations of *Beau Mai*, *Arbre des Dames*, and the *Fairies' Tree*:—those mysterious beings, it was affirmed, were wont to hold their revels in the adjacent glades, and dance in circles round the venerable tree, to the music of their own tiny voices. So soon as a convalescent peasant arose from his bed, he tottered forth to walk beneath the shadow of the *Fairies' Tree*, and those attacked with fever repaired to the spring, a draught of whose pure water was deemed the best restorative that could be administered. During the month of May, it was customary for the Lord of the domain with all his retinue, followed also by the youths, maidens and children of Domremy, to repair in great pomp to the haunted beech, which, upwards of two centuries later, Edmond Richer (the author of an unpublished history of the Maid of Orleans), beheld still vigorous and lending to those joyous annual meetings the wide-spreading shade of its “melancholy boughs,” and to which, bouquets, garlands, and flower-crowns, were still suspended in gay profusion.

Jeanne d'Arc, it appears, often visited the *Fairies' Tree* with the young village girls of her own age; but the flowers, which, on such occasions, she wove into garlands, were reserved to deck the image of our Lady of Domremy: Jeanne rarely joined her companions in the dance; her delight was to sing with them pious canticles of that picturesque spot. Mr. Southey, in his epic has the following exquisite passage descriptive of the Maid's favorite resort:—

‘There is a fountain in the forest called
The ‘Fountain of the Fairies’: when a child
With a delightful wonder I have heard
Tales of the Elfin tribe who on its banks
Hold midnight revelry. An ancient oak,
The goodliest of the forest grows beside;
Alone it stands, upon a green grass plat,
By the woods bounded like some little isle.
It ever hath been deem’d their favorite tree;
They love to lie and rock upon its leaves,
And bask in moonshine. Here the woodman leads

"His boy, and, showing him the green-sward mark'd
With darker circlets, says their midnight dance
Hath trac'd the ring, and bids him spare the tree.
Fancy hath cast a spell upon the place,
And made it holy; and the villagers
Would say that never evil thing approach'd
Unpunish'd there. The strange and fearful pleasure
Which fill'd me by that solitary spring,
Ceased not in riper years; and now it woke
Deeper delight and more mysterious awe.
Lonely the forest-spring: a rocky hill
Rises beside it, and an aged yew
Bursts from the rifted crag that overbrows
The waters; cavern'd there unseen and slow
And silently they well. The adder's tongue
Rich with the wrinkles of its glossy green,
Hangs down its long lank leaves, whose wavy dip
Just breaks the tranquil surface. Ancient woods
Bosom the quiet beauties of the place,
Nor ever sound profanes it, save such sounds
As silence loves to hear, the passing wind,
Or the murmuring of the stream scarce heard.
A blessed spot! oh how my soul enjoy'd
It's holy quietness, with what delight
Escaping from mankind I hasten'd there
To solitude and freedom! thitherward
On a spring eve I had betaken me,
And there I sate, and mark'd the deep red clouds
Gather before the wind—the rising wind,
Whose sudden gusts, each wilder than the last,
Appear'd to rock my senses. Soon the night
Darken'd around, and the large rain drops fell
Heavy; anon tempestuously the gale
Howl'd o'er the wood. Methought the heavy rain
Fell with a grateful coolness on my head,
And the hoarse dash of waters, and the rush
Of winds that mingled with the forest roar,
Made a wild music. On a rock I sat;
The glory of the tempest filled my soul;
And when the thunders peal'd, and the long flash
Hung durable in heaven, and on my sight
Spread the gray forest, memory, thought, were gone,
All sense of self annihilate, I seem'd
Diffus'd into the scene.

"At length a light
Approach'd the spring; I saw my uncle Claude:
His gray locks dripping with the midnight storm
He came, and caught me in his arms, and cried,
My God! my child is safe!"

"I felt his words
Pierce in my heart; my soul was overcharged;
I fell upon his neck and told him all;
God was within me, as I felt, I spake,
And he believed."

Hitherto, we have seen Jeanne d'Arc merely as the simple and pious rustic maiden, an entire stranger to the pollutions of the busy world, the peaceful current of her life divided between her daily, domestic, and rural occupations, and her devotional duties towards God and our Lady of Domremy; we have now to contemplate her under a new phase—to gaze upon her as an inspired virgin—to listen to the startling narrative of her visitation by saints and angels.

It was at the age of thirteen, that the exaltation of her imagination manifested itself by effects of so extraordinary a character as to influence the whole course of the remainder of her life, and which were the sustaining strength and moving impulse of all her actions. She fell, at intervals, into what must, physiologically speaking, be cal-

led trances, or extacies. The first occurred to her about the hour of noon, whilst in her father's garden which was adjacent to the church; an extraordinary light suddenly shone before her, and at the same time a mysterious voice struck her ear. Nothing was revealed to Jeanne in this first vision; the young maiden simply received advice and precepts for the guidance of her conduct; the voice counselled her to continue good and prudent and put her entire trust in God. During the interrogatories put to her by the English, on the 24th. of February 1430, she confessed that the prodigy filled her with terror, and from that moment she held herself as a virgin consecrated in the sight of Heaven. This voice addressed her on several occasions—the second was whilst she watched her father's sheep, alone, in the meadows, and this time several marvellous personages appeared to her, the principal of whom she learned, was the archangel Saint Michael, attended by a company of angels. She also saw the angel Gabriel, and, subsequently and much more frequently than the others, Saint Catherine, and Saint Margaret. The appearance of the latter was announced to the young maiden by Saint Michael, whom Jeanne described as having the aspect of a *tres vray preud homme*, and having wings at his shoulders. Jeanne declared that she had seen this celestial legion *with her corporeal eyes*. Saint Michael we are informed, told the young peasant girl that God was resolved to save France, and that she must go and give her help to King Charles. These appearances of the archangel, date between the years 1423 and 1424; each time Saint Michael told the young shepherdess that it was she who was destined to effect the raising of the siege of Orleans, and restore Charles the Seventh to his kingdom: the poor girl burst into a flood of tears, and told the saintly visitant that she was utterly ignorant of the military skill requisite to take the command of an army, and could not even sit on horseback. Thereupon the archangel infused confidence into her mind, and ordered her to seek out Robert de Baudricourt, the commander at Vaucouleurs, who would conduct her to the king's presence; and it is at this latter moment that our portrait represents her. From the interrogatories put to her on her trial, it will be seen that Jeanne, at first, beheld these apparitions doubtfully—*elle fist grand doute si c'estoit Saint Michiel*; and that it was not until the third time of hearing the voice that she felt convinced of its being that of an angel. Jeanne related in affecting language, the profound reverence she entertained for those celestial messengers of the divine will: at their approach, she was wont to prostrate herself, "and if she had ever omitted so to do, she had afterwards entreated their mercy and pardon." She could not repress her tears on each occasion when the two saints and the archangel, whom she now considered had become her particular friends, were about to disappear; she would rather, indeed, that those inhabitants of Heaven had taken her with them to their abode of bliss; and at their departure, she devoutly "kissed even the very ground over which they had hovered."

Propitious to her prayers, the Saints, especially Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret, guided all her actions, frequently discoursing with her near the spring hard by the *Fairies' tree*. It is worthy of remark that Jeanne never varied in her opinion of the reality of these apparitions; the rigor of her imprisonment, the hope of softening the barbarity of her tormentors, the threat of being delivered up to the stake, nothing could tear from her a disavowal of such conviction. She invariably maintained that they had frequently appeared and still continued to appear to her, that they entered into conversation with her, that they were visible to her—not to the eyes of her imagination, but to her corporeal sight; that she had acted solely by their advice, that she had never said nor undertaken any thing of importance without their direction.

Although Jeanne had not hitherto confided to any human being the secret of these revelations and what they enjoined her to do, it appears that in order to moderate the excess of her religious zeal, and divert her from that singularity of manner now apparent in her, which caused much anxiety to her parents, it was resolved to get her married. A young peasant of Toul, captivated by her beauty, made her an offer of his hand, but met with a prompt refusal. With a view to force her into compliance with his wishes, he formed the project of asserting before the

authorities, that she had made him a promise of marriage, and she was thereupon summoned before the officials at Toul. The parents of Jeanne, probably in league with the young man, were anxious she should offer no defence to the charge; but Jeanne, firmly resolved upon obeying the orders of the saints, repaired to Toul and gained her cause: thus she was again free for the execution of her project. She entertained not the smallest hope of having the approval of her parents, and in order to elude their vigilance, she obtained from them permission to reside, for a period, with one of her uncles, named Durand Laxart. To him she confided her secret; and so persuaded him into giving implicit credence of the truth of her mission, that at first he himself repaired alone to Vaucouleurs, to seek the commander Baudricourt, and make him acquainted with the desires and promises of his young and inspired niece. The worthy uncle met with no very encouraging reception from the latter, who counselled him to *box his niece's ears well, and send her back to her parents*. Thereupon Jeanne d'Arc set out herself for Vaucouleurs, gained access to the commander, Baudricourt, recognised him from amongst several gentlemen by whom he was surrounded, and told him—"that she had received a command from her lord to deliver Orleans, and to make the dauphin King, and to conduct him to his coronation at Rheims." Baudricourt asked who her lord was. "'Tis the King of Heaven," was the reply. These details were collected from the testimony of a gentleman named Bertrand Poulengy, who was present at Jeanne's first interview with Baudricourt. Though admitted on three several occasions to the presence of Robert de Baudricourt, thrice did Jeanne find her prayers and promises repulsed. These refusals did not discourage her: her *voices*, as she termed her celestial guides, had announced the fact, that she would be thrice refused. She redoubled her prayers: she spoke unceasingly of her mission; each succeeding day increased her impatience. The time of her sojourn at Vaucouleurs, proved long and tedious to the enthusiastic girl; "the time hung as heavily upon her as with a woman with child," are the words of a witness, "for they would not conduct her to the Dauphin." Jeanne at last spoke of going on foot to seek the King, although she should *wear her legs off as far as the knees*; she begged and entreated that they would kindly lead her into the presence of the *gentle Dauphin*. She reminded them of a prophecy, current in that part of the country, which had foretold that a woman (Isabeau of Bavaria*), should bring France to ruin, and that a virgin from the borders of Lorraine would be its saviour. "I should like better," said she, "to stay at home and spin by the side of my poor mother, for it is not a fitting task for me; but I must needs go, because my Lord so wills it." A gentleman, held in great esteem throughout the canton, named Jean de Metz, struck with the significance of her words, her candour and calm self-possession, promised her, "*by his faith, his hand within her own, that, under the guidance of God, he would conduct her to the king.*" Bertrand de Poulegny, of whom we have previously made mention, declared himself willing to join the party. Jeanne immediately had her long tresses cut close, put on male attire, obtained the consent and recommendation of Baudricourt, caused a letter to be written to her parents, asking pardon for her disobedience to them, and, having received it, she fixed the day for her departure. The two gentlemen who accompanied her, persuaded of the truth of her mission, defrayed all the expenses of her humble equipment—for Baudricourt refused to contribute his portion towards it. He, however, bestowed a sword upon the maiden, and, further made those who were to escort her, take oath that they would conduct her safe and sound to the King's court. The escort which accompanied Jeanne consisted of seven persons: her third brother Pierre d'Arc, the two gentlemen who had, to a certain degree, devoted themselves to the mission, their two servants, an archer named Richard, and one Collet de Vienne, who had the title of king's messenger. It was towards the end of February 1429, that she took leave of the inhabitants of Vaucouleurs, who in her hearing dwelt upon the dangers to which she was about to expose herself, at a time when hosts of enemies were scouring over the country. "If I fall in with men-at-arms by the way," said she, "I have God to clear a passage for me to

* This portrait, and a very full and interesting memoir will be given July 1.

the presence of My Lord the Dauphin; for to that end was I born." "Go! then," said Baudricourt to her, encouraged, "let happen what may."

Some of those who composed Jeanne's escort were not equally convinced of the truth of her mission. Collet de Vienne, and the archer Richard, subsequently owned that her beauty had given birth in their minds to wicked thoughts; that they had suspected her of being either a witch or an insane person, and that, terrified at the perils to which she was exposing them, they had formed the project of flinging her into a ditch; but that after a while she gained such an ascendancy over them, that they were ever after disposed to submit to her will, and were most anxious that she might be presented to the king. Jean de Metz deposed that she inspired him with so much dread, that he never dare make any dishonest proposals to her. Bertrand de Poulengy, who was then a young man, likewise affirmed that he had neither the desire nor even the thought, "because," said he, "of the great goodness which he saw in her." In order, however, that her sex might not be suspected, she slept each night between those two gentlemen, wrapped up in her travelling cloak, the points of her *chausses* and *jupon** tied tightly. At last, towards the close of winter, after having traversed the enemy's territories, a journey of more than one hundred and fifty leagues, through a country intersected by many deep rivers, and amidst every conceivable obstacle and peril, Jeanne arrived at Fier-Bois, a village of Touraine, only six leagues distant from Chinon, where King Charles then kept his court. At Fier-bois was a church dedicated to Saint Catherine, celebrated for the pilgrimages made to its shrine: the sight of a temple consecrated to one of her guardian saints, naturally made a great impression upon Jeanne's pious mind; there she halted, and during her stay, frequently heard mass performed. She now caused a letter to be written to the king announcing her arrival; and, on the 24th of February 1429, a few days afterwards, she entered Chinon, whither the rumour of her mission had preceded her.

Ere we follow the footsteps of the peasant maid to the volatile court of Charles, or enter upon the startling events of her military career, we will briefly investigate the singular phenomenon presented under so extraordinary a mission.

At the epoch when Jeanne d'Arc started forth from the obscurity of her native village, to become for awhile, the most important personage in court and camp, every province throughout the kingdom was deeply convulsed by civil war. Not only cities, but towns, the most remote from the theatre of war rang with the tumult of political discord; all France found itself divided into two factions or parties—the party of the English and the Burgundians, or foreign faction; and that of the Armagnacs, or those who remained faithful to the king. Every village, every canton was waging war upon its neighbours, and each was constantly obliged to muster its utmost strength to defend itself against the marauding bands which ravaged the vicinity. As France, to the utmost extent of her territories, was thus more or less agitated, and the individual interests of all Frenchmen were in a state of constant alarm, none, it is self-evident, could remain in a state of inaction; every bosom consequently glowed with warlike passions, and women and children, as might be expected, were not unwilling to bear their part in the bloody strife. The peace and safety of every family was, in turn, menaced, so that valour necessarily became one of the prominent domestic virtues; added to these pressing excitements from without, marvellous legends were insidiously put forth by the heads of the contending factions in order to arouse and inflame the minds of the peasantry. Each hamlet had its celestial patrons, who were earnestly invoked against the enemies of the community and the state: as, then, nothing was dreamed of save miraculous deeds and unheard of triumphs, warfare was looked upon more as a holy and truly sacred calling, and prayer itself took a tone characteristically militant.

It may, then, be readily imagined that at such a time the thought of saving France *might* have had birth under an humble roof; that that spirit of heroism and devotion—that passionate exaltation engendered by the afflictions of the time, might be found combined in the mind of a young maiden, and be the means of bringing about those prodigies of valor, and those extraordinary events which history has transmitted for the especial wonder of mankind. To a deep affection for her native

* A military garment and a species of sur-coat.

land, Jeanne added a vivid imagination and that extreme simplicity of heart which is not unfrequently seen in great characters. Without those qualities she never could have accomplished such astounding marvels. A powerful love of country, and loyalty to her king must have taken sole possession of her mind in order to have wrought her energies to the resolution of driving forth the English from the land: vivid, indeed, must have been the imagination which gave birth to the marvellous apparitions which sustained her throughout the conception and execution of her noble and mighty project; indeed the greatest simplicity of heart was an indispensable requisite to a perfect conviction of the miraculous nature of her mission, to place implicit credence in the reality of those celestial voices which addressed her, and whose commands she so unhesitatingly executed; and, finally, Jeanne's enterprise could not have been accomplished save by a character of the loftiest stamp. She must, indeed, have been endowed with an intrepid energy, an untiring activity, not to have stopped short—terror-stricken—at the immensity of the project of which she herself was the head, and at the unparalleled difficulties she was about to encounter. Let us add, moreover, that a poor and simple peasant, and none other, was required, and indeed best fitted, for such a mission. A townswoman, or a woman of more elevated condition, would not have been listened to for a single instant; she would have been regarded rather as a political tool, than an envoy from Heaven: and, further, a city-born woman, or one of high rank, could not have possessed that *naïve* ignorance which reasons not—that so candid conviction nourished by solitude—qualities indispensable for the conception and enterprise of such a stupendous task. The tone of Jeanne's childhood was, as we have seen, altogether serious; she shared not in the pastimes and innocent pleasures of her companions, and was frequently observed to indulge in lonely reveries, during which “she seemed to be discoursing with Heaven.” Her frequent solitude amidst Nature, whilst tending her father's flock in the wood-skirted pastures around Domremy, at so tender an age, nurtured extraordinary ideas in a mind thus peculiarly constituted. Brought up, too, within hearing of the clangor of war, and in lively hatred of the English and Burgundians, Jeanne, with her impassioned soul, could not fail to ponder upon heroic exploits. In her girlish patriotism, she might have nourished the hope of one day seeing accomplished in her own person that popular prophecy, which announced that a young virgin should prove the saviour of the kingdom. The inhabitants of Domremy were remarkable for their attachment to King Charles VII., and the children of that hamlet often fought with those of the neighbouring village of Marcey, devoted to the faction of the Duke of Burgundy. One man only at Domremy was known to be a Burgundian. Such was Jeanne's aversion to the faction inimical to the King of France, that she one day was heard to express a wish that the man might die, “*provided always that the same might happen agreeably to the will of Heaven.*”

To the reputation for loyalty which the village of Domremy boasted, it stood indebted in the year 1428 for the visit of a Burgundian band, which cruelly devastated the neighbourhood. At the news of the enemy's approach, the inhabitants, driving their flocks and herds before them, fled for refuge within the walls of Neufchâteau. Jeanne's family were hospitably sheltered in an humble inn, kept by an honest woman named La Rousse. We will not enter here upon a needless dissertation to refute the statement of Hume and other authors, who have asserted that Jeanne was for five years a servant at an inn, but simply state the fact that Jeanne and the other members of her family made but a short temporary sojourn at Neufchâteau, and returned to the valley of Domremy, which the Burgundian soldiers had left solitary and desolate. It may easily be imagined with what bitter feelings Jeanne fled to Neufchâteau on the approach of the hated enemy, and on her return finding her native village in ruins, the whole neighbourhood devastated, and even the church burned to the ground—that church in which she had so long delighted to offer up her childish prayers. It is only by thus remarking the state of the country at that epoch and Jeanne's peculiar characteristics, that we can arrive at any sufficient explanation of the mission which the young maiden truly believed she had received from Heaven.

It might reasonably be imagined that the arrival of a poor young peasant girl at the court of Chinon would have created in all present, feelings of mingled surprise and admiration : such, however, appears not to have been the case ; on the contrary, she at first excited very little sensation. The principal lords were of opinion that she should be sent back without granting her an audience. It was not until after two day's deliberation, and after she had been examined and interrogated, that she was ushered into the king's presence. A contemporary writer, Jean Chartier, says that she entered the hall of audience with all the ease and well-bred manner of a person brought up at court : we prefer, nevertheless, the testimony of the Lord de Gaucourt, Grand Chamberlain of the king's household, who states that Jeanne presented herself with much humility and simplicity of manner, *comme une pauvre petite bergerette*. The king was instantly recognised by her, notwithstanding the precaution taken by him of concealing himself amongst a crowd of his courtiers, several of whom were attired more magnificently than himself. Singling out the monarch, and kneeling humbly before him, she embraced his knees according to the custom of the time, saying, "God give you happy days, gentle king!"

"I am not the king," replied Charles VII. ; "yonder he stands," added he, pointing to one of the lords of his suite.

"*Eh, mon Dieu !* gentle prince," replied Jeanne, "'tis yourself, and none other ; I am sent on the part of Heaven to give succour to you and your kingdom, and the King of Heaven commands you, through me, that you be anointed and crowned in the city of Rheims and that you be the lieutenant of the King of Heaven, who is ruler over France!"

Charles was surprised at her words, and took her apart to interrogate her more minutely. After having conversed with her, he declared that Jeanne had told him of certain secret matters, which none knew, or could possibly know, save God and himself, and that for such reason he was induced to place great confidence in her. This confidence was speedily shared by the whole court. Shakspeare in the play of Henry VI has given this interview with some slight variation representing Charles VII, the Duke d'Alençon, and King Reignier deliberating upon retreat, having just sustained a check before Orleans ; when Dunois arrives he announces the coming of the maid, who shortly makes her appearance :—

CHARLES.—Go, call her in (*exit Bastard*) : But first, to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place :
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern :
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

(*Retires.*)

(*Enter LA PUCELLE, BASTARD OF ORLEANS, and others.*)

REIGNIER.—Fair Maid, is't thou will do these wond'rous feats ?

PUCELLE.—Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me ?

Where is the Dauphin ? Come, come from behind ;

I know thee well, though never seen before.

Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me :

In private will I talk with thee apart ;—

Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

REIGNIER.—She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

PUCELLE.—Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,

My wit untrained in any kind of art.

Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleas'd

To shine on my contemptible estate :

Lo ! whilst I waited on my tender lambs,

And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,

God's mother deigned to appear to me ;

And, in a vision full of majesty,

Will'd me to leave my base vocation,

And free my country from calamity ;

Her aid she promis'd, and assured success :

In complete glory she herself reveal'd

And whereas I was black and swart before,
With those dear rays which she infused on me,
That beauty I am blessed with which you see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated.

Jeanne inspired all who approached her with sentiments of respect and attachment. Her natural grace, the frankness of her mind, the *naïveté* of her replies, simple, precise, and not unfrequently sublime, excited universal admiration. All who heard her enthusiasm upon the subject of her mission, became at once her admirers and partisans, catching speedily from her an ardent zeal for the cause of their prince and native land. Villars and Jamet de Tilloy returned to Orleans, full of enthusiasm for the young prophetess. Dunois assembled his people in order to relate to them what he had seen and heard, and ere long the hope of success, and an eager desire to give the enemy battle, succeeded to sensations of fear and despondency. A doubt, however,—a fearful, appalling doubt—yet remained to be solved. That Jeanne was inspired, was the general persuasion—but was she inspired by Heaven, or by the powers of Darkness? That was the momentous question which at such a juncture engrossed the attention of the king and his advisers. Conformably with the belief of the time, earthly prosperity, the cause of which could not be distinctly traced, was often attributed to an alliance with the devil—nothing, indeed, short of an abominable worship of the arch-enemy of God and man. The remotest thought of such a crime was alone sufficient to make the stoutest heart tremble; but there was this difference between the opinions of the vulgar and the enlightened—the latter alone believed themselves able to distinguish, by certain signs, those who were under the influence of the angel of evil. As a last resource in this serious matter, the ecclesiastics decided that the Holy Spirit which they had power to summon to their aid, gave them also the faculty of conjuring demons, and of delivering those who had fallen into their abhorred snares. Jeanne was, therefore, examined by several bishops who then happened to be at the court of Charles VII., in presence of the Duke d'Alençon. These examinations not appearing to have been sufficient for so important a matter, it was resolved that she should go to Poitiers, where the Parliament was sitting, and that she should there be interrogated by the most famous theologians of the University. The king himself repaired also thither, to give greater solemnity to the inquisition; and, in order the more readily to obtain a decision, named a commission of theologians, so that he might be thoroughly assured whether he could place good faith in the words of Jeanne d'Arc, and *lawfully* (*licitement*) accept of her services. Jeanne repeated before this learned assembly all she had previously stated relative to the *voices* (that is, apparitions) which had appeared to her, and which had commanded her, in the name of God, to deliver Orleans, and conduct Charles to Rheims, there to be anointed king. To accomplish such behest, she required that a sufficient number of knights and men-at-arms should be placed under her command. Thereupon Maître Guillaume Eymeri, Professor of Theology, remarked to her, "If Heaven purposeth to deliver the kingdom of France, there is no need of men-at-arms."

"The men-at-arms will fight," replied Jeanne, "and God will give the victory."

"We cannot," continued the examiners, "advise the king, upon your simple assertion, to place a body of men-at-arms at your disposal, whose lives you may thus vainly peril. Give us some sign by which it will be rendered evident that you are entitled to belief."

"*Eh, mon Dieu!*" answered Jeanne, "I have not come to Poitiers to give signs; lead me only to Orleans, and I will show you signs wherefore I have been sent. Place men-at-arms at my disposal, such number great or small, as you please, and I will instantly set forth."

She was next asked why she did not wear the attire of her own sex. To this she answered: "I put on armour that I may serve the gentle Dauphin, for it is indispensable that I assume habiliments suitable for such an end; and I have likewise

considered; that, when I should be surrounded by men, only, being clad in male attire, they would be more free from evil thoughts towards me, whereby I can better preserve my virgin estate both in thought and deed,"

At length, after repeated examinations, and causing her to be watched at all hours both of day and night, and after ecclesiastics had been sent to Domremy to inquire into her former conduct, and to ascertain whether her replies, as well as the declarations of Jean de Metz and Bertrand Poulengy, were conformable with truth, the theologians declared that they found neither in herself, nor in her words anything evil, nor contrary to the Catholic faith, and that taking into consideration her saintly life and praiseworthy reputation, they were of opinion that the king might legitimately accept of the young maiden's services.

The language of Jeanne d'Arc during the whole of this searching inquisition was full of dignity and confidence. She expressed herself *magno modo*, to use the words of the contemporary depositions, and her answers displayed all the ability that might have been found in those of a learned clerk. A certain right crabbed doctor, a native of the Limousin, who spoke exceeding bad French, asked her in what sort of idiom the celestial voices gave utterance?

"A better idiom than yours," was the ready response.

"Do you believe in God?" inquired the same worthy.

"More than you do," replied Jeanne. "To the theologians who were thickly pressing her with their crafty interrogatories, "I do not know A from B," she exclaimed, "I come on the part of the King of Heaven to effect the raising of the siege of Orleans, and to cause the king to be anointed and crowned at Rheims."

The reader of this passage of Jeanne's life cannot fail, by turns, to smile and wonder at the contemplation of an humble village maiden from the banks of the Meuse subjected to the endless examinations and subtleties of learned doctors and experienced magistrates; confounding, nevertheless, those grave functionaries, and imposing silence upon them by her ingenuous answers, and escaping without effort or assistance from the snares laid for her by those versed in a sophistical theology. When these tedious questions multiplied too rapidly for her patience, it is amusing to find that Jeanne complained that "they were losing time in idle talk, instead of marching against the enemy."

Charles VII. did not yet, however, appear to be satisfied with the decision of the council. Several members of Parliament, amongst others Regnault de Chartres, archbishop of Rheims, Chancellor of France, showed himself so inimical to her, that he was unwilling that any faith should be attached to her representations. Whereupon the king resolved to submit her to a last and decisive proof. It was the credence of that age that no pact could be entered into between the demon and a virgin; if, therefore, Jeanne was such, every suspicion of magic and sorcery would be swept away, and no scruple ought further to hinder the king from the acceptance of her services. Accordingly, Charles caused a council of matrons to be assembled, over which the Queen of Sicily, his mother-in-law, assisted by the ladies de Gaucourt and de Vienne, presided, whose duty it was to visit her, and verify the fact sought to be ascertained. Their examination sufficed to prove Jeanne's intact purity, whereupon every doubt upon the king's mind vanished, further uncertainty ceased, and Jeanne was declared *a good Christian, a true Catholic, and a very good person*; that her life was unspotted, and her words inspired. Charles and his council now quickly determined that a body of troops should be despatched to give Orleans succour, and that an attempt should be made to enter the city under the conduct of *Jeanne, the Maid*. What was then called an *état* was given her: in other words, a guard of soldiers and attendants. A knight named Jean d'Aulon was appointed her esquire and head of her household; Raymond and Louis de Contes were her two pages, with two heralds-at-arms, one named Guyenne, the other Ambleville. She further requested to have an almoner, and friar Jean Pasquerel, reader in the monastery of the Augustins at Tours, offered himself, was accepted, and adhered to her during the rest of her brief but wondrous career. The king caused a complete suit of armour to be made for Jeanne. She desired next to have a

standard, and pointed out the mode in which it was to be emblazoned. According to the description which she gave of it during her subsequent interrogation by the English, this standard was of a white stuff, then called *boucassin*, fringed with silk, upon a white field, powdered with *fleurs-de-lis*, and upon it was depicted the figure of the Saviour of mankind, seated upon a throne amidst the heavens, and holding a globe between his hands; on the right and left were represented two angels in the act of adoration, one of them holding a *fleur-de-lis*, upon which the Creator seemed bestowing his blessing; on either side were the words *Jesu* and *Maria*. A sword was then alone wanting for her complete equipment. Jeanne expressed a strong desire to have one which she stated would be found concealed behind the altar of the church of St. Catherine, at Fier-Bois, and which was marked with five crosses upon the blade. She thereupon caused the priests, who served that sacred edifice, to be addressed to grant her possession of the weapon. It was actually found in the place she had indicated and forthwith placed in her hands. The circumstances attendant upon the discovery of the sacred sword, are vividly described by the poet already quoted:—

A trophied tomb

Close to the altar rear'd its ancient bulk.
Two pointless javelins and a broken sword,
Time-mouldering now, proclaim'd some warrior slept
The sleep of death beneath. A massy stone
And rude-ensculptured effigy o'erlaid
The sepulchre. In silent wonderment
The expectant multitude with eager eyes
Gaze listening as the mattock's heavy stroke
Invades the tomb's repose: the heavy stroke
Sounds hollow; over the high-vaulted roof
Roll the repeated echoes: soon the day
Dawns on the graves long night, the slant sun-beam
Beams on the rushin'd arms, the crested helm,
The bauldrick's strength, the shield, the sacred sword.
A sound of awe-repressed astonishment
Rose from the crowd. The delegated Maid
Over her robes the hallowed breast-plate threw,
Self-fitted to her form; on her helm'd head
The white plumes nod, majestically slow;
She lifts the buckler and the sacred sword,
Gleaming portentons light.

The wondering crowd

Raise the loud shout of transport. "God of Heaven!"
The Maid exclaimed, "Father all merciful!
Devoted to whose holy will I wield
The sword of vengeance, go before our host!
All-just avenger of the innocent,
Be thou our champion! God of love, preserve
Those whom no lust of glory leads to arms."

The extraordinary revelations of the peasant maiden no doubt contributed to gain her credit at the court of Charles VII., but the greater probability is that her mission was especially established, from the dire necessity of the times. Orleans was on the eve of falling, and, with Orleans, France; a maiden of unsullied reputation arrived on the part of Heaven to save the tottering kingdom—was it probable that such succour should have been refused? Let us remember, likewise, that at the moment of this crisis, during such troubled times, marvellous things were the most certain of all others to gain ready belief, for when terror and despair master the imaginations of all, the supernatural is precisely that which is most joyfully welcomed; the human mind in such cases is naturally prone to believe in the intervention of the Deity, by the operation of miracles. And to this consideration we may add that the young maiden of Domremy was not likely to give umbrage to the courtiers and favourites of Charles VII., and that the latter had no such motive

for keeping her aloof from the young monarch's ear so carefully as they had other rivals of more elevated rank. Jeanne gave uneasiness to the pretensions of none, and stood in no one's way : she came from her native village expressly to deliver Orleans and conduct the king to Rheims ; little anxious, too, about receiving in this world the reward of her labors and exploits, her utmost wish was to return, after the fulfilment of her inspired mission, to the humble homestead which had sheltered her infancy, again to tend her father's flock, or spin beside her fond mother.

The moment at length arrived which had been so ardently longed for by Jeanne d'Arc—that moment at which she was permitted to combat, and conquer the enemies of her king and country. The inhabitants of Orleans, reduced to the last extremity, awaited with the utmost impatience the result of her predictions and promises, the recital of which, for two months past, had formed the unceasing topic of their conversation. There yet remained one other formality which it was necessary should be attended to. Amongst the instructions which Jeanne had received from the saints, she had been expressly enjoined, before undertaking anything against the English, to summon them to abandon the siege of Orleans. Accordingly, she dictated a letter, which was dispatched to the English generals assembled in arms before Orleans, “*for, on the part of Heaven, that they should render up the keys of all the fair towns which they had taken in France.*”

At last, the preparations for the departure of the convoy were completed, and the day fixed for the march of the army. Jeanne entered upon her military career by conducting this convoy of provisions to the relief of Orleans. She had repaired to Tours and Blois, with a view to superintend and hasten the preparations for the expedition. It was at Blois that Jeanne appeared for the first time under arms. Before quitting the town, she assembled all the priests therein, under a distinct banner, borne by her almoner, upon which the image of the Saviour upon the cross had, according to her directions, been depicted. No warrior was permitted to join that saintly troop without having the same day made an humble confession of his sins before the penitential tribunal. Jeanne further exhorted her soldiers to the regular discharge of this duty, to render themselves worthy of being united to the sacred battalion mustered around her. At the head of this battalion she advanced, displaying her standard, the priests chanting the *Veni Creator*, and all her soldiers following in military array animated with a kindred enthusiasm. The army of the Maid numbered six thousand warriors, and was accompanied by the commanders, De la Hire, Ambroise de Lore, the marshals Sainte-Sévère and De Rayz, the Admiral de Culan, the Lord de Gaucourt, and some other captains.

Our astonishment may be great, but need not be boundless at the prodigies wrought by the young maid of Lorraine. So great indeed was her natural eloquence, so lively and sincere her piety, so conspicuous her modesty and martial courage, and all these virtues blended so singularly in one possessed both of youth and beauty, that every quality was calculated to excite the highest admiration. The army, confident of victory, believed itself under the protection of Heaven, no less than the heroine who had placed herself at its head. On the 29th of April 1429, after having crossed the enemy's lines, in sight of their forts, Jeanne d'Arc (without any attempt being made on the part of the English to arrest her march), entered Orleans, armed at all points, mounted upon a white horse, preceded by her standard, the “young and brave Dunois” riding at her side, and escorted by the principal lords of the court, followed by troops of warriors, filled with patriotic ardor, and bringing with her a convoy of provisions which once more gave abundance to the starving city. From that moment the inhabitants of Orleans *believed* themselves invincible, and *were* so *effectually* : great was the universal joy within the walls :—men, women, and children, thus rescued from starvation, beheld with enthusiastic affection the warlike Maid, and eagerly pressed forwards to touch her person, or even the horse on which she rode.

It must not, however, be concluded that this enthusiasm for Jeanne was generally felt, or that it was shared in by all the military chiefs : the multitude believed in the miracles announced to them, because their minds were harrassed by fear, and they

knew not of other means of being saved ; the chiefs could not be expected to entertain the like credulity, from the reliance they naturally placed upon their own bravery and their own good swords. Jeanne was consequently not invariably summoned to their councils, and, on more than one occasion, some of the chiefs contemptuously rejected her advice. The Maid, as will be shortly seen, found it necessary in order to exact obedience from the turbulent chiefs with whom she was associated, in several instances to display all the energy of her character, and victory often crowned the arms of the French in spite of them. By exposing herself to the extremest danger, she gained in emergency her ascendant over the army, and the miracles which she wrought established her reputation amongst chiefs, soldiers, and populace.

On her arrival at Orleans, Jeanne learned that her summons to the English, dated from Blois, had been received with marked contempt ; and in violation of the ordinary practice of war, the enemy had detained the heralds of the French army ; but, on threatening the English with reprisals, they were delivered up. Her presence within the walls of the beleagured city had an electrical effect upon the minds of all. Before her arrival, say the contemporary writers two hundred English put to the rout five hundred Frenchmen in a skirmish ; but, since her coming, two hundred Frenchmen could put to flight five hundred of the English.

Jeanne D'Arc entered Orleans on the 30th of April ; on the 4th of May she began the combat, and on the 8th of May the siege was raised. Those three days of battle were resplendent with glory for the French army, and warlike deeds were achieved, the details of which are amongst the marvels of history. Each day Jeanne led the French successively to the attack of the different forts ; all were stormed and all carried : a great number of English were made prisoners, and many also, by the Maid's intercession, saved from the fury of her soldiers. Throughout these struggles, the *sang froid* of the young heroine was worthy of the highest admiration ; she displayed indeed, a courage and presence of mind which utterly disconcerts human judgment : singled out as the principal mark for the enemy's attack, she appeared unconscious even of danger ; by turns, commanding, advising and encouraging all ranks : the enthusiasm which animated her own bosom, passed into those of all who fought around her, and victory acknowledged no other banner save that of Jeanne D'Arc, the virgin of Domremy. From time to time, Jeanne made short but spirit-stirring appeals to her warriors : " Let each keep a good heart and firm hope in God," said she, to them, " for the hour approaches when the English shall be discomfited and all things shall come to a happy end." She was invariably the first to present herself, standard in hand, heading the attack, remaining last upon the field of battle in order to cover the retreat of her troops. Abhorring the shedding of blood, she only used her sword in the last extremity ; and, more frequently when engaged in the *mêlée*, she contented herself with repulsing her adversaries by striking them with her lance, or beating them back with a small-battle axe which she carried at her side. On the third day, the Maid led forth her troops, (as indefatigable now as herself,) against those strongholds still remaining in the hands of the English—the first was the outwork and fort *Des Tourelles* which formed the entrance to the bridge towards Sologne ; upon this post, the strongest fortified of any, depended the successful raising of the siege. The French generals, in a council of war, were of unanimous opinion that for so important an attack fresh succour should first arrive. The advice of Jeanne changed their resolution, and it was decided that the fort should be attacked on the morrow. The flower of the English force defended this post. The Maid directed the attack with a skill which astonished the most experienced generals ; she was seen at one moment exhorting some to stand firm, bringing up others to the combat, crying aloud, above the din of the onset, the name of " the God of armies," the shout of valor and the promise of victory. The French, were, however, repulsed on all sides : Jeanne, perceiving this, flung herself into the fosse—was the first to seize a ladder and raise it by main strength against the wall ; at that instant an arrow from the enemy's ranks struck her above the breast, between the neck and shoulder ; and she fell backwards, almost senseless. Surrounded instantly by a party of English—emboldened by her fall, the heroine—partly raising her body from the ground, defended herself with equal skill and courage, until Jean de Gamache came up and rescued her from out of

their hands. Jeanne d'Arc was led off the field of battle, stripped of her armour, and laid upon the grass. Dunois and several other chiefs quickly surrounded her and were prodigal of their attentions; her wound proved a deep one, and, at first, she was terrified, and could not refrain from shedding tears; but after a while, inspired by what seemed supernatural courage, she tore out the shaft with her own hands; the blood now flowed profusely, and, to stanch it, it was proposed to *charm* the wound by uttering certain magical sentences; to this she replied, that she would rather die than do that which she knew to be criminal. A preparation of lard and oil of olives was, however, applied, and, on the hemorrhage ceasing, she expressed a desire to make confession, whereupon those about her withdrew, leaving her alone with her almoner. As soon as the army beheld her no longer at its head, discouragement prevailed, as well amongst the soldiers as officers; the attack had lasted since ten o'clock, and night was then coming on. Dunois ordered the retreat to be sounded, and the troops ceased their attack upon the fort. Jeanne d'Arc was sensibly afflicted at hearing this, and though she was seriously wounded, it did not prevent the heroine from calling for her horse, in order to rally the chiefs and soldiers whom her wound had so discouraged. On her steed being brought to her, she sprang lightly into the saddle, as though she had lost all feeling of fatigue, or depression, and withdrew alone into a vineyard, where she remained for a quarter of an hour occupied in prayer, which finished, she again appeared at the head of the troops. Having reached the boulevard, she seized her standard, and, holding it aloft, advanced to the edge of the fosse. Seeing this, the English became terror-stricken; the French, on the contrary, returned to the assault with increased ardor, and once more scaled the boulevard. The garrison within Orleans, seeing what was passing, kept up a hot fire with their cannon and arblasts upon the fort, and sent fresh troops to take part in the glory of their companions in arms. The English defended themselves with obstinate fury; but the Maid shouted to her troops: "All is yours, enter!"—and, in an instant, the boulevard was carried, the English fleeing instantly into the fort; but the greater number perished by the fall of the drawbridge, which was sunk in the Loire. The French speedily repaired the bridge, crossed the river, and the fort immediately fell into their hands. Thus, the Maid, as she had predicted in the morning before engaging in battle, led back her troops within the walls of Orleans over the same drawbridge which had hitherto been held by the enemy. Her entrance was a complete triumph: all the bells of the city ringing merrily, proclaimed far and near the victory just achieved by the king's troops; the populace crowded eagerly round the heroine with shouts of joy, whilst tokens of love and veneration were showered upon her at every step. Jeanne who had neither taken food nor drink during the whole day, on entering her lodgings for the night, ate only four or five slices of bread soaked in water mixed with a little wine. Her compassion for the vanquished is worthy of remark—her tears flowed freely at the sight of the dead bodies of the slaughtered English, and great was her compunction that at so many warriors had passed into eternity without confession. On the morrow the tender-hearted Jeanne occupied herself with seeing that the last duties were rendered to those brave men who had perished in the conflict; the body of Glacidas, the English commander, (who had exceeded all his countrymen in lavishing abuse upon the Maid), was taken out of the Loire and sent back to the English army. The English generals, after remaining all night in deliberation, determined upon raising the siege; and before day-break they marched their troops out of the camp, and the forts which still remained in their possession upon the right bank of the Loire, ranged them in marching order and prepared for retreat. The French, although inferior to them in numbers, were anxious to pursue them; but the noble-minded heroine curbed their impetuosity, and, ever anxious to avoid bloodshed, said "let the English depart, and stay them not; their departure will suffice me."

In the preceding sketch of the life and character of Jeanne, and the momentous position of France previous to her entry upon her military career, we have sufficiently explained the mission which the daughter of Jacques d'Arc believed she had received from Heaven. If it now be asked how a young village girl, who up to

time of her appearance at Chinon had been solely occupied in sewing, spinning, and tending sheep, could thus suddenly figure in a field of battle, directing manœuvres and conducting attacks in such a manner as to astound the most skillful commanders, all who are called upon to answer must be wholly at a loss for reply. We shall not here examine how far it may be worthy to place faith in the different predictions of the Maid touching the siege of Orleans, the accomplishment of which is signalised in contemporaneous history; we would separate from history that which belongs too evidently to the region of miracle, and take events simply as they are recognisable alike by the unlearned, and the erudite. Seven months had elapsed since the Earl of Salisbury, on the 12th of October 1428, had sat down to besiege Orleans, and all the efforts of the most valourous knights of France, during so long a period, had not triumphed over the courage of the besieged, nor outworn their firmness. A young peasant girl arrives at the scene of action, places herself at the head of an army greatly inferior in numbers to the enemy's force, and in three days the forts and out-works raised by the besiegers were carried. Dunois, Xaintrailles and La Hire—leaders of undoubted skill and bravery, themselves became obedient to the young Maid as to a general who had witnessed many a well-fought battle, and were unable to explain, save by a miracle, the Maid's superiority in military tactics. The Duke d'Alençon, who was not personally present in the strife, but who visited the ruins of the English redoubts a short time after the raising of the siege, deposes "that he believes that they had been taken rather by miracle than by force of arms, more especially the outwork Des Tournelles, at the foot of the bridge, and that Des Augustins, in which he would right gladly have defended himself, during six or seven days, against any power of men-at-arms, and, it seemed to him, without risk of being taken. And, further, that according to what he had heard related by the men-at-arms and captains, whom he found therein, almost every thing that had been then done at Orleans was attributed by them solely to the direct command of God. This he had also heard affirmed several times, amongst others, by Messire Ambroise de Lore, who was afterwards provost of Paris."* For ourselves, we freely confess that we have no better explanation to give than those offered by some of the greatest captains and nobles of the day.

On the 8th of May 1429, the hostile army, lately so haughty and menacing, was seen in full retreat from the ramparts of Orleans, at which joyful sight a solemn procession traversed the city making the welkin ring with sacred hymns and songs of thanksgiving. The custom of this imposing religious ceremony was afterwards renewed annually, in commemoration of so great an event, and has only been discontinued during a few years of recent anarchy and revolutionary trouble.

The first part of Jeanne's mission was, therefore, accomplished: the siege of Orleans had been raised, but the task yet remained for the Maid to conduct the king to Rheims. This enterprise, to say the least, was as difficult as the former. The recollection of the marvels performed before Orleans was not sufficient to win the king and the chiefs of the army to undertake the expedition to Rheims. Although still suffering from the effects of her wounds, she herself repaired to Loches, to announce to Charles VII the happy deliverance of Orleans. The news reached Paris during the course of the next day, where it spread terror and discouragement through the ranks of the English and Burgundians. Jeanne was anxious to march straight upon Rheims, to have the coronation ceremony of Charles performed there; but the execution of so bold a project startled both the King and his council; he would have to traverse nearly eighty leagues of a country occupied by the enemy, at the head of a not very numerous army, without provisions, or hope of procuring any save by the law of the strong hand: moreover, it was necessary to take possession of several considerable towns which lay in the route, any one of which might arrest the king's march. The slightest check, in a situation so perilous, might entail total destruction on his cause. It appeared, therefore, more prudent to commence with the conquest of Normandy; and the Duke d'Alençon, who was personally interested in the adoption of such a course, supported it to the utmost of his power. The persuasive arguments of Jeanne, however, triumphed over all fears and all interests,

* Deposition of the Duke d'Alençon.

and it was finally decided that the army should hold on its march towards Champagne, and that, ere its departure, the towns taken by the English in the vicinity of Orleans should be re-garrisoned. The ascendant, so wonderfully exerted by the Maid over the minds of old and young, gradually wrought up the most misgiving to enthusiasm. The first step taken was to lay siege to Jargeau, defended by the brave Suffolk, who declared his resolution of burying himself in its ruins rather than yield. The artillery was there pointed by the Maid with so much skill, ~~that~~, in a few days, a breach in the ramparts was practicable, and the assault resolved upon. The Duke d'Alençon, who rode by the side of Jeanne, appeared to be doubtful of the issue of the general attack ordered by the youthful amazon. "Ah! gentle duke, are you afraid?" she asked. "Know you not that I have promised your lady to bring you back safe and sound? *En avant, gentle duke!*" She fought throughout the day under the eyes of that prince, and was, as usual, the first to brave the thickest danger. On perceiving a point at which the besieged opposed a stubborn resistance, she descended into the ditch and ascended a ladder, standard in hand. Thus rendered conspicuous amidst the press, an English soldier hurled a huge stone down upon her head; luckily her helmet preserved her from serious injury, but she fell stunned at the foot of the rampart. Upon the walls arose a shout of triumph, whilst, below, the lamentations of the soldiers were loud at the fall of the heroine: Jeanne, however, speedily recovered her senses, and rose up more fierce and terrible than ever. "Friends, friends, *sus, sus!*" (an exclamation expressive of *haste*), "have good courage; our Lord hath condemned the English; at this moment they are ours!" The French troops, reanimated by her words, rushed again into the breach, drove the enemy into the town, pursued them from street to street, slew eleven hundred of them, and compelled Suffolk, William de la Pole, and other English commanders, to surrender themselves prisoners. The fall of Meung and the castle of Baugenci, although defended by the brave Talbot, who retired to the left towards Janville, quickly followed that of Jargeau; but the English army, strengthened by all the garrisons of the abandoned towns, was still superior in numbers to the French, although the Constable de Richemont had joined the latter. A Patay, the vanguard of the French found itself within only half a league of the enemy. The Duke d'Alençon, Dunois, and Marshal Rieux—the commander-in-chief, hesitated to give battle. The bare idea of fighting the English in open field terrified the minds of those who were still full of the remembrance of Agincourt, Crevant, Verneuil, and Rouvray-Saint-Denis. Jeanne had need of all her irresistible ascendancy on this momentous occasion. She unhesitatingly promised victory to the French arms, and the troops, fully relying upon her promise, before daybreak rushed upon the English: a division, led on by Fastolf, the victor at Rouvray, fled, and the rest were thrown into disorder. Two thousand five hundred Englishmen perished on the field of battle, twelve hundred were made prisoners, and amongst the latter number was Talbot, the commander-in-chief.

The Maid, escorted by all the French generals, repaired to the king's presence to announce the news of the victory of Patay; and, in that interview, she succeeded in effecting a reconciliation between the monarch and the Constable de Richemont, whom the favorite, La Trémouille, had displaced and wholly deprived of power.

Meanwhile, the renown of the Maid of Orleans, and the narration of her astonishing exploits, had spread rapidly throughout France and thence over the rest of Europe. Opinion now seemed settled with regard to her mission; all the French who were partisans of Charles VII. doubted not that she was inspired of Heaven, whilst the English, on the contrary, looked upon her as a witch and a sorceress, and the terror which she had infused amongst them paralysed the moral force of their armies in France, hitherto unacquainted with defeat. Her ascendancy over the French soldiery and common people was boundless, but such was by no means the case with the generals and courtiers. Not a few amongst them were jealous of the glory she had obtained by her extraordinary deeds, and felt humiliated at the superior way which a lowly-born girl had usurped over so many illustrious captains and noble knights. With some she had sharp altercations; but, engrossed with the accomplishment of her mission, to make all concur in her views, and assure the

success of her arms, she feared not at times to assume the tone of command, and even, also, of menace. Entertaining an unconquerable horror for women of bad reputation, the Maid had formally forbidden their presence in the camp, taking the greatest precautions to keep them aloof from the army. In all other matters, Jeanne remained the same simple-hearted, humble, gentle creature—anxiously seeking seclusion and solitude, and passing a great portion of her time in exercises of pious devotion. She was frequently observed during the night, when she thought herself unseen, to prostrate herself amidst the gloom, and pray to Heaven for the prosperity of Charles and his kingdom. She took pleasure in associating with persons of her own sex, and, whenever practicable, shared her couch with one or more of those females held in most consideration in the locality, giving the preference to young girls, and refusing those of more mature age. When she was unable to find persons of her own sex wherewith to share her couch, she lay down without undressing herself. Her abstinence was so great, that it seems astonishing she was able to preserve her strength with so little aliment. She preferred rather to abstain from all nourishment, than to touch provisions which she knew, or suspected had been obtained by violence. She tolerated neither pillage nor vengeance, after the heat of conflict was over.

It is not a little remarkable that, after such unhopèd-for success—the accomplishment of so many predictions, the king and the majority of the military chiefs did not place firm and entire confidence in the mission of the Maid. After each triumph, Jeanne was, indeed, looked upon as inspired; but, no sooner was any new enterprise *advised* by her, than there arose doubts of her power. As their hesitation seemed hourly to increase, the heroine of Domremy was compelled to work miracles continually. After the battle of Patay, she was opposed in her project of marching upon Rheims. Human foresight would, indeed, have declared such enterprise most imprudent: the little army of the king would have had to have marched through those eighty leagues of well-fortified country. But her projects could not be appreciated by ordinary judgment; the mission of the wondrous Maid so fully accredited by inconceivable victories, she ought to have been freely allowed to have played the heroine—her standard even, blindly, followed, whithersoever it could meet the enemies of France: such was assuredly the best and sole policy of the moment.

Thanks to the firmness of Jeanne, the French army began its march for Rheims. Departing from Gien towards the end of June, 1429, it arrived before Auxerre, which place, on condition of furnishing a supply of provisions, was suffered to keep a provisional neutrality, and thus, in granting obedience to the king's power, awaited to see what might be the fate of Troyes, Chalons, and Rheims. The first, defended by strong walls and deep ditches, boldly refused to open its gates. The army had remained encamped before it only five days, when the soldiers began to suffer severely from scarcity of food, so that the king's council was of opinion that the march ought to be continued without attempting an attack. This was energetically opposed by Jeanne, and the assault being, at length, resolved upon for the morrow, she occupied herself the whole night in superintending the preparation of fascines. At break of day she ordered the trumpets to sound, the ditches to be filled with fascines, and, radiant with inspiration, she advanced, waving aloft her standard. Terror seized upon the besieged at the aspect of the valorous Maid; on their knees they begged permission to treat for a capitulation, and Charles himself entered into a treaty with the inhabitants. One chronicle affirms that the English and Burgundians, from the summit of the walls, were terror-stricken at the sight of this female chief, imagining, in their alarm, that they saw a cloud of white butterflies hovering about her banner; and, subsequently, at the siege of Chateau-Thierry, white butterflies are spoken of as being found on Jeanne's standard. According to the belief of the times, these insects betokened that such was an enchanted banner, and that a host of invisible genii fought in her favor under its spell. The population of Chalons, headed by its bishop, and stirred up by the fame of the Maid's exploits, flocked forth to meet Charles VII. When nigh Domremy, she was also visited by four inhabitants of her native village, with whom was her godfather, Jean Morel. How affecting such an interview—when the recollection of her obscure childhood and

humble paternal roof thus suddenly arose to mingle itself with the more brilliant images of war and victory, and the pre-occupations of an enterprise about to decide the destiny of a kingdom. The good and simple village folk earnestly asked her whether "she did not fear death upon the field of battle?" "Treason is the only thing I fear," was her reply. Was there not something of a sorrowful presentiment contained in those expressive words?

Charles VII. at length arrived under the walls of Rheims: the inhabitants, on daring to offer resistance, laid the keys of their city at his feet. The king made a solemn entry into the city with Jeanne at his side, accompanied by a numerous chivalry, and followed by his whole army. The ceremony of the coronation was fixed for the next day, July 17, 1429. Ever busy in the welfare of the kingdom, that same morning the Maid dictated a letter to the Duke of Burgundy, to engage him to make peace with Charles VII.

The scene between Jeanne and the Duke of Burgundy in the third act of Shakspeare's Henry VI, one of the most forcible of the drama, has, it will thus be seen, a strictly historical basis:—

PUCELLE.—Look on thy country, look on ^{*}fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe!
As looks the mother on her lovely babe,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woeful breast!
O turn thy edged sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore;
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots!

BURGUNDY.—Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

PUCELLE.—Besides, all French and France exclaim on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Who joinst thou with, but with a lordly nation,
That will not trust thee, but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
Who, then, but English Harry will be lord,
And thou be thrust out, like a fugitive?
Call we to mind,—and mark but this, for proof;—
Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was he not in England prisoner?
But, when they heard he was thy enemy,
They set him free, without his ransom paid,*
In spite of Burgundy, and all his friends.
See, then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen,
And joinst with them will be thy slaughtermen.
Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring lord
Charles, and the rest, will take thee in their arm.

The holy oil was with extreme and solemn pomp poured upon the king's head—for all those who had accompanied the monarch in his warlike progress were present at the coronation. Jeanne, who thus beheld the promises of Heaven fulfilled, who had led the king to Rheims, through so many perils and prodigies, stood at the high altar, holding her banner in her hand. What a moment for her of inexpressible gratification! Had her mind been less simple and religiously pure, what legitimate pride would, during such high festival, have sparkled on her countenance. But Jeanne, the heroine, preserved during even her hour of extraordinary triumph, her pristine humility of a peasant maid; and she looked upon her

*A mistake of Shakspeare. The release of the Duke of Orleans was not effected until after the death of Jeanne d'Arc.

standard as the agent which alone had *visibly* rescued the kingdom. As soon as the last ceremonies of the coronation were over, Jeanne advanced towards the king, knelt down before him, and embracing his knees, shed a flood of tears.

"Gentle king," said she, "now hath the will of God been done, who willed that the siege of Orleans should be raised, and you conducted into the city of Rheims to receive your holy anointing, in token that you are a true king, and he to whom the kingdom of France of right belongs." She then entreated the king's permission to retire to her native village of Domremy, since her mission was accomplished.

The spectacle of that youthful peasant maid, who, after having saved the kingdom, at the very moment of her triumph supplicated the king to permit her to return to her humble home to tend her flock and aid her mother in domestic duties, is, perhaps, one of the most sublime passages to be met with throughout the range of history. In this expedition the Maid had been followed by her two brothers, Pierre and Jean: in Rheims she found her father Jacques d'Arc and her uncle Durand Laxart: joyful, indeed, to them all must have been that meeting, but especially to herself, for she must have experienced far greater delight than during the rejoicings of victory. Victory, moreover, never appeared to have any intoxicating fascinations for Jeanne—the Maid of Orleans, since the modest heroine attributed nothing to herself, holding none other position than as an instrument in the hands of Heaven. Some one having remarked to her that nothing had been read in any book like her deeds, "My Lord, the king of Heaven," replied she, "hath a book in which never clerk hath yet read, how perfect soever his clerkship."

We are now about to enter upon a series of events in which the most melancholy interest blends itself with our admiration of the heroic Maid. Jeanne's entreaties to be permitted to retire to her primitive occupations were not listened to; for Charles VII. was unwilling to lose so efficient a support. The Maid yielding, therefore, obediences to her sovereign's wishes, again appeared upon the battle field, manifesting the same high courage and devotion, but her efforts were no longer united with the same confidence and enthusiasm; she appeared conscious of being no longer guided by the finger of Heaven. As fewer prodigies were wrought under her standard, she saw increasing the number of those mistrustful of her power. Well, then, might she affirm that she had played her part, that she would no longer be responsible for events, for, upon each reverse, the murmurs of all rang louder and louder in her ears. It is worthy of remembrance, also, that Jeanne suffered both from the jealousy and ingratitude of the French leaders—many amongst them never forgave her for eclipsing their military glory by the effulgent brightness of her miraculous deeds.

After the coronation of Charles VII. at Rheims, divers strong places in its vicinity submitted to his arms; amongst others Chateau Thierry, whence were dated the letters which exempted the villages of Domremy and Greux, from "all taxes, aids and subventions on account of Jeanne the Maiden;" and the inhabitants of those places continued in the uninterrupted enjoyment of this gracious boon until the revolution. In Paris the utmost terror prevailed, for there the English employed a thousand stratagems to deceive the inhabitants and keep them in subjection. The Duke of Bedford resolved at length to give battle to the French: three leagues from Senlis, near Mont Piloer, a battle was fought with equal success on both sides. Charles the VII. approached Paris with his army. Saint Denis, which was then strongly fortified, eagerly opened its gates, and the King took possession on the 25th of August 1429. It appears from the deposition of the Duke d'Alençon, that here it was that an accident occurred, to which superstitious minds attached a very important signification. The Maid of Domremy, who had always shown the greatest abhorrence of women in an evil course of life, happening one day to strike with the flat of her sword one of that class of persons whom she had surprised amongst her soldiers, broke the blade in two pieces: this was the weapon miraculously found in the church of Saint Catherine, at Fierbois. This accident was looked upon as a fatal presage and the king himself was highly displeased: Charles telling her that she would have done better to have taken "a good thick stick and well laid on therewith." Jeanne d'Arc appears, herself, to have looked upon the accident as a warning from Heaven, implying that her military career was ended, and her power destroyed. On

the 7th of September 1429, the king's troops occupied the village of La Chappelle, which then stood midway between Paris and Saint Denis; and the army, composed of twelve thousand men, ranged itself at sunset in order of battle over a vast open space, called *le marché aux Pourceaux* (the Hog Market). The attack was commenced by carrying a small outwork on the side of Paris; but the assailants, who had vainly flattered themselves that, at the moment of the assault, the partisans of the king within the palace would excite the populace to make a demonstration in his favour, were deceived, and immediately shewed signs of retreat. The heroic Maid, unaccustomed to turn her back upon the enemy, was firmly resolved to continue the filling up of the ditch. Whilst commanding the Parisians to surrender the city to their king, she received an arrow from an arblast in the thigh. Compelled by pain and loss of blood, to shelter herself behind a little eminence, she kept aloof from the action and remained on the same spot until dark, when Richard de Thiernbronne, and other captains went to her assistance. Whether it was that Jeanne felt chagrined at this her first check, or disgusted at the ingratitude of her companions-in-arms, she seemed weary of life, and refused to quit her place of shelter. The Duke d'Alençon himself was at length obliged to interfere, and endeavour to bring her back to Saint Denis; but she resolved to end her days in retirement and obscurity. There appeared, in Jeanne's obstinate determination to die under the walls of Paris, something which plainly revealed the mingled bitterness and despair which filled her mind at the consciousness of the sinister conduct of the leaders of the army towards her. Followed by the king and the principal lords of his suite, she repaired to the royal basilica of Saint Denis, and prostrated herself before the altars of the tutelary martyrs therein. She returned thanks to God, the Virgin, and the Saints, for the favors which they had heaped upon her, and suspended her arms on one of the pillars of the sacred edifice, before the revered shrine of the apostle of France. The persuasions of the king and the chief leaders of his army, once more, however, triumphed over Jeanne's resolution. It is impossible, knowing as all do the barbarous death that awaited her, to refrain from the indulgence of the liveliest sympathy at the cruel fate of the unfortunate girl, whilst perusing the narrative of this second fruitless attempt made by her to return to her paternal roof. The French army after their unsuccessful attack upon Paris, repassed the Loire. On the king's arrival at Meun-sur-Yèvre, in December 1429, he granted to Jeanne d'Arc and all her family, letters of nobility, with all the privileges and honors then attached to that high favor: those letters, by a remarkable exception equally included the males and females in perpetuity; "in order," were the king's words, "to render glory to the high and divine wisdom—for the manifold and resplendent favors which he hath been pleased to shower down upon us—by the remarkable ministration of our dear and well beloved Maid Jeanne d'Arc, of Domremy, and which, by the help of providence, we hope to see still further increase."

Charles VII. was anxious to capture in succession Cone, La Charité, and Saint-lo-Moutiers. He began by the attack of the latter town. When the breach was practicable, the troops mounted to the assault; but the besieged defended themselves so vigorously, that after a long and bloody combat, the king's troops were compelled to retreat. Jeanne d'Arc, surrounded by only five or six soldiers, refused to retire, notwithstanding the entreaties of the generals to return to the camp. Her firmness restored courage to the soldiers, and they returned to the charge with redoubled fury: the enemy were unable to sustain a second assault for which they were unprepared, and the French, after encountering a feeble resistance, made themselves masters of the place. Whilst the royal army followed up its operations in the south, Jeanne d'Arc was sent to the north, to the Ile-de-France, with a small body of troops and several commanders; on this expedition she was accompanied by her two brothers, and had twelve horses in her train: the value of these and of her arms and equipages amounted altogether to the sum of twelve thousand crowns of that period.

At Lagni, Jeanne learned that Franquet d'Arras, celebrated for his valor and his cruelty, was ravaging the neighbouring country, with a body of about four hundred men: thereupon she quitted the town, taking with her a nearly equal number of soldiers, accompanied by Jean de Foucault, Geoffroi de Saint-Aubin and other

lords. Ere long she fell in with Franquet d'Arras, whose troops numbered amongst their ranks some excellent archers; these latter kept up so terrible a discharge upon the French, that a great number were speedily put *hors de combat*. Twice did the royal troops give way, and twice were they brought back to the charge by the intrepid Maid, "*moult courageusement et vigoureusement*," says even an historian of the Burgundian party. At last, victory declared for Jeanne, and the notorious Franquet d'Arras was made prisoner. The judges of Lagni and the bailiff of Senlis claimed their right to have surrendered up to them a man guilty of so many crimes, and he was executed some days after, despite the efforts made by the Maid to save his life. This execution, whether just or unjust, but of which it is clear Jeanne was innocent, was in the sequel wickedly made a principal accusation against her. The Duke of Burgundy, however, was advancing at the head of a considerable army to lay siege to Compiègne, then almost emptied of its troops. Jeanne d'Arc hesitated not an instant to repair thither; and Jacques de Chabanne, Theaulde de Valpergue, Regnault de Fontaine, Poton de Xaintrailles, and several other celebrated knights, followed the young heroine's example, and shut themselves up in that town. Such reinforcement, and, especially, the presence of the Maid, spread great joy throughout the place, and it was sought to profit by that first manifestation of enthusiasm by attempting a sortie. On the 24th May, 1430, the Maid, accompanied by Poton the Burgundian, the Lord de Crequi and several other captains, fell suddenly upon that quarter of the besieger's camp near Marigni commanded by John of Luxembourg. The enemy fell back upon Marigni; but, on the first alarm, the English, led on by Lord Montgomery, hastily quitted their tents; at the same time the troops of John of Luxembourg rushed from their quarters at Clairay, and also hastened to the assistance of their general; the French, perceiving that they would have to encounter the whole of the enemy's army, withdrew towards the town; the Maid, ever the first to advance and the last to retire, during the retreat continually turned round to confront the enemy, in order to cover her own troops and bring them without loss within the walls. The English were seen advancing at their utmost speed to cut off her division; perceiving the design of the movement, the French panic-struck rushed tumultuously towards the barrier of the outwork near the bridge. At that moment, the Burgundians, certain of being supported on every side, commenced a terrible discharge of arrows upon the rear of the French squadrons, and threw them into such disorder, that, armed as they were, many rushed in despair into the river, whilst others surrendered themselves prisoners. The indomitable Maid alone continued to defend herself; her azure surcoat and the banner which she carried made her easily distinguishable; she was immediately surrounded by a crowd of warriors, who disputed amongst each other the honor of seizing upon her person. Jeanne, fortunately however, drove them back at the sword's point, and succeeded in gaining the foot of the outwork near the bridge: but the barrier was closed. Abandoned by her companions in arms, surrounded by assailants, the Maid here performed prodigies of valor, and, to avoid being taken, endeavoured to seek safety in flight. At this instant a Picard archer seized her by the surcoat and dragged her from off her horse; she was instantly disarmed, and the Bastard of Vendôme carried her to Marigni, and she was delivered up to a strong guard. Guillaume de Flavy, then governor of Compiègne, an intrepid warrior and zealous royalist, but notorious for his cruelties, avarice, and debauchery, was suspected of having closed the barrier, with the intent of delivering up the heroine of Orleans to her enemies. Whether chargeable with this treachery or not, never did the victories of Crecy, Poitiers, or Agincourt excite amongst the English such transports of joy as those manifested at the capture of the Maid by the Burgundians. The English soldiery ran in crowds to gaze upon that girl of nineteen, whose name, alone, for upwards of a year, had carried terror to the very gates of London. Couriers were despatched in all directions to spread the news; public rejoicings were indulged in upon the occasion in the small number of towns which still remained in the hands of the English, and *feux de joie* were lighted in the capital of the kingdom. *A Te Deum* was likewise chanted at Notre Dame—a striking example which of itself evinces the wretchedness of party faction, and shows how far its accursed spirit is removed from true patriotism.

In speaking of the last events of the military career of Jeanne d'Arc, we have observed that the exploits of the young Maid had drawn down upon her the jealousy and even hatred of some of her companions in arms. Deserted by them under the walls of Compiègne, and compelled to wage an unequal combat with her numerous assailants, she had succeeded, by dint of sheer personal bravery, in reaching the out-work near the bridge, and the most credible accounts tell us that the Maid found the barrier closed. The inhabitants of Compiègne, who were strangers to such evil passions, and thought only of the safety of the liberatrix of the kingdom, raised an alarm by ringing the bells; but the generals turned a deaf ear to the tocsin, and not one amongst the number presented himself to her rescue. The little that may be gathered from the history of the life and character of Guillaume de Flavy, only adds weight to the odious accusation of treachery that rests upon his name. He was a low-minded man, and might fear that Jeanne would rob him of the fame of defending Compiègne; he was, moreover, a man of evil life, and Jeanne, who invariably evinced marked severity on the score of conduct might, perhaps, on some occasion, have reproved Guillaume de Flavy for some delinquency under that head: this double motive might therefore have given birth in his bosom to a desire for revenge. The end, however, of Guillaume de Flavy was a most tragic one: his throat was cut by his barber at the instigation and by order of his wife, the latter finishing the deed by strangling him. One of the crimes with which the lady reproached her husband was the captivity of the Maid of Orleans. The capture of the heroine, therefore, may be imputed with some show of truth to the treachery of the French leaders. The treachery then by which she was subdued and her tragic end, willingly would we blot out both, from the history of each nation.

The horrible tragedy meditated by the hatred and vengeance of the English, was four months under preparation, during which time Jeanne d'Arc was imprisoned, first in the Castle of Beaulieu, whence, however, she attempted to escape. Her *voices* had told her that her captivity would be but short and that she should return to Compiègne. She wholly occupied herself, therefore, in discovering a means of escape. Having succeeded, one day, in squeezing her body between two beams placed in a closet, she gained an adjoining apartment, but the keeper discovered her and raised the alarm. On her guards conducting her back to prison, she exclaimed "that God willed not that she should escape at that moment." After this attempt she was transferred to the Castle of Beaurevoir, situate at four leagues from Cambrai. The dwellers in this stronghold were the wife and sister of John of Luxembourg. Among those who had never seen Jeanne, prejudices were likely to be entertained against her, and especially by those attached to the English or Burgundians; but with others who had intercourse with her, these prejudices failed not to give place to sentiments of affection. Shut up in the donjon, she there received every consolation which the ladies of the castle could afford her; at the same time those charitable-hearted women could not behold, without painful scruples, the youthful captive attired in the vestments of the other sex; and, on several occasions, they offered her the means of exchanging them, and pressed her to put on female apparel. Jeanne, persuaded that the attire she wore appertained especially to the warlike mission for which Heaven had ordained her, would not comply with their solicitations, yet nothing in the end proved more calamitous to her. She affirmed in the sequel, that if it had been permitted her to re-assume female attire, "she would sooner have done it at the request of those two ladies, than of any others in France, save and except her lady the queen."

Although fully sensible of the affection borne her by those amiable persons, Jeanne's dread of being delivered up to the English, impelled her a second time to attempt her escape: accordingly she leaped out of the donjon window and fell senseless at the foot of the tower. As soon as she had sufficiently recovered from the effects of her fall, she was removed to Arras, where it was determined to deliver her up to the English: she was therefore next transferred to the Castle of Crotoi, a strong citadel erected at the mouth of the Somme. It was then the month of November: Compiègne had just been relieved, and these good tidings formed, doubtless, the last consolation of the unhappy Maid, if, indeed, the news ever reached her.

The Duke of Bedford, desirous of raising the spirits of his discouraged followers by sacrificing Jeanne to their vengeance, was, nevertheless, anxious by a solemn procedure to establish the fact that she had made use of sorcery and magic, by which means he would cause her to be condemned as a heretic, destroy the ascendancy which the remembrance of her virtues might still hold over all minds, preserve the honor of his arms-tarnished by so many reverses; and, to use the energetic language of that age, thereby *he would defame* the King of France. A friar named Martin, vicar-general of the Inquisition, also laid claim to convoke the Maid's trial before his tribunal; Pierre Cauchon, the bishop of Beauvais (expelled from his seat), also demanded her, as having been captured in his diocese, which was not the case, Jeanne having been taken prisoner beyond the bridge of Compiègne, and upon the territory of the diocese of Noyon: and, finally, the university of Paris wrote to the Duke of Burgundy, that she might be cited before an ecclesiastical tribunal, as suspected of magic and sorcery. This demonstration of mingled cowardice and ferocity, proved to the Duke of Bedford the facility with which he could accomplish his projects; but it was necessary first to take the prisoner out of the hands of John of Luxembourg, Count de Ligny, who was ill disposed to deliver her up. His gentle-hearted and generous wife, seeing him in doubt between the better impulse of his nature and the lucrative offers held out to him, or may be the imperative nature of his duty, supplicated him on her knees not to deliver up to certain death a captive so interesting, as well from her courage as innocence, and whom, moreover, the laws of honorable warfare compelled him to respect. Advantage was at length taken of the right which in those days sovereign princes had of the disposal of their prisoners, whatever their condition, by the payment of a sum of ten thousand livres to those to whom they belonged. Such monies being remitted to John of Luxembourg, and a pension of three hundred livres granted to the Bastard of Vendôme, the heroine of Orleans was delivered up to a detachment of English troops, which conducted her to Rouen. There she was loaded with chains, incarcerated in a dungeon, overwhelmed by every kind of outrage, and that atrocious procedure was set on foot, of which the original depositions *are still extant in the Bibliothèque du Roi at Paris*; to bear record, perhaps, as by the will of divine justice, to the virtues and innocence of the august victim, showing by the strongest historical evidence the most surprising facts of her marvellous history since the proofs which establish them are there found collected together, and verified by those very individuals who sought to tarnish her chaste glory, and were furious for her destruction.

Whilst Jeanne's enemies were thus disputing about her life and liberty, it may be asked what did Charles VII. for one who had been saviour of his kingdom? We no-where read of his having dispatched one single ambassador to the Duke of Burgundy, neither to John of Luxembourg; or that he offered to pay the Maid's ransom or even exchange her for other prisoners of war whom the victories of the youthful heroine had in great numbers put into his power. Some writers have attempted to prove that the position of Charles would not allow of his taking any step in the matter, and that he had *no means* of delivering the Maid: let it be granted that the deliverance of the young captive was by no means an easy task, yet at any rate the subject ought to have had due consideration, and an earnest intention and strenuous effort should have been manifested. The impossibility of success, even if such had been the case, by no means justified inaction under such trying and painful circumstances.

Charles VII. ought to have attempted *every* means that could have been devised to save the Maid, who had herself unquestionably saved his kingdom from foreign domination and rule, and himself, perhaps, from destruction; and although in the discharge of so noble and grateful a duty that prince had failed in any endeavour, how much more splendid in our estimation, and indeed in that of mankind, would have been his regal glory. Had her misfortunes merely excited in him sentiments of compassion, had he given vent to some chivalrous sentiment with regard to the fate of the youthful heroine, is it probable that contemporary writers would have been wholly ignorant of the circumstance and have omitted to record the fact? yet the historians of the time are silent, one and all, and their silence

is truly harassing to those who in these days are jealous to save from tarnish the regal splendor and renown of by-gone times—of those, indeed, who point the finger to the glories of the past—the wisdom of ancestors, and the reliance to be placed in the gratitude of kings. Is it not also marvellous that neither do historians mention that in those cities, aye, even in whole provinces which Jeanne d'Arc had delivered from the English yoke, in the armies which she had led to victory, or amongst the *good people* of Orleans, Rheims, and Compiègne, one single soul had arisen to hasten to her succour, or even to encounter the smallest peril by word or deed on her account. Such flagrant ingratitude, both royal and popular, unhappily, but too frequently to be seen in the pages of history. Amongst all the towns of the mighty kingdom of France, one did, however, make demonstration of its grief and compassion, when learning that Jeanne d'Arc had fallen into the hands of her enemies: it is pleasing to record such exception in the instance of the city of Tours. No sooner was the capture of the Maid known, than the clergy and populace went in procession to address their prayers to Heaven that it might not in its mercy abandon in her peril the virtuous girl who had so recently saved the lilies and the kingdom. Had similar demonstrations been made in several other cities, it may be fairly inferred that the English would have hesitated long ere they put their prisoner to death.

Jeanne d'Arc was, as we have said, transferred, towards the end of November, from the Castle of Crotoi to Rouen. Charles's army was then daily gaining new successes over the English. The heroine, in her chains, still struck terror into the hearts of the enemies of her country, even beyond sea: a royal ordinance is still extant, dated December 12, 1430, proclaiming the punishment which awaited such amongst the English soldiers who deserted, or delayed joining their colours, though arising from the superstitions with which the Maid had inspired them.

On the arrival of the Maid at Rouen, she was confined in the donjon of the castle, a strong, gloomy, and isolated tower. Contemporary writers speak of an iron cage which was ordered to be constructed for her, so fearful were her enemies that she might escape from her guards by witchcraft. Day and night she was firmly secured by fetters round her ankles, and even when in bed an iron chain fastened her to a wooden beam; her guards watched, unceasingly, beside her, and not one friend had access to her. Amid the gloom and horror of her prison hours, Jeanne preserved the same high-mindedness and intrepidity she had previously evinced on the field of battle. John of Luxembourg—Count de Ligny, having visited Rouen before the trial had commenced, was anxious to have an interview with the Maid, who had been his prisoner, and intimated that he came to *effect her ransom*. "You are jesting with me," said she to him; "*I know that these English will put me to death*; they hope that when I am dead they will conquer the kingdom of France; yet were there a hundred thousand *God-dams* more than there are at present in arms, they shall not keep this kingdom." Jeanne thus boldly expressed herself in the presence of several English lords who had accompanied John of Luxembourg, one of whom drew his dagger, but was restrained from stabbing her by the Earl of Warwick.

The impulse given to French valor by the warlike Jeanne hourly gave birth to fresh successes; the English suffered defeat on every side, and the multiplied reverses they sustained irritated them still more against her who was, unquestionably, the first cause of awakening her countrymen's energies; they accordingly importuned the judges; and, to hasten the moment of her punishment were alike prodigal of their money and threats; but they still found a powerful obstacle to their wishes in the interest which she inspired in the hearts even of the assessors expressly chosen to secure her condemnation. The Duchess of Bedford, too, most humanely and energetically interested herself in her fate. Jeanne d'Arc having declared herself, at her interrogation, to be a virgin, and the report of the matrons, appointed by the duchess to visit her, having confirmed Jeanne's assertion, great care was taken to suppress evidence so favourable, as it would have annihilated the chief feature of the accusation of her enemies—that of witchcraft and sorcery—of which a virgin was held to be incapable. She was, on several occasions, closely interrogated upon the subject*

of her first interview with Charles VII. ; but she would give no clear explanation of the secret which she had revealed to him in order that he might recognise the truth of her mission, or, when constrained to do so, she did it in a manner so unintelligible and allegorical, that her inquirers gained little from the result. Upon all that concerned the apparitions or the *voices* which had counselled her, she, however, entered willingly into the fullest details, ingenuously relating all that she had seen or heard, and even every thing she had said during her secret conversations with the saints, who still, she affirmed, appeared to her daily, and told her to answer boldly every interrogation. Far from denying the predictions she had made in her letters, she told her judges that, before seven years expired, the English would abandon a greater prize than they had before Orleans, and that they would lose the whole of France. It is remarkable enough that Paris was retaken by the French on the 13th of April, 1436—that is to say, six years after that prediction had been recorded during the Maid's trial, the undoubted originals of which depositions are still extant. Jeanne afterwards repeated this prediction in other terms in the course of various interrogatories. Amongst the many insidious questions put to the uneducated girl by her priestly and crafty inquisitor, the Bishop of Beauvais, she was asked what was the difference between "the church *triumphant* and the church *militant*?" Isambart, one of the judge-assessors, touched with compassion, after explaining this question to the prisoner, advised her to refer herself to the judgment of the Pope and the Council of Basle upon the subject of her apparitions, which she immediately set herself upon. Such an appeal would have saved her from the savage fury of her enemies. The Bishop of Beauvais, knowing this, shouted to Isambart, with a loud and threatening voice, "Be silent, in the Devil's name!" and he forbade the *greffier* (clerk of the court), to make record of such appeal, but these circumstances the *procès de revision*, nevertheless, brought to light.

The malignant ex-Bishop of Beauvais sought far and wide for auxiliaries in the odious mission which had been confided to his care ; he addressed himself, in the first place, to the Vicar of the Inquisition, Jean Le Maitre ; the latter hesitated, made objections, and entreated delay. To make him, however, subservient to his purpose, he began by infusing a wholesome dread of the English into his mind ; and if we may believe in the *quittances* which have descended from those remote days as evidence to the present generation, neither *livres tournois* nor *saluts d'or* were spared as a means of allaying every remaining qualm of conscience which might have moved the hearts of those brought forward to accuse her. The prelate, likewise, summoned all the doctors whom he judged fitting agents to second his designs, and, at his invitation, the University of Paris sent six members. Two doctors in medicine, strangers to the city of Rouen, were likewise invited to take seats amongst Jeanne's judges. Both, at first, refused, alleging, as a pretext, their ignorance of the laws : they were then informed that, if they persisted in their refusal, they would have cause to *repent having come to Rouen*. Thus compelled, they sent in their acceptance of the office to which they had been so unwillingly promoted. It has been remarked, that amongst those summoned upon her trial, there was but one Englishman. In this the policy of the Duke of Bedford is easily seen ; that sagacious statesman was anxious that the condemnation should be the *work* of the *French*, that the English, who, at the bottom, directed the whole affair, might not incur the odium of so disgraceful a procedure.

The tribunal at length found itself composed of upwards of sixty assessors, who had yet only a deliberative voice ; the Bishop of Beauvais and the Vicar of the Inquisition could alone pronounce judgment. A promoter, on whom devolved the charge of the accusation, was found in one Jean d'Estivet ; six examiners of the proceedings, and three apostolic notaries, were appointed to register the interrogatories. The expenses of the trial were at the cost of the English government ; and it must have amounted to a considerable sum—each of the assessors having received as an honorary fee twenty *sous tournois* for each vacation, without reckoning the presents made to many of their number. All this was publicly known, and when the English were dissatisfied at the progress of the trial, they did not scruple to say that the judges and clerks had not earned their money.

Thus then was the tribunal constituted ; but the first point of embarrassment was to know with what to commence and how carry on the trial ; no bill, preliminary instruction, or witness had been assigned, or notice of any given : information, it is true, had been taken in Jeanne's native village, but those depositions had been deemed so favourable to the accused, that her judges were not willing to have them produced. They, indeed, consulted no other testimony than that of common rumour, which, on the one hand, represented her as a sorceress and a witch, and on the other as a virgin inspired by Heaven. There was scarcely any thing in the popular rumour of a positive nature, save the marvellous exploits of the young heroine—the raising of the siege of Orleans, and the coronation at Rheims—facts which the English policy were but little solicitous to recal to mind and from which it would have been difficult to bring pretence of crime. To ensure the condemnation of Jeanne d'Arc it was, therefore, necessary that she should be her own accuser, that she should undergo a rigid interrogation, and that subject for condemnation should be sought for in her conversations declaratory of her most secret thoughts. For the attainment of their iniquitous object the most shameful means were resorted to ; every species of snare was spread for her ignorance and simplicity ; holes were made in the walls of her prison to overhear what might drop from the lips of the tortured Maid : nay, further, some of her judges, under the guise of compassion, undertook to gain her confidence, and thus, under friendship's guise, acquaint themselves with every working of her innocent heart. One among them, an ecclesiastic, shocking to relate, went so far as to confess her on several occasions, and that sacrilegious espionage was persevered in during the whole period of the trial.

In the proceedings against Jeanne the forms of the Inquisition were sometimes followed, and at others those used in ordinary procedure ; when the established rules did not suit the purpose aimed at ; others were unscrupulously adopted, without the last hesitation. The trial, it was evidently determined, was to end in condemnation ; the sole purport and intent of the court. Jeanne's judges were not actuated at heart by even the pardonable desire to avenge an outraged religion, or overcome a dangerous heresy, but simply, as contemporary history states, to *defame the King of France*, and to blast the fame of the young heroine who had restored the throne of St. Louis and Charles V. to its legitimate heir. Jeanne had demanded to be tried by judges chosen equally from the French and English factions, but her persecutors did not even deign a reply to her request. From the first interrogatories put to Jeanne d'Arc, an opinion began to prevail, amongst the unprejudiced, condemnatory of the forms followed in the procedure. Amongst the judges and assessors, only her enemies were permitted to speak ; the others were condemned to silence. At times, subtle questions were put to her which would have embarrassed the most learned doctors, and the young girl, who scarcely knew her *Pater, Noster* and *Ave Maria*, was required to give an instant reply, without any one being suffered to set her right when she fell into error, or to explain what she did not understand ; neither, as the Earl of Warwick justly expressed it, to warn her to *her profit*. Questions from all points of the assembly were frequently poured in upon her, several doctors importuning her at the same moment, and Jeanne was repeatedly compelled to interrupt them with—“ *Beaux seigneurs, one at a time, beseech you !*”

Nicholas de Houpeville, one of the assessors, had the boldness to say, in presence of the judges, that it was a wrongful procedure to cause Jeanne to be tried by men avowedly her enemies. “ This girl,” added he, “ has been already examined at Poitiers, by the clergy of Charles VII., having at their head the archbishop of Rheims, and other ecclesiastical dignitaries.” Pierre Lohier, a celebrated doctor, who was at Rouen during the trial, was consulted upon the course of the procedure, and the following was his opinion : “ This trial is invalid for several reasons : firstly, because none of the ordinary forms of procedure have been observed ; next, because the honor of the King of France has been called into question, to whose party Jeanne belonged ; yet has no person been cited to appear on his part.” The same doctor added that “ neither libel nor article had been found,” and that no counsel had been given to the maid, who was too simple and unlettered to reply to so many doctors upon so high matters, for all of which reasons, it seemed to him that *the trial was of none effect.*”

The *procès-verbaux* of the interrogatories have been preserved, they are for the most part in Latin; some few only being written in the language of the time: but though these documents form highly valuable materials for a history of the process, it must not be expected that the minute features of that terrible judicial drama which lasted upwards of three months and ended in a veritable murder should be clearly set forth. What scenes would have been transmitted to have awakened the compassion and aroused the detestation of posterity, had the proceedings at each sitting of Jeanne's interrogation and condemnation been recorded word for word by the accurate pens of such reporters as our modern short-hand writers! The *procès-verbaux* of the interrogatories put to Jeanne are very difficult to read, hence the details of the trial are little known in France, even amongst archæologists. Nothing can be more vague than many of those interrogatories; many different objects are jumbled together without having the slightest relation to each other, sometimes, indeed, wholly opposite in their natures. The accounts upon which the questions were based are mere outlines, abridgments of narrative hastily put together; and the quickest intelligence would not, on all occasions, have sufficed to have exactly explained the subtle questions of the doctors—questions wherein the objects were not, at first, apparent, and in which each interrogator designedly left more*than half he uttered in profound obscurity; many things uttered by Jeanne were, moreover, unnoticed and others recorded which had never passed her lips. One day she complained openly of the conduct of a notary, one Bois Guillaume, whom she told, laughingly, that if he continued to make such continual mistakes, *she would pull his ears for him*. In fact, the base functionaries feared far less to destroy poor Jeanne than to offend the Bishop of Beauvais and the English; and to such cause must be attributed the frequent hiatuses to be remarked in the *procès-verbaux*. Divine justice suffers not such an abominable perversion of its laws of right to remain wholly concealed; the *procès de révision*, which took place twenty-five years after the Maid's execution, was, for all those who had figured upon the trial, as a final sentence, in which every one was included according to his respective share in that abominable crime, in which the conduct of each*and all was exposed to the broad glare of day—all the mysteries of the past and nearly forgotten iniquity revealed for future historians, and nothing that had been carefully mystified suffered to remain unrecorded.

To return, however, to the trial of the Maid; notwithstanding that their interrogatories daily multiplied upon the unfortunate girl, the process made no definite progress. The replies of the accused, the visits to which she had submitted, the informations taken in her native province, the depositions of the witnesses, all tended to acquit her of the crimes laid to her charge. To secure her destruction, therefore, the Bishop of Beauvais had recourse to an odious stratagem. Jeanne, on several occasions, had demanded to have religious consolation: an hypocritical priest, named Loyseleur, was admitted to her cell, who feigned to be, like herself, a close prisoner. She hesitated not to confess herself to him. He first gained her confidence, and then gave her such advice as would insure her falling into the snare; and when he received her confession, two men, concealed behind a window screened by a piece of serge, wrote down what fell from her lips. Still even these base artifices could not furnish proof of the crimes laid to her charge. Several of the assessors, indignant at the iniquities practised against her, abruptly withdrew, and discontinued their attendance during the remainder of the trial. The Bishop of Beauvais was left to work upon his imagination for the means to complete such a mockery of justice. At this juncture the Maid suddenly fell sick, and it was suspected that she had attempted to poison herself. Had Jeanne died a natural death, the Duke of Bedford's project would have failed; the English, therefore, took great care of her during the continuance of her malady.

At length, in order to conclude the trial, it was determined to reduce, under twelve heads of accusation, the final result of the interrogatories; and the university of Paris was written to, in order that it might pronounce a verdict upon certain general questions which had been propounded, without any specification of the person accused, the judges, or the particular trial. The university, (to its shame be it recorded), re-

turned a decision conformably with the views of the tribunal at Rouen, the proceedings were continued with renewed activity, and were not interrupted even during the fifteen days fast at Easter. The English menaced the judges, as well as even the Bishop of Beauvais himself, if they did not promptly draw the business to a conclusion; and it was soon finally resolved, for the consummation of such abominable iniquity, no longer to have regard to laws either human or divine. The day after that on which, misguided by the diabolical craft of the priest Loyseleur, she had refused to answer a certain doctrinal question, the Bishop of Beauvais entered her prison accompanied by the public executioners, who carried with them their instruments of torture, and threatened to submit her to the most horrible torments. This frightful array did not shake the firmness of her replies, and she protested courageously against every avowal that might be torn from her by violence. The Bishop of Beauvais was anxious to submit her to the torture, and only the fear that she might expire under the hands of his tormentors induced the barbarous prelate to desist from his project. On the 24th of May 1431, however, Jeanne d'Arc was led to the square of the Cemetery of Saint Ouen, there to hear the reading of her sentence. Two scaffolds had been erected in the centre, upon one of which was the Bishop of Beauvais, the vice-inquisitor, the Cardinal of England, the Bishop of Noyon, the Bishop of Boulogne and thirty-three assessors; upon the other, appeared Jeanne d'Arc, and Guillaume Erard who was charged to exhort her. The executioner, with a cart drawn by four horses, stood ready to carry off the victim when peaceful and transport her to the square of the Vieux Marché, where a pile for her destruction had been prepared. An immense crowd blocked up every inch of ground upon and round about the square. Erard pronounced a discourse full of the foulest invective against the accused, the French who had remained faithful to King Charles, and against that monarch himself. "Tis to thee, Jeanne that I speak," he cried, "and I tell thee the king is a heretic and a schismatic." Jeanne had still the courage to interrupt the ecclesiastical orator:—"By my faith, sir, saving your reverence," said she, "I dare plainly tell you, and swear it, upon pain of my life, that, moreover, he is the most noble christian of all christians, and who, better than all others, regards his faith and the church, and is not such as you say." The preacher and the Bishop of Beauvais shouted together to the apparitor Massieu:—"Make her hold her tongue." After this notable discourse which was characterised in the record of the proceedings as "*a charitable preaching*," Massieu was ordered to read her a schedule of abjuration, after the reading of which, Jeanne was summoned to abjure. She told the official that she did not understand the word, and requested that she might have advice upon the subject. The apparitor Massieu was charged with this task also. This man, whose office it was to conduct criminals from prison to the bar of justice, or the scaffold, was touched with compassion for the persecuted Jeanne. He explained to her what was desired of her by her prosecutors, and secretly advised her to appeal to the universal Church. Thereupon said Jeanne, "I appeal to the universal Church, whether I ought to abjure or not." "Thou shalt presently abjure," cried the merciless Erard, or thou shalt be burned!" She again affirmed that she had submitted to the decision of the church, assuring them, at the same time, that she had done nothing without the orders of Heaven; that the king had commanded her to do nothing, and that if there were any thing of evil in her actions or conversations, it emanated from herself alone, and no one else. Whereupon the Bishop of Beauvais rose up, and read the sentence prepared the evening previously, in which he had the audacity to say that the accused refused to submit herself to the pope, although she had just made an altogether contrary declaration. The recusancy made by Jeanne of several heads of accusation stamped the procedure with nullity. The judges, uneasy at the responsibility which, in the sequel, might attach itself to them, desired to have a special abjuration from the mouth of the accused. With a view to obtain this, prayers and menaces were alike employed. The Bishop of Beauvais, for the attainment of such object, did not hesitate to expose himself to the wrath of the English, who loudly abused him when they saw the reading of the act of condemnation suspended. At last, out-wearied by such continued importunities, the noble Maid declared that she would appeal above all to her holy mother Church, and to her

judges. Thereupon Guillaume Erard said to her: "Now sign!—otherwise thou shalt to day end thy life in the flames." The schedule which had been read to her, simply contained a promise of no more bearing arms, to allow her hair to grow, and to discontinue wearing male attire. Heard by a crowd of witnesses then present, it was affirmed that this document consisted only of eight lines; but that to which she affixed her signature, and which was presented to her, not by the *greffier* of the tribunal, but by Lawrence Callot, secretary to the King of England, comprised several pages; and she therein acknowledged herself to be dissolute, heretical, seditious, an invocatrix of demons, guilty, in short, of the most opposite and abominable crimes. This disgraceful fraud has been proved in the clearest manner, by the declarations of the *greffier* who had read the first schedule, and by the depositions of the apparitor Massieu, and several other witnesses. The Bishop of Beauvais, thereupon, read the sentence which condemned Jeanne d'Arc, to use the words of the inquisition, for an expiation of her crimes, to live the remainder of her days "*upon the bread of grief*" and "*the water of anguish*." Hearing this, Jeanne said, that, since the church condemned her, she ought to be delivered up into the hands of the church. "Conduct me to your dungeons," she cried, "that I may no longer remain in the hands of the English." But it was not in the power of the Bishop of Beauvais to comply with a request founded on such evident justice; and the unfortunate girl was re-conducted to the Castle of Rouen. The English leaders were now furious that their victim, had escaped; several drew their swords upon the bishop and judges, whom they would have dispatched but for the interposition of the Earl of Warwick. That nobleman, however, declared that the interests of the King of England would suffer manifest damage if Jeanne were suffered to escape death. "Take no heed," said one of his friends, "we shall find another way to deal with her."

Meanwhile, the English avenged themselves upon Jeanne by increasing the rigor of her confinement. She was guarded by five soldiers, three of whom never quitted her dungeon and the others watched at the door. She was, as before, secured during the night by two iron chains fixed to the foot of her bed, and during the day to a beam, by means of another chain fastened round her waist. She had, however, re-assumed her female attire, and had submitted herself to the act of condemnation. As no pretext, therefore, could be found for further persecution, it was necessary to invent one. Whilst she lay asleep, her clothes were taken away, and male vestments substituted in their stead. She urgently besought her guards to restore the attire suitable to her sex; this they refused to do, and, at last, she found herself compelled to dress herself in the garb she had sworn to discard for ever. Upon this several witnesses, concealed for the purpose, instantly appeared to take cognisance of the pretended transgression. The Bishop of Beauvais and some other of his judges repaired to the prison: a *procès-verbal* was drawn up, and the bishop was heard laughingly to say to the Earl of Warwick, on quitting the cell, in a loud voice: "*Farewell, farewell, be of good cheer, it is done now!*" The next day, the tribunal interrogated the witnesses, sat in deliberation as a matter of form, and the sentence which condemned Jeanne d'Arc as 'relapsed, excommunicated, cast out from the bosom of the church and judged worthy by her crimes of being given up to secular justice,' was pronounced.

On the morning of May 31, 1431, Martin L'Advenu, a preaching friar, was ordered by the Bishop of Beauvais to prepare Jeanne for death, and to announce to her during the day the punishment by which she was to suffer. Before conveying to the poor girl the sorrowful tidings, he thought it would be advisable first to hear her in confession. Jeanne testified so eager a desire to communicate, that he deemed it prudent to acquaint the bishop with the circumstance; and, strange and absurd contradiction as it was, the unfortunate who had so recently been pronounced a relapsed heretic, and whom they had cast forth from the bosom of the church, received from the prelate and his assessors in council assembled, permission to communicate. Martin L'Advenu assures us, in his deposition, that she confessed herself very devotedly, and with so great humility, and so many tears before being made acquainted with her sentence, that he knew not himself how to shape the matter to her. Without rendering account of all that passed between her and himself during the

second confession which preceded her taking the sacrament, he thought it due to truth to declare what she revealed to him on the subject of her attempted violation, subsequent to her abjuration. "She declared to me," says L'Advenu, "that after her abjuration, they had violently molested her in the prison, tormented, beaten, and dragged her by the hair; that it was an English lord who had attempted to violate her person, and she affirmed publicly that such was the cause of her having reassumed male attire." La Pierre, one of the assessors, likewise confirmed this testimony, by recording, in words of the greatest compassion, the state in which he found Jeanne shortly after the brutal attack made upon the defenceless girl. The opportune arrival of the Earl of Warwick appears alone to have saved the unfortunate Maid from the completion of the diabolical outrage.

When, therefore, the sentence was announced to her by the executioners, her reply to them was: "If I had been confined in the ecclesiastical prison and had been guarded by the officers of the Church, to which I had submitted myself, and not by my adversaries, I should not have been thus miserably betrayed as now hath happened." (The crime laid to her charge was that she had ~~put~~ on male attire.) "I appeal to God, the great judge, against the wrongs and aggravations heaped upon me." And then, particularly addressing herself to the Bishop of Beauvais, who reproached her for having returned to her *former malefactions*, she said to him: "If you had given me up into the hands of the competent and proper ecclesiastical gaolers, this would not have happened; for the which I appeal against you before God."

Such admirable patience and presence of mind, so courageously persevered in by a girl in whom modesty and simplicity were alike remarkable, deeply affected all those who approached her. After her confession, Martin L'Advenu remained with her to the last moment. The holy sacrament was at first brought to her upon a patina covered with a veil, without tapers, stole, or surplice, and, whilst she communicated, the litany, *Orate pro eâ* (pray for her) was recited.

That infamous agent of the Bishop of Beauvais, the priest Loyseleur, who had insinuated himself into her confidence under pretext of affording her the consolation of confession, and who by his treachery and vile counsel had led her to her ruin, hearing that the fatal cart was on its road to the prison to conduct her to death, overcome, at last by remorse, hurried forwards through the crowd and endeavoured to mount the cart, in order to reveal the crimes which he had perpetrated against her, with the hope of obtaining her forgiveness; but he was violently thrust back by the guards, and if the Earl of Warwick had not come to his aid, the mob would have torn him to pieces on the spot. Maddened by mingled feelings of terror and compunction, he fled with his utmost speed out of Rouen, that he might not remain within the city walls during the execution of the innocent victim of his cruel treachery.

Meanwhile, having attired Jeanne in the garments belonging to her sex, they next placed the mitre of the Inquisition upon her head, upon which were written the words *apostate, heretic, sorceress, &c.*, her alleged acts of sorcery being likewise transcribed more in detail upon a framework near the pile. As they were placing the mitre upon her head, Jeanne exclaimed in bitter accents, "Ah! Rouen, Rouen, wilt thou be my last dwelling place? Much, I fear me, thou wilt have to suffer for my death."

After a short lapse of time the Maid thus attired was carried in a cart to the square of the Vieux-Marché at Rouen accompanied by seven or eight hundred English soldiers under arms. Three scaffoldings had been erected upon the square: upon one were assembled the judges and assessors; Jeanne ascended the other with the prelates; the third, which was the highest, being allotted for the sufferer's place of punishment. A priest named Midi then fulminated against her a sermon full of violent denunciation and gross invective, to which Jeanne listened with the greatest patience. So soon as the infuriate preacher had addressed Jeanne with the words "*Vade in pace.*" (Go in peace), the Church can no longer defend you, and remits you to the hands of secular justice," the Bishop of Beauvais read in a loud voice the definitive sentence of condemnation.

As soon as Jeanne had heard the sentence pronounced upon her she requested a cross might be given to her. An Englishman in the crowd stepped forward, broke a stick, which he carried, into two pieces, and with them constructed a rude cross which she joyfully received and kissed it with the utmost devotion. Then, to use the word of a contemporary writer, "she threw herself upon her knees, and addressed to God and her Redeemer the most devout prayers, asking for all manner of persons, of whatever condition or estate they might be, as well of her own party as of the other mercy most humbly, and requesting that they would pray for her, in which devotions," say the witnesses present, "she persevered and continued a very long space of time, so that, in the end, the judges, prelates, and others round her were moved to tears and sobs; and several even amongst the English recognised herein the hand, and confessed the name of God, witnessing so notable an end."

Jeanne was no sooner, by the Pilate-like act of the Bishop of Beauvais, given up to secular justice, than she was placed, without further delay, in the hands of the Bailiff of Rouen, and the officers of penal justice. It was necessary, however, ere proceeding to execution, to procure a sentence and decree from secular justice; but, the Inquisition, as is well known, arrogated to itself a privilege, as absurd as iniquitous, by virtue of which the ecclesiastical judges pretended that the laic judge could not sentence to death, without examination or trial, an individual whom the church had condemned. Conformably to this doctrine of the Inquisition, the bailiff ordered the executioner to seize the prisoner and drag her to the stake. It is, indeed, but too certain that no sentence was pronounced;—amidst the horrible confusion nothing more than the words "*Menez la! menez la!*" uttered by the bailiff, were heard.

"Whilst the bailiff," says Massieu, her confessor, "issued his orders, and she was attending to her devotions, matters were precipitately hastened by the English, and several other captains, who were anxious that she should be left in their hands to put her the sooner to death, saying to him who now speaks (Massieu), who, as he hopes, comforted her upon the scaffold, 'Sir priest, are you going to keep us to dinner here?'"

When at length, they laid hands upon Jeanne, she calmly took leave of all present; descended from the scaffold accompanied by La Pierre, Massieu, and L'advenu, in sight of an immense concourse, and the guards delivered her to the executioner, saying, "*Do your office:*" "and thus," say the witnesses, "she was brought forth and bound." The English had caused a very high scaffold to be constructed, round a stake of plaster so that, as the executioner reported, "He could not well and easily expedite her death by reaching her, by which means she was greatly tortured; and he felt great compassion at the form and cruel manner by which she was put to death."

Whilst La Pierre and Massieu were below, at the foot of the scaffold, looking up at her, Martin L'Advenu was standing upon the pile, close to where she was bound, with his face uncovered. Here he remained until the last moment, and he was so occupied in well preparing her for death, that he did not perceive that they had set fire to the pile. Jeanne, grateful for his charitable feelings, herself kept watch for his safety. As soon as she saw the fire, she had the courage and presence of mind to warn him, telling him to withdraw, and begging him to hold the cross on high before her, in order that she might gaze at it whilst rendering up her latest breath, which was done, as he himself thus deposed:—"She being in the flames, never ceased to pray until the end, and call in a loud voice upon the name of Jesus, imploring and invoking unceasingly the help of the saints of Paradise; and rendering up the spirit and bowing her head, proffered the name of Jesus, in token that she was fervent in the faith of God."

When Jeanne d'Arc had remained for some time in the flames, the executioner was ordered to withdraw the fire a little, in order that all present might behold the body of the sufferer. It was then seen that the robe worn by the unfortunate girl was entirely consumed, but her frame though blackened and scorched was still perfect. After the crowd had sufficiently satisfied its gaze, the fire was again raked around the body that it might be thoroughly reduced to ashes.

Immediately after the execution, the executioner came to Massieu and his companion L'Advenu "terror-stricken and quaking with marvellous repentance and sensible

contrition, as all-despairingly, fearing never to know pardon and indulgence from God for what he had done towards Jeanne d'Arc; and the said executioner said and affirmed, that, notwithstanding the oil, brimstone, and coals, which he had applied to the entrails and heart of the said Jeanne, he could not thoroughly consume, nor reduce to cinders the heart, nor the bowels, at which he marvelled, greatly, as at a very evident miracle."

Massieu, after having given an account of all the circumstances which prove the identity of Jeanne with the burned body, says "that Henry, the bailiff's clerk, and the greffier of the bailiwick, assured him that when Jeanne's body had been reduced to cinders, her heart remained unhurt and full of blood."

So touching had been the scene enacted upon the first scaffold, that most of the assessors had not the courage to witness the execution: Houppesville, Miget, Fabry, Riquier, Manchon, and several others, retired shedding tears; but few of the officials, indeed, remained to the last: amongst the latter was, however, Jean de l'Espée, canon of Rouen, who said, whilst weeping bitterly, that he could fain wish, when his last hour arrived, his soul might be in the same place as that of Jeanne.

The notary Manchon has left the following declaration, that "he had never wept so much at any thing which had befallen him, and that for a month afterwards he could not thoroughly compose his mind; on account of which, with a portion of the money which he had received for attending the trial he bought a little missal which he continued to keep, that he might have something by him to remind him to pray for her."

The last act of that tragic drama ended, the English fearing a commotion amongst the populace, ordered the executioner to spread the fire about for some time, in order that all present might be fully convinced that Jeanne was really dead. After this had been done, the Cardinal of Winchester ordered the remnants of the victim's body to be gathered together and then flung into the Seine: this, according to the testimony of many witnesses, was done by the same functionary.

Thus perished, ere she had attained her twentieth year, the peasant girl of Domremy, after passing upwards of a year in the Court of Charles and the ranks of his armies, and during a long period subjected to the torture and anguish of imprisonment. So pious an end as that of the Maid, under a refinement, too, of the horrible torments by which she was doomed to suffer, made, as well it might, a deep and lasting impression upon the hearts of the spectators; almost all wept and lamented, from a conviction that she had been unjustly condemned; all were loud in her praise, affirming that she had been a good Christian, that she had submitted herself to the church, that grievous injustice had been done her; her judges incurred an ineffaceable stigma of infamy in the minds of all classes; and they continued to be pointed at with curses and thoroughly abhorred long after the death of their innocent victim.

The archiepiscopal throne of Rouen had been promised to the Bishop of Beauvais as a reward for his zeal in promoting the objects of Jeanne's enemies during her trial; the hatred and detestation which pursued his name too significantly attested the service he had rendered; but even this manifestation of popular opinion did not induce the English to acknowledge or recompense his shameful devotion to their wishes. The prelate did not obtain that which he so earnestly desired, and, strange to say! he was ultimately compelled to solicit letters as a safe guarantee, for his conduct in the trial of Jeanne d'Arc. These letters could not well be refused on the part of the king of England, and were therefore granted him "to the end that all who looked with satisfaction upon the malefactions of Jeanne, and desired to disturb the decrees of our holy mother Church, might not upon such matter summon before the Pope, the General Council and others, the Bishop of Beauvais, the vice-Inquisitor, doctors and others who were mixed up in the procedure." The English monarch claimed, in favour of Jeanne's judges, the succour and support of all the princes of his family, and all his English subjects, as well as that of all those kings' subjects who were his allies. This singular document exhibits a strange contradiction, on the face of it, in the minds of those who had concurred in the trial. Formerly they had accused the Maid of despising

the authority of the Church, that of the Pope and General Council, and now, they trembled lest the cause of Jeanne should again be brought before the tribunal of the Church, or investigated by the Pope and the councils. There is not, perhaps, another trial on record concerning which the judges took so many precautions not to be themselves too severely judged afterwards; and, by a miracle of Divine justice, it has happened that all such precautions have only served to place their dark iniquity the more glaringly before the world. The English monarch might indeed ask protection for Jeanne's judges at the hands of kings and earthly powers, but could not defend them before the tribunal of conscience and public opinion. To silence the outbursts of public indignation, an attempt was made to persecute those who expressed themselves too openly on the subject, and a priest, named Jean Lapuire, was cited before the bailiff of Rouen for having spoken against the sentence passed upon the Maid. Seized with terror at the aspect of the tribunal, the priest flung himself on his knees and asked pardon for what he had said, and was condemned *par grace* to be imprisoned in the monastery of Preaching Friars, and kept upon bread and water. But what was the result of such condemnation? It was looked upon only as one other act of justice, and afforded a new motive to the people for the expression of their hate and a repetition of their maledictions against the judges and executioners of Jeanne d'Arc. The public hatred seemed, like the remorse which dogs the steps of the evil-doer, to attach itself still more closely to all their movements and never ceased following them. It pursued them in every accident of their lives, it struck to them even in their several deaths, and when any thing disastrous or unfortunate befell them, Heaven's justice was praised for having so stricken them.

It is in this spirit that contemporary history tells us that the Bishop of Beauvais, having subsequently become Bishop of Lisieux, had died suddenly whilst under the hands of his barber; that the promoter d'Estivet was found dead in a fosse close by the gates of Rouen; that Loyseleur, who had played so infamous a part in the trial, suddenly fell dead in a church at Basle; that Nicholas Midi, who was accused of having drawn up the twelve articles, was attacked with leprosy and perished miserably; that each and all had indeed been more or less punished for the iniquitous part played by them against the innocent Jeanne, and when, four years afterwards, the Duke of Bedford died, public opinion did not fail to attribute his death to the Divine wrath. This lively indignation amongst the commonalty doubtless contributed in the sequel to the expulsion of the English from France. Thus was accomplished soon after her death, that which Jeanne could not affect during her brief life; and Heaven appears to have made even the recollection of the atrocious injustice and manifold cruelties she had suffered, a means of completing the marvels which her victories had begun.

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Description of the Portrait of

JEANNE D'ARC, (CALLED *LA PUCELLE*.)

OUR PORTRAIT is taken from a large illumination in a MS. Monstrelet in the British Museum, representing the introduction of Jeanne d'Arc, at the Court of Charles V, at Chinon. The inspired maid is being led forward by the Lord de Gaucourt, High Chamberlain to the King, and she is apparently relating to him, with great earnestness, the important nature of the mission which has brought her from her humble hut amongst the nobles and courtiers of the French King. Her attitude is at once graceful, self-possessed, and highly expressive. Her dress consists of a long-skirted robe of chocolate-coloured silk, with sleeves increasing gradually in width as they approach the wrist. Round the border of the gown, (which is high, and square cut at the neck), as well as the edges of the sleeves, runs a narrow trimming of gold lace. Her hair, not yet cut close for the assumption of her war-like head-gear, is turned back off the forehead and con-

finer by a caul of gold net-work; over this is flung a small and elegant head-dress of black velvet edged with a trimming of gold lace, resembling a capuchon turned back—a similar sort of hood to that now worn by the women of the *Pays de Basque*, and which looks like the lower part of the steeple head-dress, as if, the absolute covering for the head had been preserved, when they threw away the pinnacle that surmounted it. Some writers, either drawing upon the fertile sources of their own imagination, or misled by false documents, have drawn a captivating portrait of the heroic Maid, who must ever remain upon the page of history as an object of perpetual pity and admiration: but history and archæology alike reject such romantic ornament. We only know that Jeanne was well-shaped in person, had a lovely bosom, and dark animated eyes, and that she united many of the charms of her own sex with all the energy of man's. We are disposed to attach strong reliance upon the authenticity of this miniature, executed in France about the middle of the 15th century, as an accurate recollection of the person and attire of the Maid as she appeared at the Court of Chinon. Enguerrand de Monstrelet, whose chronicles the miniature embellishes, wrote at the period of the events in which the Maid figured so conspicuously; his chronicles commence in the year 1400, and extended to 1453, and he himself followed the Duke of Burgundy to the famous siege of Compiègne, at which the heroine of Domremy was taken prisoner. The volume in question being a very splendid one, and unquestionably executed for some great personage, (in all probability a presentation copy) and the portion of the Chronicles it contains extending only as far as the Conquest of Normandy by the French, there is a strong extrinsic evidence afforded of its being a faithful representation of the Maid designed under the immediate supervision of the knightly chronicler. Monstrelet, moreover, was well known for his attachment to the Duke of Burgundy, and his pen having frequently served the cause of that prince at the expense of Charles VII., it is little likely that his illuminator would have been allowed to flatter the lineaments of her who so signally discomfited the chivalry of England and Burgundy. The representation of Jeanne d'Arc in the *Hôtel de Ville* at Orleans executed about 1490 is certainly long subsequent to the date of our illumination and a purely imaginary portrait.

"The history of Jeanne d'Arc," remarks Mr. Sonthey, in the preface to his epic, "is as mysterious as it is remarkable. That she believed herself inspired, few will deny, that she was inspired, no one will venture to assert; and it is difficult to believe that she was herself imposed upon by Charles and Dunois. That she discovered the King when he disguised himself among the courtiers to deceive her, and that, as a proof of her mission, she demanded a sword from a tomb in the church of St. Catherine, are facts in which all historians agree. If this had been done by collusion, the Maid must have known herself an imposter, and with that knowledge could not have performed the enterprise she undertook. Enthusiasm, and that of no common kind, was necessary, to enable a young maiden at once to assume the profession of arms, to lead her troops to battle, to fight amongst the foremost, and to subdue with an inferior force an enemy then believed to be invincible. It is not possible that one who felt herself the puppet of a party, could have performed these things. The artifices of a court could not have persuaded her that she discovered Charles in disguise; nor could they have prompted her to demand the sword which they might have hidden, without discovering the deceit. The Maid, then, was not knowingly an imposter; nor could she have been the instrument of the court; and to say that she believed herself inspired, will neither account for her singling out the king, or prophetically claiming the sword. After crowning Charles, she declared that her mission was accomplished, and demanded leave to retire. Enthusiasm would not have ceased here; and if they who imposed on her could persuade her still to go with their armies, they could still have continued her delusion."

TO THE ROSE.

The Rose was sacred to Harpocrates, the God of silence; also to Venus, as being the medium of a lover's thoughts, and denoting discretion respecting her mysteries. It was likewise used by the ancients at their convivial meetings, implying secrecy among the guests; and the early Catholic priests adopted the conceit, and adorned the entrances to their confessionals with wreaths of roses, thus signifying that whatever the Penitent might reveal "under the rose" should never be divulged; hence the old proverb:—

*"Est rosa flos Veneris, cujusque furta lateret,
Harpocrati matris dona dicavit amor;
Inde rosam mensis hospes suspendit amicis
Conviviæ ut sub ea dicta tacenda sciat."*

Beauteous rose! in Venus' bower,
Belov'd beyond each other flower;
How sweet a charge is giv'n to thee,
To bind young lips to secrecy.
Guarded by thee, the youth may tell
What hopes within his bosom swell,
And many a nymph a kiss bestows,
Assur'd 'tis giv'n "beneath the ROSE."
When Rome her festive tables spread,
And wit and wine the converse led,
Flowers on the board were thrown,
Of brightest hue, and fully blown.
Each guest the gentle emblem knew,
Hearts more confidential grew,
Nor fear'd their secrets to disclose,
For all vow'd honor to the ROSE
In former times above the seat
Where sinners came with weary feet,
To pour within some holy ear
Their weight of crime and load of fear;
In sacred charge the flow'r was found,
Enjoining secrecy around,
And bidding each in faith repose,
Nor fear to speak "beneath the ROSE."
Fav'rite of Flora! gift of love!
Enrich'd with graces from above;
Chosen to deck the bridal room,
Or shed perfume around the tomb;
'Tis plain that Heav'n first gave thee birth,
And did but lend thee to the Earth.
Then maidens wheresoe'er it grows,
Oh! tend with fost'ring care the ROSE.

D. CARTER.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

PURITANI—SOMNAMBULA—OTELLO—PROVA D'UN OPERA—DON GIOVANNI—SIGNORI TAMBURINI—COLETTI—RUBINI—RICCIARDI—SIGNORE G. GRISI—F. PERSIANI—E. TOSI—E. GRISI.

Ballet :—Mdlles. CERITO, ALBERTINE; MCSSTS. GUERRA, BERTIN,

BY PROFESSOR CARLO PEPOLI.

We promised, in our last number, some remarks upon the errors of style in Italian singing to which some vocalists seem to tend in their desire to acquire novelty and fame "*à la mode*," These observations we shall make the preliminary to our present notice upon Her Majesty's Italian Theatre, and many of our readers who may afterwards visit the the Opera will be able to apply them suitably.

Some performers sing without art: this style they designate *il canto naturale*. Others sing too artificially; and this they call *canto ornato*: and if we may be permitted to quote Latin in an article upon the theatre, we should say that between these two opposite systems—"in medio stat virtus." Let us begin with *il canto naturale*.

The word "nature," or "natural," is natural in proportion as, like nature, it rests upon its own foundation; and it is like current coin, of which no one seeks to examine the weight and quality of the metal: every man, therefore, willingly accepts it, sure that he may always easily find it, and that he may pass it with like facility. But although musical language, although Song is natural to man, it is nevertheless necessary to add that this nature is not precisely the same in every latitude of the globe. It may be said, indeed, as has been remarked by a learned French author, in most of whose opinions on the subject we coincide, it may be said that the ear, that supreme judge in music, varies always in precise accordance with the modifications and notable distinctions which the skin and facial forms of man undergo. For instance, there are some people who in singing generally send the sound through the nose, and in spite of this are delighted with such singing, and call it enchanting and most beautiful. With other people the voice issues from the throat, so that the sounds are all guttural; and to this people such singing is delightful, because most natural to them. Many nations with difficulty raise and force out certain shrill sounds resembling much more the cries of a patient under the hands of a dentist, than the voice of one singing, and yet they believe themselves to sing delightfully. Others go through various contortions, and with violent effort emit sounds much more like the roarings of wild and savage beasts, than the human voice. But even this kind of singing seems to this class of singers something quite natural. Perhaps it may be objected that such modes of singing belong rather to a people in a state of barbarism, or at least not much advanced in civilisation. But in reference to civilised people, it is well known to all who have the slightest notion of the history of music, that some nations will sing from one century's end to another what is called the scale of C major with a C flat, while others, instead of the C flat execute an F sharp, &c., &c. Here we have an example of the naturalness of the singing of civilised people. Consider again how the sounds uttered in speaking differ from those emitted in singing; how the modifications of the voice express different sensations; reflect upon the philosophy of music, and inquire, too, of the Philharmonic associations of the universe what is Song. But of all the definitions you can find, the truest, the most beautiful, and the most concise will be that of the great poet :—

"Il canto, che nell 'amina si sente."

But what is the nature of such Song? It is the truest, most energetic, penetrating expression uttered by the soul of the singer, and understood by the soul of the musically intelligent auditor. For ages and ages attempts have been made to

define Song. It has been asserted and proved that Song has its origin naturally with man (which is completely true), beyond the possibility of contradiction, so that it would be waste of time were we now to enter upon the demonstration. Some excellent observations, however, have been made in connection with this assertion.

The above verse ought to be on the walls of every school of music, -in the *vade mecum* of every singer; or, what is much better it should be deeply impressed on mind of every musical artist.

The sounds of instruments of whatever species, all the melodies, all harmonies imaginable by the human intellect—all, like Song, are only worthy to be designated by the lofty title of music when they succeed in *making themselves felt in the soul*. Nevertheless, there are celebrated masters and artists still in high reputation, who seem to think that to compose and execute music it is scarcely necessary to have any soul at all. In the present age may be found abstruse methods, flights of a transcendental philosophy, over which is cast the veil of mysticism, like the mysterious oracles of the Delphic Priestess. Sometimes we find methods in which the principles and precepts are so many, and so intricate, that they embroil and confuse the head of the student, while they quite benumb the soul. It has been also observed that these methods sometimes anatomise the human vocal organ, sometimes even become historiographies at once of the science, and of the larynx. Some masters, for instance, with learned gravity, say to their pupils, "When you sing, your vocal organs perform such and such evolutions."

Some masters, again, with stolid earnestness, well supported by an air of authoritative importance, enact an unconscious imitation of the *Maître de Philosophie*, in "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," who thus at once astonishes and delights the simplicity of his pupil, *M. Jourdain* :—

Le Maître de Philosophie.—La voix A se forme en ouvrant fort la bouche, A.

M. Jourdain.—A, A, oui.

Le Maître de Philosophie.—La voix E se forme en rapprochant la mâchoire d'en bas de celle d'en haut, A, E.

M. Jourdain.—A, E; A, E. Ma foi, oui. Ah! que cela est beau!

Le Maître de Philosophie.—Et la voix I, en rapprochant encore davantage les mâchoires l'une de l'autre, et écartant les deux coins de la bouche vers les oreilles, A, E, I.

M. Jourdain.—A, E, I, I, I, I. Cela est vrai. Vive la science!

Le Maître de Philosophie.—La voix O se forme en ouvrant la mâchoire, et rapprochant les lèvres par les deux coins, le haut et le bas, O.

M. Jourdain.—O, O. Il n'y a rien de plus juste. A, E, I, O; I, O. Cela est admirable! I, O; I, O.

Le Maître de Philosophie.—L'ouverture de la bouche fait justement comme un petit rond qui représente un O.

M. Jourdain.—O, O, O. Vous avez raison. O. Ah! la belle chose que de savoir quelque chose!

Le Maître de Philosophie.—Le voix U se forme en rapprochant les dents sans les joindre entièrement, et allongeant les deux lèvres en dehors, les approchant aussi l'une de l'autre sans les joindre tout-à-fait, U.

M. Jourdain.—U, U. Cela est vrai. Ah! que n'ai-je étudié plus tôt pour savoir tout cela! &c. &c.

In a similar way these musical instructors address their equally enlightened pupils—"you emit the c from the breast; the v from the throat, e from the head; and in singing the syllable A you project the lips outwards and lengthen the cheeks. When I pronounce the word *Amore*, my mouth in opening describes a perfect oval; you, on the contrary, exhibit a number of imperfect geometrical figures!!" Thus, through these trifling, useless minutiae, these multiplied follies, all distributed with more or less of Charlatanism, a thousand frivolous things are taught to musical students, and innumerable methods are daily published by a thousand editors, a thousand professors, a thousand philharmonic academicians of a thousand cities of this terraqueous globe;—*methods* that have all the specious title of "New"—"Newest," or, perhaps, "Original method, adopted in the academy of A. . .," "for his Grace the Duke of B. . . , invented by the celebrated professor C."

In the midst of such a vast multitude of professors, masters and methods, that which in the present day seems to be most completely forgotten, is—

"Il canto che nel anima si sente."

Let this suffice as to the pretended *canto naturale*, we will pass to the *canto ornato*.

One of the most serious and most frequent of the musical errors of the present age, is the treating the human vocal organ as if it were some metal or stringed instrument. These professors, these romantic, fantastic, original Pseudo-Masters have written for the torture of the human throat lengthy concerti, harrassing variations, impossible difficulties, chromatic scales,—“TRILLI”—“GORGEGGIAMENTI”—“FIORETTI”—“MORDENTI”—“GRUPPETTI”—“SALTI”—“VOLATE,” as if the human voice could usurp the sovereignty in inarticulate music which belongs to the Nightingale; or rather, as if the human voice could rival the machinery which Swiss ingenuity and patience have managed to enclose in the musical snuff-box.

It is certainly true, that such is not always the character of the vocal parts to be found on the music sheets of the operas; and Bellini is in this respect supreme. But when this music thus written, is heard from the lips of the singers, it appears a translation loaded with difficulties and ornaments, a really curious paraphrase, fully worthy of the patience required to hear it, if we wish to judge of the so thought *fashionable* folly that has seized upon the musical world. We are not unaware that this kind of song, thus bedizened with false ornaments, does, nevertheless, sometimes touch the imagination, and enchants or stupifies the ears; it is felt by the senses, but not *nell' anima*. The popularity which this mode has acquired in the musical world is an absolute but no less deplorable absurdity—a corruption—a lowering of the art. It is not enough to have an inclination to sing; there must also be science.

These observations are by no means unseasonable with reference to those singers, in whose voice there are certain artificial fictitious tones which they believe to constitute,—and have, alas! the hardihood to call—“*Canto espressivo*.” They are much to be pitied, undoubtedly; but how much more so, those who are condemned to hear them. These small artists are often seen making mortal struggles to infuse into their auditory emotions which they themselves have not experienced, do not feel, and of which they ever will remain incapable. When they desire to sing “*con anima*,” they twist themselves into horrible contortions, utter an unfortunate succession of deharmonized notes, and by a fatality no less wonderful than grievous this succession—misnamed singing—is utterly destitute of all that constitutes what we have been accustomed to call the *Art of Music*, namely, Rhythm, Cæsura, Accent.

In fact, we are compelled to declare that the music of the singing, such as it actually is, betrays either a want of “*l'anima*” in the singer, or, by the exaggerations indulged in for the sake of giving an appearance of “*anima*,” a lack of true musical science. The point to be attained, therefore, is the union of a thorough knowledge of the art with a true and cultivated sensibility of soul: then we shall really have that kind of Song so praised by Petrarca—

“Il canto che nell' anima si sente,”

We have thus frequently referred to and repeated the above, because we deem that it Petrarca, *il musico-cantore*, has given, better than any of the masters, a definition of that music, that “*Canto*,” which, coming from the soul of the hearer with delight, is conveyed in a manner at once elegant and appropriate to the sense of the words sung. Such is the style of Madame PASTA; and we are sure that Mademoiselle Tosi, whose talent is genuine, will studiously adhere to it, and will not suffer herself to be drawn by excessive adulations and batteries into any exaggerations either of expression or gesture; nor will she be persuaded to change the musical phrases, so purely dramatic, written by Bellini, nor even at any time be tempted to load them with supererogatory ornament. Simplicity is a grand element of beauty; and without these two qualities none can merit the praise conveyed in the application to his or her singing of the verse of the immortal poet we have cited.

After these general remarks we will proceed to our monthly review of the Italian Theatre.

“I PURITANI,” one of the most favorite operas, was selected by Madame GIULIA GRISI for her first appearance this season. Madame GRISI, and also Signor COLETTI, were received by the public with enthusiastic applause, and such they certainly merit. Signor Coletti sang the part of *Riccardo*, formerly performed by Tamburini. The last scene of *Elvira* (GRISI); the grand duet of the two basses (LABLACHE and COLETTI), “*Suoni la*

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tromba," &c. &c., and the famous *adagio* of *Arturo* (Rubini) "*Credesi misera da me tradita*," were repeated; and at the conclusion of the performance all the actors were called upon the stage to receive afresh the plaudits of the audience.

We have always expressed our sympathy for TAMBURINI, and think LAPORTE acted with injustice in not engaging him. But at the same time we do not hesitate to affirm that Sig. Coletti, who had to contend with the formidable remembrance of Tamburini, sang and acted the part of *Riccardo* most perfectly. We shall not enter into the detail of the disgraceful conduct of some parties in attempting to compel Laporte to engage Tamburini: though we certainly think the demand was just, still, whilst other ways were open, the manner of urging it was most indecent. This has, however, been discussed in the newspapers, so we will pursue our subject.

"*LA SORNAMBULA*" (music by Bellini) received a modification which may be of much importance; it is that Mdle. Ernestina Grisi performed the part of the "*petite coquette aubergiste*," who forms the principal subject of jealousy and of the drama. The style, however, of Mdle. Grisi was too much that of the above-mentioned *canto naturale*.

OTELLO (music by Rossini). Mdle. Julia Grisi is a dramatic and beautiful *Desdemona*, and her singing is in the highest degree of excellence. She would do better perhaps if, in the midst of the emotion produced by her exquisite, powerful voice, her action were a little restrained. Rubini again, but still more admirably, sang the celebrated aria *Amor dirada il nembo*, &c., and the last scene Lablache acted inimitably; again in the scene of the paternal malediction, his performance thrilled the audience with a sensation of sublime terror. The decorations are most miserable.

LA GAZZA LADRA.—Signor Tamburini, with good taste, chose this opera for his first appearance; and by their noisy demonstrations of welcome, the public confirmed their former attestations of attachment to this artiste.

GIULIA GRISI sang with much animation; but she begins to be rather too matronly for the character of the youthful *Annetta*!

A painful event prevented RUBINI from appearing: his father is dead, and Rubini is a respectful and affectionate son. Signor Ricciardi was unexpectedly called upon to supply his place: his style was perhaps occasionally too *naturale*, and occasionally too *ornato*, but he is worthy of every indulgence.

In the character of the *Podestà* Lablache, as an actor as well as singer, surprised and delighted by the mixture of the comic and dramatic which that character required. Madame Bellini took the part of *madre* of Annetta: she is a perfect specimen of the *canto naturale*!!

Instead of *Don Giovanni* (by Mozart) which was announced for the evening of Lablache's benefit, we had again *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Madame Persiani, and Signor Rubini maintained their usual excellence. Signor Coletti, who for a moment after the entrance of Tamburini was, as it were, in the shade, again made his appearance and was enthusiastically received. There is certainly considerable difference in these two *artistes*, but they are neither on that account less deserving of the praise so justly bestowed upon them.—*LA PROVA D'UN OPERA SERIA*—This little comic opera has met with renewed success. MDLLE. TOSI sang rather too much in the *canto ornato* style. LABLACHE was (as usual) a model *maestro campanone*, and excited the laughter of the whole assembly. FREDERIC LABLACHE is worthy of his father. This is a high eulogium!!

The death of Mdle. Giuditta Grisi sister of Giulia Grisi, was the melancholy cause of the transfer of *Don Giovanni* to the evening of the 21st. But this opera was, subsequently, so well performed that it is not possible to say any thing more. The *aria*, "*Il mio tesoro*," sung by Rubini was perfect. The representation of *Leporello* by LABLACHE; *Donna Anna* by G. GRISI; *Zerlina* by PERSIANI rendered this great composition of Mozart truly imposing. The orchestra was excellent: the chorus, according to their usual custom cried, "*Clo, clo, clo!!*"

BALLET—MDLLE. CERITO has presented herself after the departure of a great favorite, MDLLE. FANNY ELSSLER: but the new arriver has full power to obliterate all recollections. The figure of Mdle. Cerito is rather small, but elegant: her arms are really poetical. They are always gracefully placed upon her bosom, and through whatever difficulties and intricacies of step she may pass, her body is always elegantly disposed and *à plomb*. Signor GUERRA this year is not so stout, and danced well. Mdle. Albertine and M. Bretin obtained the second crown in the *divertissement*.

The new ballet—*Le Luc des Fées*—composed by SIGNOR GUERRA is graceful and brilliant, Signora CERITO, an Italian lady, whose complete success removes her beyond all rivals, except TAGLIONI, also Italian, has excited the jealousy of the French dancers, who thought themselves queens of dance. Madlles. ALBERTINE, VICTORINE, and a Coryphée EMILINE are therefore departed: they have fled! *Les méchantes!!!* There remain to us the lively Mdle. KAPPER; the correct Mdle. PIERSON; the noble MADAME GUERRA; and the beautiful, graceful Mdle. Briestoff.—M. COULON grows old: BERTIN dances elegantly: GOSSELIN dresses tastefully; Guerra is excellent in some parts. Such is the *corps de ballet* at Her Majesty's Theatre.

LAY OF THE GNOME KING,

(FROM THE GERMAN OF MATTHISSON.)

Avaunt! thou hateful ray!
Darkness is our loved day,
We gambol o'er and o'er
Deep in the earth-ball's core:
In realms above, where sunbeams glare,
All Adams's race is doomed to share
The plagues of light—a judgment fair.

Mock we, when praise of man
Exalts the solar plan;
The North-pole's bear-sought strand
Is our own magic land.
The flow'et's hue—the night bird's tone,
To see and hear with pain we groan,
And Seven's the number that we own.

The blind mole's skin, of yore,
As gala robe we wore;
Now flaunt we through the ball,
In asbest surcoats all;
Which Puck the gay, our merry guest,
Stole from the rock-cliff's stony breast,
And Erl the sea-bag's distaff dressed.

When, to the Gnomen sphere,
Wan avarice draws near,
And hacks our golden treasure,
To pamper human pleasure;
Then do we quench the miner's light,
Spout sulphur-damp with all our might,
And pinch, and bruise the luckless wight.

We pierce with glances sheen,
Like goblin, elf, or sprite,
With eyes of emerald green—
Through blackest depths of night.
In rock-oil's nectar drink we deep,
Decked in red-copper sport and leap,
Then pillowed on a mushroom, sleep.

From the central globe we hie,
Roused by the vulture's cry;
And rushing through the storm,
Follow the witches' swarm.
Then Satan's war-trump thunders loud,
The Blocksberg's crest with might is bowed,
And spirit-hosts the summit crowd.

No law restrains the Gnome,
No tool profanes our home;
We scorn the lore of man,
Shortening his life's brief span.
Scarce deign we heed the vocal strains
Of Beelzebub's admiring trains,
And thus the merry Gnome-king reigns.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

BY PROFESSOR CARLO PETOLI.

Our first observations upon the works of Art, under exhibition this year, will be devoted to historic paintings, or composition—works which we rank in the first class, where properly the poetry of the Art, and the mental vigor of the artist is completely manifested.

The first picture up to which we were pushed forward by two fair ladies in their eager search for Landseer's dogs was, *The Eve of the Deluge*, 393, by J. MARTIN. The following is the source of his inspiration :—

“And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and the Lord said, I will destroy man whom I have created from the face of the earth. And Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord.”

In passing to the description of the picture, the accompanying annotations are absolutely necessary to a clear explanation. “The sun, moon, and a comet are represented in conjunction, as one of the warning signs of the approaching doom. In the distance are the ocean, the mountains, and, on a promontory, the Ark. In the middle ground—

“The forest trees, coeval with the hour
When Paradise up sprung,
So massy, vast, yet green in their old age.”

The caverns and terts, the people revelling and resting ; upon the rock in the foreground Methuselah, who has directed the opening of the scroll of his father Enoch, whilst agitated groups of figures, and one of the giants of those days, are hurrying to the spot where Noah displays the scroll ; and Methuselah, having compared the portentous signs in the heavens with those represented on the scroll, at once perceives the fulfilment of prophecy, that the end is come, resigns his soul to God.” It must be evident to every one that the subject is immense, both from its importance, and the lofty character of its poetry, which is full of gigantic imagery, mingling with ideas of religion whatever of primitive belonged to the world in the early times of its vigor.

MARTIN, following his usual custom, has consulted Josephus, Hebrews, Jude v. 14, Adam Clarke, Burnet, Byron, &c., &c., and all the authors, sacred and profane, adapted to his subject. It would be well if this example were imitated by many other artists, some of whom commit most unpardonable errors, both of local truth and of history. But while we express our praises of the classically poetic manner in which, as usual, Mr. Martin has conceived his picture, we cannot equally admire his coloring, which is sometimes exaggerated, sometimes feeble, and some minute details are too laboured. These remarks are also applicable to other of his works, such as *The Assuaging of the Waters*, 509, a picture portraying the passage of Genesis, chap. viii. 1—11 :—“And the dove came to him in the evening ; and lo ! in her mouth was an olive leaf plucked off. So Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the face of the earth.” In this, however, there is much of grand conception ; many of the details are well painted, such as some parts of the water, and the shells. These observations upon John Martin's style will apply respectively with appropriate modifications, to his other pictures included in this exhibit—on namely, No. 555—“*The Corn-riggs ; view over the Valley of the Wandle*.” No. 574—“*View over the Valley of the Wandle, with part of Wimbledon*.” No. 653—“*View from Horsingden-hill towards Richmond*.” No. 657—“*View near Croydon, looking over Beckenham*.”

What shall we say of the picture of TURNER, JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM, R.A. ? We affirm that no committee ought to permit such horrid, detestable absurdities to disgrace any exhibition. No design, no form, no truth of colouring—a chaos ! So ridiculously below mediocrity has this artist fallen, notwithstanding his remarkable talent ! Look at “ Bacchus and Ariadne,” (27.) Never did there exist in fabulous Olympus, never on earth, or in the most perverted imagination such monstrous creations, or rather caricatures, with such false, stupid, capricious patches of color thrown on apparently at hap-hazard.

Any one that has been at Venice can tell whether No. 55 bears any resemblance to the PONTE DEI SOSPIRI ; yet Turner has the courage to call this fortuitous conglomeration of discordant colors “ *The Bridge of Sighs* ;” and the same falseness of coloring, the same total negation of truth is displayed No. 71—“ *Venice, from the Canale della Giudecca, chiesa di S. Maria della Salute, &c.*,” which, if conscientiously described in the catalogue, should be “ *Venice, from the ill fancy of Turner.*” The like indeed should be written under “ *Slavers throwing overboard the dead and dying*”—205. None would take the figures to be men, but would be in a difficulty to decide whether the objects were fishes or birds ! It seems nothing more than the work of a child who has been drawing lines and scattering colours, without care or design, for the mere purpose of amusing his companions, and making them laugh : and his judgment must be of a very infantine character who can stop to admire such *canvass*—we cannot call them *pictures*. Such individuals excite our pity and even contempt ; and we exclaim with Dante,

“ Non ragioniam di lor—non guarda e passa.”

If, therefore, not made to be laughed at, we ought not to mention No. 243, which again Mr. Turner has had the boldness to entitle “ *The New Moon*” and, as a gentleman justly remarked, it is indeed a *new moon*, seeing that the like of it never was beheld in the sky, and if such a thing had ever there existed, it would have been called an *omelette aux fines herbes*, or something of the kind, and not a moon. Whoever wishes for an unintelligible explanation to a more unintelligible picture, may just look at the periphrasis which Turner has subjoined to his “ *I’ve lost my boat ; you shan’t have your hoop !*” No. 419—“ *Rockets and Blue Lights (close at hand) to warn steam-boats of shoal water,*” is another scorbutic picture by this same Mr. Turner ; and, lastly, his sixth offence against the Art, this year, is a *canvass*, upon which are seen certain things resembling frogs, upon certain colors which are of no colour, in a place that bears likeness to no place, with other certain indefinable objects depicted in colors absolutely revolting ; and to this complication of monstrosities the catalogue gives the title of “ *Neapolitan fisher-girls surprised bathing by Moonlight.*” We have spoken of these works with severity, and too lengthily, when they are in reality not worth looking at, or of a single word of notice. But let young artists observe that even such a talent as was Turner’s may wander and even lose itself, and in such case it is incumbent upon the journalist to lift his voice and rebuke such obstinate rebellion against truth, beauty, and Art, and when we think that no less than nine hundred pictures were rejected by the committee, then indeed there is still greater need to appeal against those who permit such absurdities upon the walls of the Academy, excluding the while paintings worthy of commendation, and closing to the few new and young competitors for fame the only way to make themselves known. The committee ought immediately to banish these extravagant distortions, which are a shame to the Academy, and should say to the artist, “ Become again the fine, the brilliant, the rational painter of former times. Be again the true Turner, and then your productions will again be received and praised, and will become, as formerly, the delight and admiration of amateurs, professors, and all connoisseurs of the art.”

We feel much grieved to be compelled to utter criticisms so severe ; but our conviction of their justice is based upon all the reasons of nature and Art. Let us now turn to another artist, who also is an R. A. ; we speak of W. Etty, R. A. He is stated by his friends to have been a free and graceful painter, and a great colorist, but it seems to us that his friends and admirers ought to effect the removal to the Academy for exhibition some of his early productions, when Etty *inspired* by his

true genius, and instructed by art, copied nature with a just and judicious selection, and was justly applauded. But there are few artists, though of superior talent, who can save themselves from becoming false in coloring, careless in forms, affected in invention, and exaggerated mannerists, if, by chance, when they have painted some piece of extravagance or other, they find themselves praised on that very account, as if *extravagance* were *beauty*. Then, through the error of those who ignorantly bestow these unmerited praises, others are induced to give large sums of money for works of art executed in a manner rather to be shunned than imitated. Hence the artists themselves, deceived by their corrupt taste, or because they see it is necessary to deceive others with corruptions of taste, in order to secure increased gains, gradually, in general, fall into exaggeration and extravagant mannerism. It should be observed, also, that the majority of the wealthy, who are always the purchasers of those pictures which most offend against art and good taste, are entirely ignorant of the subject; and, not capable of judging themselves, depend upon the advice of some "*pseudo amateur*" friend, an animal belonging to the *biped acephalus* tribe—a species not noticed by Linnæus or Buffon, but more mischievous than any poisonous insect, and a destroyer of works of fine art. When, then, one of these rich men sets the example of buying such manneristic paintings, the whole troop ignorantly follows, like the herd mentioned by Dante—

"E quel che l'una, e l'altre fanno."

Thus every body seeks (instead of some beautiful production) a picture equally extravagant in manner, similar in kind, and will not be satisfied unless they can secure one as an ornament for their drawing or sitting-room, itself fitted up in the *Greek* style, or the *Gothic*, or the *Chinese*, or the *Arabic*, or *à la renaissance*, according to the fashion, although for the most part the good innocent creatures who thus squander their money, are altogether ignorant of the different styles, but in their hearts imagine themselves not *Greeks*, not *Chinese*, but something of each, and all with a view to be *fashionable*!

This digression, though lengthy, is not irrelevant, since it contains some useful reflections upon two academical artists, each of whom, at the commencement of his career, displayed real talent, but has subsequently passed from *originality* to *extravagance*; a transition as easy as from the *sublime* to the *ridiculous*. It is with considerable pain that we have thus spoken of Mr. TURNER, and it is equally disagreeable to us to be compelled to remark that Mr. ETTY in his style of painting, has fallen into a similar error. Passing over the fact that in the present day it is scarcely possible to take any interest in mythological subjects, especially such as the learned academician has selected, it is lamentable to see that we can obtain no compensation in good composition for the wretchedness of the invention. The whole is absurd;—invention, composition, design, colouring! Does any one doubt it? let him, if he has sufficient courage, and can throw away his time, let him look at No. 26. This coarse servant of all work, chained naked to a rock, is the very novel kind of being called "*Andromeda*!" That brute beast, which you are at a loss to guess whether it be serpent, fish, or perhaps some animal not indeed of heathen mythology, but of the *private* menagerie of Mr. Etty himself, ought to be the celebrated monster which amused itself with devouring human beings, and had most probably made up its mind to enjoy an excellent dinner off the very fat servant-girl (*Andromeda*), had not another monster, bearing the name of a man, *Perseus* (*risum teneatis amici*) mounted upon a flying rocking-horse, come to her rescue. But truly such an *Andromeda* was hardly worth the pains of saving (saving ourselves, for so saying, harmless from the society for the suppression of cruelty to *all* animals); it would have been well had the monster devoured her (even at the cost of a mortal indigestion), and left of her no remains—no memory in the world. Equally absurd and ridiculous is No. 30—"Mars, Venus, and Attendant disrobing her Mistress for the Bath," by the same master. This is neither the *celestial* nor the *terrestrial* Venus of the ancients; *she* was not born of the foam of the sea, but of the dirty wash of a pencil. She is assisted (as has been wittily remarked) by a female blackamoor, and Mars is represented not like Mars, but like the American "*cooper*" Mar-tinus. We shall be led to speak still more severely when we think that

Mr. ETTY has not only held up to ridicule Mythology, but has even profaned Sacred History. Look at the indecency of No. 230, which is impudently entitled, "*A Subject from the Parable of the Ten Virgins.*" We cannot stop before this picture without indignation. Women fit only to be in the most prohibited places, naked, in every extravagant attitude, ill designed, worse coloured : such is the picture. And if it is asked, we are sure it will be felt, that the reply would be made not to five only, but to the whole ten (as recorded in the Parable, and noted in the catalogue), "*Verily, I know you not.*" We speak jestingly ; because, did we treat the subject seriously—justly—indignant criticism would carry us too far ; and Horace well says—

*ridiculum acrius
Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res."*

We regret to see that example is contagious. No. 31, by S. A. HART, R. A.—"*Henry I. receiving intelligence of the Shipwreck and Death of his only Son,*" is a mass of caricature coloring ; and the figures, exaggerated and conventional, are rather adapted to the comic scene of a pantomime, than to the touching scene of this interesting passage of English history. One biblical subject has inspired the genius of two artists it is—" *Our Saviour with the Doctors in the Temple,*" 74, by W. COLLINS, R. A. and—" *Jesus in the Temple,*" 398, by S. DRUMMOND, A. The first of these paintings, No. 74, presents to us a child, but not the Inspired Being—not God concealed beneath the infantile features ; nevertheless, there are many things in the picture gracefully treated, and it has merit in the execution, if not in the invention. In the second, No. 398, Mr. DRUMMOND displays his customary feebleness of coloring ; and then the architecture of his Temple of Jerusalem cannot be said to be either Grecian or Roman, but that of modern times ; it rather recalls to mind a church of the 16th century. We admit that a similar fault may be imputed to Raffaele, but one error is no excuse for another, and the great masters are to be imitated, not in their defects (which are the inseparable companions of humanity), but in their beauties. The scene might very easily be supposed to be in St. Paul's ; the heads of the old men taken from the pensioners of Chelsea College. Every part of a painting should be in character. The study of this has always been necessary ; and now, when criticism is so severe, it is doubly requisite. The famous painter, Vicart, upon seeing the beautiful composition of the *Riposo in Egitto della Vergine, del Salvatore, e S. Giuseppe*, the classic work of the celebrated TERUGGI (pupil of Benvenuti), and which obtained the prize at the Royal Academy of Firenze, pronounced these words, which ought to be engraven in the memory of every artist :—

"Uno pittore deve dimenticarsi dov'è nato, e dov'è ; ma trasportarsi nel paese dove imagina il fatto rappresentato in pittura ; devesi fare come il nostro bravo Teruggi, egli è greco quando dipinge così bene il quadro rappresentante la morte di Belisario ; è veramente ebreo quando figurò quel venerando Patriarca Giuseppe, la bella Vergine di Jesse, e l'augusto Infante di Giuda !"

This expression of praise contains a true and excellent precept, but one too frequently forgotten by many. However, it certainly has not been forgotten by J. UWINS in No. 29—" *Capuchin Convent at Amalfi, Gulf of Salerno,*" or in No. 189—" *Terrace of the Capuchin Convent, Bay of Naples,*" for he seems truly to have become the Italian capuchin in these local representations ; and in the moral as well as local representation of some popular customs the other artist of the same name, THOMAS UWINS, R. A., seems verily to have transformed himself into the Italian : see No. 89—" *A Neapolitan Boy decorating the head of his Innamorata at the Festa of the Madonna dell'Arco.*" This is a gem of truth, and sweetness of coloring. No. 92—" *The Loggia of a Vine-dresser's Cottage in the Afternoon of a Saint's-day,*" is another perfect jewel. The subject is explained in the subjoined words :—"One of the earliest lessons a Neapolitan mother teaches her child is how to dance the Tarantella." Let us now pass on to another picture by the same master, No. 266—" *Study of a Group of Mountaineers returning from the Festa of Monte Vergine.*" In order to understand this picture, it is necessary to know that the Madonna, worshipped at Monte Vergine, near Avellino, is celebrated throughout

the country for her miraculous powers. Every body goes to her festa—mothers are especially anxious to present their children to the Virgin at this auspicious season ; and on their return, filled with gratitude for her favour, they make the mountains echo the sounds of joy and gladness. An Asiatic convert is sometimes seen carrying the picture of his new deity with as much devotion, and blowing the conch with as much fervor as if he had been a good Catholic all his life. Such is the little religious popular drama represented on the canvass with so much truth, grace, and spirit by T. UWINS, R.A. To witness this festa at Monte Vergine, it is quite unnecessary to travel to Italy ; it is sufficient to look at the picture in the exhibition. No. 269—“ *The Interesting Question*,” is another *bijou*, and from the grace and extreme truth with which this little love scene is depicted, one would readily believe that the learned and accomplished royal academician had frequently in Italy heard and put the interesting question “ *mi volete bene ?* ” No. 416—*Fioretta* ; “ *The Innocent are Gay* ” (Cowper’s Task) is a sweet, enchanting little thing. It is a lovely, graceful little girl, with black sparkling eyes and raven locks, simply attired in white, and around her neck is thrown an elegant garland of the freshest and fairest flowers. We do not think that the freshness of flowers could be better painted, and certainly that of the little girl is as perfect. But we do think it would be difficult to produce a picture more pleasing (as large as nature) and it seems to us that the original must be well calculated to call forth the above-mentioned interesting question, “ *mi volete bene ?* ”

No. 474—“ *Neapolitan Peasants dressing up the Standard of the Virgin previous to quitting the Festa of the Madonna dell’Arco*,” is another most delightful picture by the same gentleman, painted in a similar style, and with equal truth. Another, and the last by this artist, is a—“ *Scene from the Merchant of Venice*,” No. 599.

SHYLOCK.—Hear you me, Jessica,
Lock up my doors ;
By Jacob’s staff, I swear,
I have no mind for feasting forth to-night.

LAUNCELOT GOBBO.—Mistress look out at window for all this.

This is certainly a graceful picture, but to us he is in nothing more pleasing than in the popular Neapolitan scene. We observed also much timidity of chiaroscuro in this picture, 599.

“ *The Beggar*,” 42, by W. DANIELS, is a faithful representation of one of the miseries resulting from the present organisation of society ; but we should have preferred seeing, instead of the “ *Beggar* ” alone, “ *The charity of the rich to the poor*.” Art holds a noble office when beside evil, depicted under its most horrible aspect, it shows the remedy in its most glorious form—charity.

No. 61—“ *The Salutation of the Aged Friar*,” C. L. EASTLAKE, R. A., is a pretty composition, well designed, and not highly but gracefully colored. We cannot pass over the next number (although we intend to devote a distinct portion of our article to the portraits) the “ *Portrait of the QUEEN*, by Sir DAVID WILKIE, R.A. (62), because it is with much pleasure that we speak of this artist, who sustains his former reputation by his picture exhibited this year : nevertheless, we do not feel disposed to bestow much praise upon this portrait of her Majesty ; it does not seem to us faithful, or to possess much elegance of composition, or to be perfectly painted. Neither do the other portraits of this celebrated artist much increase his reputation, although they all exhibit great ease and skill, which observations will be found justified by No. 110—“ *Portrait of Viscount Arbuthnot, Lord-Lieutenant of Kincardineshire* ;” No. 132—“ *Portrait of Mrs. Hamilton Nisbett Ferguson, of Raith* ;” and No. 276—“ *The Hockabador*.”

No. 112, entitled—“ *A Sketch for a Picture from the Gentle Shepherd of Allan Ramsay*”—is treated with much spirit and grace. But why do the artists of the present time, with the many new wants of society, waste their efforts upon these old Arcadian subjects which have been over and over again so annoyingly repeated ! We contemplate with much more delight the interesting page of the history of the fine arts so well expressed in color by Sir David in No. 48—“ *Benvenuto Cellini, pre-*

senting for the approval of Pope Paul III., a silver censer of his own workmanship."—This picture is really simple and elegant in composition, and the subject is admirably represented: the design is correct, and there is no exaggerated, theatrical mannerism of color; and the artist has skillfully overspread the picture with a soft calm which is communicated to the mind of the spectator. This is one of the distinguishing qualities of the true master in painting, and it is one which belongs to Wilkie, who ranks among the first of the modern English school. But the picture which more than all the rest reminds us of the epoch of freshness, and virgin pictorial beauty when Wilkie was in his youthful splendour, is No. 252—"The Irish Whisky-still."—The invention here, as in Wilkie's early paintings, presents all the objects and all the men; matter and mind, idea and form, all concur with an immense variety to that "dumtaxat et unum" of the subject, that is the candestine manufacture of that so universally delightful liquor, Whisky! Nevertheless, critics agree that the artist has not given with exactness some of the local characteristics, indicating that the scene is in Ireland, and not in any other place. Much might possibly be said upon the subject, first as to the epoch in which the painter has chosen to fix the scene; because many things, such as dress, the style of the hair, of the beard, which perhaps do not prevail now in Ireland, although they were used at the period to which the artist wishes to transport us. But laying aside these discussions, it is beyond doubt that this picture may rival those old Flemish paintings which at present form the delight of amateurs who lavish large sums of money to make them their own. After Wilkie, the veteran academician who still sustains his early reputation, we turn not without pleasure to a new academician who manifests a strong desire to prove himself worthy of his new distinction—we mean to say, DANIEL MACLISE. This artist makes evident progress every year. He is young, and by study may attain perfection: he is young, and by neglect of study may be entirely lost. Whoever praises him, does well: who pours upon him lavish adulation, does ill: who imitates him, does worse. Woe to those young artists who imitate a painter, who to the many good qualities, however numerous they be, which he may possess, unites a tendency to *mannerism*; and this is precisely the case with DANIEL MACLISE, wherefore we would earnestly counsel him to continuous, persevering study. It is in his power to become an artist of high rank in his country; or he may fall into the follies of mannerism, which is a very pestilence, destructive of his nation's fame in the art.

No. 174—"The Banquet Scene in Macbeth" is one of those subjects that have been so frequently handled that it ought now to be suffered to lie at rest; but truly as a work of art it possesses many beauties. The artist represents the moment in which the Scotch tyrant beholds the ghost of Banquo rise and sit in the seat intended for himself: his horror at this apparition is given with indescribable force, and the muscles fully express the internal struggles. Lady Macbeth addresses to the guests the well-known words; "*Sit, worthy friends;—my lord is often thus.*" The countenances of the seventy guests are various, and very appropriate, yet resemble each other in very many points. The most prominent beauty is the bloody figure of Banquo: the indefiniteness of the figure, the deep mystery of the picture, perfectly express the tremendous mystery of the atrocious event. The poetic imagination is complete, and manifests the genius of the artist: the mode in which the whole is manifested, accessories included, shows the artist's practical skill in his art. This work makes us conceive great hopes of MacLise, but the road to perfection in the fine arts is long, and we may apply to it what Hippocrates applied to the medical art—"Ars longa, vita brevis." No. 381 is another picture by the same artist, but of a different species and class.—"*The cross-gartered Malvolio playing off his antics before the Lady Olivia and the maid Maria.*"—It is a theatrical scene transferred to canvass, and executed at once with freedom and delicacy; but the effect of the chiaroscuro is timid. 214 is a humorous picture exhibiting the comic—"Gil Blas selecting his dress of blue velvet embroidered with gold."—The execution of the picture we admire infinitely, but we cannot regard with the same feeling this kind of subject; for in the present day the art which is destined to the noblest and loftiest ends, is continually prostituted to such objects, with great applause forsooth from

the stupid and ignorant wights who pay largely for such works, for one simple reason—*because they understand them!* nor is this the most prevalent kind, but one much more abject; dogs, monkeys, cats, parrots!!—We have seen 500*l.* paid for a pretended painting by MURILLO (Heaven knows that Murillo was innocent of such a picture and of any such piece of robbery!) representing an ass, which was being led to market by a dirty boy; while a beautiful historical picture, representing Alexander the Great at the tomb of Achilles, by JUAN DE JUANNES, the grand, inimitable painter of Valencia, fetched only 120*l.* But wherefore?—Because the subject of the Ass and the dirty little boy was within the comprehension of the most ignorant; but the lofty poetry of an historical picture demands a mind poetic and lofty to comprehend its sublime qualities and beauty. The taste for pictures, ancient or modern, thus low in subject, prevails in proportion to the profound ignorance of which it is a principal symptom. But to return to the painting, No. 214, we are not so rigid as to wish to exclude all humorous pictures; we only desire, as we have before expressed in this periodical, that MACLISE would select subjects worthy of his nation and the present epoch. If we do not like to behold so many pictures representing a world of animals fit for the Zoological Gardens, which occupy the walls of many elegant houses, nevertheless we are always delighted with this kind of picture, whenever we meet with EDWIN LANDSEER, with his multitude of animals enough to fill the ark of Noah. We much lament, however, that so great a genius as E. LANDSEER should confine himself to being the portrait painter to all the dogs, more or less aristocratic, of England. Such a mind might and ought to lift itself to things more grand, in which the invention, the poetry of the art might display its power. No. 139—“*The Macaw, Lovebirds, Terrier, and Spaniel puppies belonging to her Majesty*” seems to us, as usual, beautiful, but nothing extraordinary. No. 149—“*The Lion-Dog, from Malta*” is absolutely alive. No. 278—“*Lion and Dash, the property of his Grace the Duke of Beaufort*” is certainly a classical work of the canine kind. In the comic class of this species, it is impossible to surpass the excellence of No. 311.—“*Laying down the Law.*” Here is a veritable tribunal of the canine race, wherein a white poodle sits as judge with all due and proper gravity; the terrier is counsel, and a multitude of dogs of all sizes, species, colors and qualities appear as attornies, and fill the court. The idea is not new, but it is well executed. We think that Landseer’s “horses taken in to bait,” (120) may in its kind be put in comparison with the first ancient and modern masters. The composition, the design, the anatomical study of the horses is perfect; the elegance, the truth,—all, in fact, renders this, as regards the horses, *a perfect gem.*

But although we desire that the fine arts, and painting in particular, should convey instruction, and, to this end, frequently select for subjects historical facts in which may be found lessons of lofty import to society, we are not, therefore, content to see such subjects stupidly, or imperfectly treated, as in No. 124.—“*Richard Cœur de Lion reviewing the Crusaders in Palestine,*” by A. COOPER, R. A. The picture, altogether, in respect of execution and invention, is little worthy of the Royal Academy: far better had this been included among the nine hundred rejected: this artist ought to return to the painting of horses, in which he succeeded so well.

W. COLLINS, R. A., (see 74), has also minor paintings possessing much grace of manner; No. 15.—“*Ave Maria, near Tivoli,*”—where an Italian peasant is singing AVE MARIA before the Virgin and her infant son by her side, accompanied by the mandolin, a kind of lute. A merry group of peasants receiving presents from maidens leaning over the parapet of an Italian palazzo forms also the subject of another very delightful picture entitled “*The Passing Welcome,*” (256). These paintings are full of beautiful details, and of a kind more suited to the artist than biblical subjects. Yet it is always pleasing to see that a talented artist rises to the high poetry of his art. With regret, yet in obedience to truth, we have thus pronounced a picture, from its execution, wholly unworthy of exhibition. So of No. 100.—“*Le bas couleur de rose avec une jarretièrre d’argent,*” by A. E. CHALONS, R. A. This artist pleases much by a certain light gracefulness of coloring in water-colors (although the very prince of mannerists), yet his designs are always bad, and he is insupportable in oils; but it is incredible that a man of his age should have chosen so indecent a subject

as that of No. 100. CHARLES LANDSEER, A. R. A. has two pictures of a truly artistic character (see previous remarks on the British Institution), No. 354—“*The Tired Huntsman*” is a fine, graceful, and pleasing invention; with pleasure we see this artist with more elevated intelligence making animals not principal, but secondary objects, and showing that he can paint human nature, as well as zoological subjects. No. 21—“*Nell Gwynne*.” Here he seems not happy in his coloring, although the picture is tolerably good.

SIR A. W. CALLCOTT, R. A. has quitted the usual class of his pictures for one of more noble character, the historical. In regard to merit of invention, we think this artist was more successful in his former style; but we applaud his new attempt, which evinces true love of the Art, and considerable power: see No. 125—“*Milton dictating to his Daughter*”—in which the figures are almost as large as life. A. W. ELMORE also deserves attention; he is young and worthy of admiration and we conceive great hopes from his large and truly grand picture No. 415.—“*The Martyrdom of St. Thomas à Becket*—More might be desired in the anatomical parts, and greater boldness of chiaroscuro; but the work is worthy of an artist farther advanced in his career, and this is saying much for one commencing. In the catalogue, is a full description. There is another interesting picture, No. 482—by T. DUNCAN. “*Prince Charles Edward and the Highlanders entering Edinburgh, after the battle of Preston*.” We invite attention to this beautiful work; it is perfect history, adorned with all possible poetry. The artist has well studied Gerard’s “*Entry of Henry IV*”; as a source whence to draw inspiration, without plagiarism. Better were the light less diffused, and that there were more of *contrast*; but we experience such high gratification when artists endeavour to raise themselves to the true dignity of their office, and leave cabbages, and potatoes, to their proper place, the market; cows and asses, to the stalls; flocks and herbs to the fields, that we cannot be severely critical on this occasion. Yet artists ought really to be ashamed of choosing subjects old and devoid of interest for the present age, as Mr. H. HOWARD, R. A., has done in No. 95—“*Proserpina*,” and then executed it very badly. The verses from Claudian, *De Raptu Proserpinæ* are not able to render the painting beautiful, nor will the subject itself make it classical. This is what we call the “*Puppet style*”; we see at once how this unhappy nymph was born to die in the regions of eternal darkness; and thus her portrait will sink into everlasting oblivion.

With no feeling of pleasure we express such severe opinions; but the academicians themselves ought to be the most severe judges of their works, and the public have a right strictly to criticise the academicians. We greatly commend W. ALLEN, R. A., “*Prince Charles Edward in adversity*,” (136)—He has given an interesting example of the importance of selecting historical subjects. The story is described with effect, though perhaps there is hardly so much of poetry as we might expect in the face of the Prince; adversity has its poetry: and there is much of this poetry of adversity in another painting, a pathetic episode of Boz, entitled—“*The Orphan and his bird*,” (242) wherein there is infused an air of truly delicate sentiment. W. BOXALL, has shed over his picture “*Hope*,” (56) that secret mystic sentiment which impresses the beholder with sensations at once sweet and bitter, and almost moves to tears, but, verily, tears of pure delight. The words—“*At evening time it shall be light*,” (Zechariah, c. 14; v. 7.) are themselves full of deeply affecting melancholy. The conception belongs to a lofty mind, that has well meditated on the subject, and the style is worthy of the conception. These are pictures which should be admired by all artists, but we fear that few can imitate them.

We approve also the subject selected by J. A. CASEY “*Captivity of Joan of Arc*.” The first duty of a painter is to choose a good subject; then, if it be an historical fact, to select the most interesting point in the succession of time and things connected with this fact: this belongs to pictorial *Invention*. The introduction afterwards of particular circumstances that shall render the subject more impressive, more vivid, more beautiful; this is the part of pictorial *Poetry*: to arrange with art, apparently natural, every moral and material object, so that the spectator shall be powerfully attracted; this is the office of pictorial *composition*. But a painter may find an

interesting historical subject, select a beautiful point, connect with it all poetry to give splendor to the truth expressed, surround it with appropriate accessories, yet dispose incorrectly, falsely. This artist of genuine talent, we believe is fully able to appreciate our remarks with respect to this his, in many respects, very meritorious picture.

It is curious to compare the different styles of different artists: "E. V. RIPPING-ILLE" has closely studied the Italian School,—"*Brigands visited by their friends and Manutengoli*" (438); and "E. M. WARD, No. 22,—"*Scene from King Lear*," has studied the German School, consequently, the first has a free, correct, elegant design; the second, symmetry, exactness, philosophy, but the traditional German hardness of outline. The two are travelling in different directions, but the career of each will be noble. Only, to the first we would recommend a greater warmth of coloring, and to the second, more harmony. R. S. LAUDER (5).—"The *Glee Maiden*," seems not to have sufficiently studied composition, nor to have acquired an accurate conception—last year he seemed to be better inspired. On the other hand—"A *Legend of Montrose*," (123) by F. STONE, is very gracefully composed and full of vigorous painting. R. DODD, judging from his—"Alfred the Great, disguised as a peasant, reflecting on the misfortunes of his country," promises to become a good painter. We admire No. 201.—"The Hermit"—by P. F. POOLE, because it is full of pathetic and natural invention; but the coloring is at point zero! J. T. COOPER in No. 472—"Turning the Drove," and in No. 33, Octagon Room, has given us two very truthful scenes with a certain rustic poetry which completely transports us among the guardians of the flock—the regret that W. Simpson, who is capable of much greater things, has sent only two little pictures, although they are prettily composed and well colored. "Leaving the Ball," (288) by J. C. HORSELY, is a scene in which poverty, personified, stands naked and trembling before wealth personified, brilliant, gay, and scornful. The moral lesson is good—the picture also is good; we shall shortly have occasion to mention another grand lesson of morality and humanity, given us by another painter; but we will first just say two words of A. JOHNSON, who, in his "*Scene from the Gentle Shepherds*," (72) has made a sweet composition, but with feeble colouring—"Leaving Church"—(12) by F. GOODALL, is well designed and well painted; but he is a young man, and must not sleep at the commencement of his career—"Auge! auge!—Perge! perge!" "*Melody*" (82) by J. P. KNIGHT, A, is graceful and full of good qualities; but why, having talent, does J. P. Knight waste it upon such nonsense?

In No. 87—"The Wedding Ring," as well as in his other five pictures, R. J. CROWLEY shows himself to be possessed of talent, which, however, he wastes upon subjects which have but little interest; and it seems to us that he endeavours to produce effect at the expense of truth, and even by unpardonable exaggeration and affectation. On the contrary, well-expressed truth is the characteristic of the works of A. GEDDES, A., his picture, No. 369—"A Spanish Girl," which is well invented and well arranged; the coloring is also good. There is a great deal of truth in R. REDGRAVE's picture of "*The Reduced Gentleman's Daughter*," which is finished with great skill and care. No. 334—"The Wonderful Cure of Paracelsus," does not equally please us, either for the point selected in the subject, or for the execution.

We have unintentionally omitted to speak of the clever W. MULREADY, R. A. No. 99, to which he gives the too indeterminable title of "*The Interior*," is a sweet picture by a painter who, reposing from labor, rests in his studio, his wife by his side, and near them a little infant asleep. When we say it is a gem, we have said all. His other pictures also deserve praise, as No. 116, which is painted with taste and is full of the spirit of humor. But No. 133—"First Love," is a true poem. Mr. Mulready is one from whom his country may expect much. In another also good success may be anticipated; we mean W. D. KENNEDY, although he yet needs much study. Our opinion will find conformation in No. 487—"The Lay of the Last Minstrel." The scene includes the figure of Sir Walter Scott, and exhibits many good qualities, but the painter has still great need to study grace, truth, and chiaroscuro.

The Rainbow. An Allegory.

We will conclude this notice with the expression of our warm admiration of L. BIARD. No. 441—" *The Slave Trade*;" a subject more allied to progressive philosophy, to high Christian morality, is scarcely possible to be found. In the invention, in the execution, in the idea, in the form—in all, the artist has shown himself to be painter, poet, and philosopher. With the man who thus gives a visible lesson upon the most infamous of the crimes that have disgraced humanity, we regret our not being personally acquainted; we rank him with Clarkson, Wilberforce, and Brougham, as worthy of everlasting gratitude. Here let us rest. We are aware that we have omitted many pictures: of many, however, we speak not at all, being not unmindful of the anecdote of the poet Malherbe, who was rich, but parsimonious. One evening, after supper, on leaving the Hotel Bellegarde to return home, preceded by a servant who lighted the way for him, he was met by M. de St. Paul, a wit of the time, who stopped him, and began to talk upon trifling matters. "Adieu, Monsieur," said Malherbe, hastening away, "you have made me burn five pennyworth of torchlight, and all you have said is not worth a farthing!"

T H E R A I N B O W .

An Allegory,

BY CAROLINE PICHLER.

THE heavy storm is passed: huge banks of clouds are heaped up in the far west, and the setting sunbeams piercing through their drifted masses have set them all in flame. Now one oblique ray falls upon the garden, resplendent in its varied hues, and forming a strong relief to the dense back-ground of the glowing picture. What an enchanting sight! It is in moments such as these that nature speaks with all her eloquence to the soul, drawing it irresistibly to her worship, and from her to that of her Almighty origin. Let us pass into the fresh and balmy air, and look abroad upon the green and sloping meadows. See! yonder, springing from that dark spot in the heavens, the Arc of Peace flings wide its illuminated span; and there against that cloudy bank its inverse reflection gradually assumes distinctness of colouring; hundreds, nay, thousands of our fellow beings are, perchance, contemplating with ourselves the gorgeous spectacle, and yet the same hues of the rainbow are beheld by none; to each it appears differently situate, to each it rises and sets at another point, according to the position in which it is viewed, and where its magic foot presses this nether world is beyond all mortal ken. Onward flies the radiant vision—long ere it lose its brightness, further, and further still from its pursuer, till, slowly, fading, it is seen no more. May not a trite comparison be drawn between the rainbow and real life? What is that which decked in heavens most attractive hues, excites all our mind's best energies during every moment of our fleeting existence, luring us breathless on in the never-tiring search—by all contemplated under different aspects—by all esteemed the greatest object to be attained, by few secured.

What after all is worldly happiness?

A dazzling rainbow, a brilliant phantom seen from afar, and when, apparently, within our grasp proves, but a formless thing, a beingless essence—an unsatisfying ever-varying, illusion—fondly believed in—distant, always—and, in this life, unknown in its perfection.

Monthly Critic.

The Book of Archery. By GEORGE AGAR HANSARD, Esq., Gwent Bowman. Longman and Co.

All that is picturesque and healthful, gallant and gladsome, happily meets in the pages of this volume, which, with its gay livery of gold and green, opens like a book fit for the present season of cheerful summer. There must have been a long and tedious time spent in catering for the contents of this attractive work, and thus acceptably producing the whole for the public eye. These archery records are reminiscences of days lang syne, and intimately mixed up with the ancient legends of our land. Few persons could have brought so rich a store of the requisite information to the task as the author of the present volume, who has entered completely into every particular, past and present, connected with the bowmen of the good green wood. The term *toxophilite* savours much of pedantic affectation. Mr. Hansard has too much taste to plague us often with its repetition, and we think the simple habits of the ancient bowman, whose avocation moderns vie to imitate, would fully justify its immediate expulsion from the phraseology of the craft; for although *fabricated* in the days of good Queen Bess, yet were we to revive all the pedantry adopted in that age, the language of our customs would certainly be in the taste of Don Armado or Sir Piercy Shafton. *Toxophilite* is a remnant of euphuism, and with such picturesque and genuine words as bowmen and archers, we marvel how any one can dub himself by so affected a title, as a *toxophilite*. However, we must return to our pleasant occupation of analysing this eye-taking volume, which, with all its archery, foreign and domestic, embraces, withal, many of the pleasantest features of the sylvan landscape; listen, ye readers, to the author's description of the Forester's Oaks, which finely combines original, historical, and antiquarian lore:—

"Within the still extensive, and once royal forest of Wentworth, (Monmouthshire) on the left hand side of the road that leads from Llanvoir castle, is a little detached clump of trees springing from an undulating surface of bright green velvet turf. Two of these woodland patriarchs, remarkable beyond their fellows for magnitude and antiquity, have long been peculiar to the neighbouring rustics by the appellation of the 'Foresters' Oaks.' You will easily recognise them by their form; for the growth and storms of centuries have given a most giant-like, fantastic air to the limbs of the first; and above the finely arched summit of the second, a huge blasted leafless bough, resembling the antlers of some colossal deer, shoots up from a mass of brilliant foliage, so dense that, like another Boscobel oak, it might securely shelter a fugitive monarch within its impenetrable recesses. Even at the present day, I believe the meeting of the forest tenants sometimes assembles there. There, also, the woodmen of Worcester's great marquis were wont to halt, and ease their shoulders of the red deer venison which once roamed within the chase of Wentwood. Other scenes, too, of a more sombre character have occasionally been enacted there. Brief examination and a speedy fate awaited the luckless Saxon, who loving a buck's haunch more than he feared the penalties of forest law, was detected under any suspicious circumstances, set forth in cabalistic verse:—

Dog draw,
Stable stand,
Back berond
Bloody hand.*

"Their trysting oak afforded a ready gallows: his own bowstring the halter by which they strangled him like a hound. Beneath the branches of these stately trees, also the oath of fidelity was administered to

* These are the four evidences by which, according to the old feudal laws, a man was convicted of deer-stealing. The first relates to an offender detected in a forest, drawing after a deer with hound in leash; the second, to him caught with bent bow ready to shoot; the third, to bearing away the venison on his shoulders, and the fourth, to him merely found with hands stained with blood of the game. Edward the Confessor's Red Book contains the following caution:—"Omnia homo absteineat a venariis meis, super poenam vite." "Let every man refrain from my hunting grounds upon pain of death."

candidates for the forester's avocation in the following quaint doggerel:—

“You shall true liegeman be

To the king's majestic;

Unto the beasts of the forest you shall not misdo,

Nor to any thing that doth belong thereto.

The offences of others you shall not conceal,

But to the utmost of your power you shall them reveal

Unto the officers of the forest,

And to them that may see them redressed,

All these things you shall see done,

So help you God at his holy doom.’

Touching the yew our author says:—

Those honours decreed the oak, the forest monarch, since Englishmen first made ocean's bosom the theatre of their greatest triumph, were once assigned to the yew. Among poets, it became synonymous with the weapon manufactured from it; and thus we read of the ‘twanging yew;’ ‘the yew obedient to the shooter's will.’ ‘Son of Luth,’ says Ossian, ‘bring the bows of our fathers; let our three warriors bend the ewe.’ Pope's translation of the *Iliad* ventures still further, and by the violent application of a well-known rhetorical figure, writes ‘forceful yew,’ when speaking not of a wooden but of a wooden bow.

“The growth of yew is now altogether neglected, except where it canopies the humble graves of some village churchyard, or, dark and sombre, creates an agreeable contrast among the gay tints of summer foliage in lawn and shrubbery. In many situations it is considered a nuisance, especially when growing in the hedgerows of pasture and meadow lands. Vegetation languishes and dies under the influence of its noxious shade; and, though poisonous to horses, these animals feed greedily on its berries and tender branches. Hence, when landlords make no opposition, the farmer generally extirpates the yew, once, like the falcon, so highly esteemed, that to cut down the one for any purpose except the legitimate uses of the bowyer, or to destroy the other's eyrie, even in a man's own grounds, was punished with fine and imprisonment. But in the progress of human taste and ingenuity, they have experienced a nearly similar fate. The falcon, from being guarded by laws which esteemed her destruction a far more heinous offence than manslaughter, from being the constant companions of kings and nobles, is now regarded as vermin, and nailed, like a felon, to the barn-door. The yew, when preserved from rotting on the spot where it fell, rarely aspires to uses more honourable than the repair of a gate-post, or as a serviceable log to cheer the rustic group assembled round its owner's Christmas fire. Occasionally, however, trees having an unusually fine butt are hauled home

and converted into planks; but, instead of cleaving these into bow-staves, as did his ancestors, the Vandal fabricates them into some vulgar article of domestic furniture.

Verbum satis sapienti: the materials for many a fine self bow may be rescued from destruction by keeping on fair terms with the village joiner, where yew grows abundantly—a hint not thrown away on those acquainted with the value and extreme rarity of good bow wood.

Amongst the historical anecdotes, the chapter entitled “Female Archery” is well worthy the attention of the reader. The following is a specimen:—

“In Usbeck Tartary, the natives of both sexes ply their bows with equal dexterity. When invaded by the Russians, it is related by the historian of the expedition (Le Clerc), that they almost annihilated the enemies' cavalry, killing men and horse a hundred paces farther off than the best European musketeer. Travellers who visit their country are received with a rude hospitality; and when

Sated hunger, bids his brother Thirst

Produce the mighty bowl,

they amuse them with many extraordinary anecdotes of strong and skilful archery, the only subject on which they appear to converse with satisfaction. These, however, refer oftener to their wives and daughters than to themselves. They say that when the Emperor Aurunzebe invaded Usbeck Tartary, it happened that a small party of his horsemen entered a village to plunder it; and whilst they were binding the inhabitants, preparatory to leading them off as slaves, an old woman spoke as follows:—

“Children,” said she, “refrain your evil hands, and hearken to my words. Withdraw from the village while there is yet time. Should my daughter return, and find you thus occupied, you are undone.” But the old crone's admonition only excited their laughter and ill-treatment. They persisted in the work of desolation, until their beasts being fully loaded, they withdrew, taking with them the old lady herself. As she rode anxiously along, her eyes continually wandered in the direction she had left. By and by, she suddenly broke forth in an ecstasy of joy, exclaiming, ‘My daughter, my daughter! She comes, she comes!’ The person alluded to was not then in sight, but the trampling of her horse, which every moment became more audible, and the clouds of dust, left no doubt on the poor woman's mind that her heroic child was hastening to the rescue. Presently the maid appeared, mounted on a fiery steed. A quiver hung at her side, and in her hand she held a bow. While yet a considerable distance off, she called aloud to the Indians that their lives would be spared if they restored the plunder

and released the captives. But they continued to hurry onwards regardless of her offer. In a minute, then, she let fly three or four arrows, which emptied an equal number of saddles. The enemy had then instant recourse to their own bows; but the archery of India availed little in the plains of Tartary. Laughing at their impotent efforts, she continued to pour in her arrows with a strength of arm and accuracy of aim which appeared marvellous to her affrighted survivors. At length, half their number being slain, she closed in with the rest, and, assisted by the released captives, put them all to the rout.*

The plate illustrating this passage is not only the best in the work, but one of the most spirited we ever saw from the pencil of Stephanoff. The book is admirably got up and illustrated, and will form a very delightful present for personages of some importance in the world, but who are rather difficult to be suited with books at once amusing and instructive which chime in with their newly-attained dignities of captains and leaders of archery bands—we mean ladies and gentlemen of the discreet age of eighteen and upwards.

The poetical feeling displayed in this attractive and very expensively-got up book is of exquisite order; the quotations from our old ballads and dramas are finely done, and the elegant translations from the Welsh bards bespeak our author a poet of no mean grade. We recommend particularly the chapters entitled "Welch Archery" to the attention of every lover of history, as well in poetry as in antiquity.

In the practical department of his work, our author is a complete master, and, though less pleasing to us than as the historian of ancient archery, yet in his directions to his artificers of bows, and in his instructions to send the shaft direct to the mark, he is equally deserving of our best commendation. As a presentation volume, we doubt not it will command an extensive sale.

The Interdict. A Novel. In 3 vols. Boone.

Every one interested in the various phases of Irish character will be pleased to find that Mrs. Steward has, in her new work, wholly devoted her talents to the illustration of the national traits

of her own green isle. She has effected her object not only with talent, but with striking originality, for she stands alone among other Irish writers of the present day, uniting strong pathos, and the power of exquisitely describing natural scenery, with the quaint and comic pictures which are usually the staple commodities of Irish novels. In truth, these transitions throw a magic hue on the whole, and render the "Interdict" a most attractive work—one that we are convinced will be exceedingly popular.

Mrs. Steward is a poet, but she is one who thinks, despite of her laughing spirit. Preference, however, will be generally given to her observations on life and manners, her delicate sketching of character, and her passages replete with poetic thought, to the broad display of her comic humour. For instance we select these specimens:—

"This study was the scene of noiseless and supreme delight, our port of refuge from Quinilla's clatter, our self-warded little Goshen. Nor was our studious turn extraordinary; we were children of the rocks and wilds; our tendencies, training, and habits were peculiar; we never saw a toy, we scarcely knew the meaning of accomplishments: we were quite indifferent as to the form and texture of raiment, whether it were coarse or fine, suitable or unbecoming; we had no one to compete with; between us and the natives of our glen there was just the *grade* which separates the rustic from the clown. Of artificial life we knew no more than what the mimic images in antiquated books displayed to us, or what Quinilla's livelier images at times revealed. We learned just what we wished to learn, and no more; we were never asked, never praised, at least for our acquirements. Our Scripture teaching was not forced and of necessity; it was never made unamiable by penance. Books became our load-stars simply from the unaltered enjoyment they afforded, other sources of a child's amusement finding no path to our retirement."

The story is told in the first person, and this first person—lame, sickly, and retiring, as he is described, the author has, with great skill, contrived to render a very effectual hero of the tale:—

"I have announced myself a feeble, sickly boy, by accident debarred that exercise which might have corrected constitutional debility. My lameness rendered the rough ascents up which our rambles led us

[THE COURT

distressing. When I would flag, Helen would sit with me to watch the cloud-shadows sweep across the mountain slopes, while Marion would pursue her upward course, swift as the shadow we were tracing, her guide outpouring his spirit lore for her instruction. Each fissure had its fairy tenant; each pinnacle enthroned a fairy queen; the broken crags that crossed the stream were fairy stepping-stones: ravines were fairy bowers; some granite wrecks, rather gigantic for such appropriation, were fairy sugar-loaves; a neighbouring hill was '*hungry*,' because the fairies fasted there; every pebble was awarded to these frolic gentles, and every turn of good or evil fortune. Whether you crossed the torrent featly or fell into its bed; whether you bravely climbed the steep or tumbled to its base, you still must thank the fairies, and answer their inquiries, sent in the hollow gust, the moaning breeze and waterfall.

"It is cheering to think on one's young times, to muse on home, the home of childhood, the ingle nook, the pleasant tale, the merry argument, in which to differ took nothing from our good will. Even my aunt's quaint questions, breaking on Helen's story thus—'And how could Sir Amoric fight so well ten days without a dinner, Helen?—and what did Lady Nesta do so long in that deserted place without a change of raiment?'—are now remembered with indulgence, and Quinny's trite interpolations are recalled with great abatement of displeasure.

"This rock-bound home, though not my birth-place, was the only home that I could well remember; and at a distance of many miles, and many years, remembrance still adheres to it. I see our cottage in the deep ravine; the old pear-tree shadowing the pond in which our merry ducklings floated; the *boreen* winding through the pass, the patch of meadow-land that pastured Lanty Maw; the byre and stack-yard, the turfbour and potato-ridge which furnished labank to our needy clansmen. I see our study window, its diamond panes and leaden frame-work; the narrow path, bordered by luxuriant broom which led through a green paddock, to a mountain gap, a rent, you would have thought, was made for our convenience; it gave us prospect of a bay locked in by isles and rugged hills, a seeming lake, whose waters, 'clear as sky, blend earth and heaven in one imagery.'

"Beyond the gap a grassy tongue of land forced itself into the bay, as if eager to meet the babbling wavelets, while these, in turn, seemed with like affection to embrace the little headland, and rippled lovingly beneath the cooling shadow of the alders that spread their sheltering arms on either bank. To stand upon the peak which towers above

this point and looks towards the bulwarks of the glen, you might imagine that volcanic fury had heaved up from earth's buried store the shattered monuments of a former world, to choke up the little estuary. You might picture the chaotic tumult at its height; deep chasms angrily explode their rock-artillery; a sea of molten granite rolls on heavily; the flood is now upreared to spread around its desolating tide, when lo! the resistless voice—"Be still!" The surging waves are fixed and frozen into stone; patches of heath peep forth to beautify the rugged fissures, and giant masses are cemented, and forced to circle in, and to defend from future tempest, this rescued armlet of the sea, this lonely, lovely inlet, now securely guarded by its frowning sentinels."

Thus is the story introduced: it is constructed with more simplicity than Mrs. Steward's previous compositions; nevertheless, it would be injurious to develop or anticipate it, because it increases in power to the conclusion, and turns, to the great satisfaction of the reader, on a very striking denouement.

The character of Theodore O'Toole is very well managed, braggart, coxcomb, fool, yet, when need is required, an intrepid man in action. This is life, and the effect of studying real characters and forgetting the cowardly braggarts of old standard plays and novels which copy each other till nausea ensues, and the reader anticipates every word and action which is to follow. Slauveen, Katy the cook, Grace, and our aunt, are diverse and admirable sketches of Irish character.

Katy's proceedings when re-capturing the turnspit who had absconded from his duties—an "opprobrious animal," as she terms him with true Malaprop eloquence—forms a good specimen of the comic department.

"His contortions at last became so hideous that the turnspit raised a strenuous and lengthened howl, running round and round the object of his terror as if fascinated: the noise was unbearable, I stopped my ears, but my eyes were now saluted by another apparition—Katy Mulligan, puffing through a mutilated pipe and stuck between the door-posts, glaring at the turnspit!—I never felt the full force of an honest stare till then—O'Toole had too much devotion for the image he was worshipping to note Breesthough, who, lulled by the sounds himself was making, heeded not his ancient enemy, but kept wheeling round the centre of attraction. Katy changed from *dumb*

foundered to irate; she stuck the pipe into her apron-string, stole forward, and Breesthough was hanging dingle-dangle by the nape before he could address a prayer to Jupiter. No other tongue but her own sweet vernacular could have furnished Mrs. Mulligan with one tithe of the expletives she showered on the turnspit, shaking him at every soft address as if he were a mop. Breesthough dared not utter a complaint; he crossed his poor fore-paws, wagging them at me imploringly; but I knew the temper of his task-mistress too well to think that interference would benefit the petitioner.

"'You'll choke that dog, Katy Mulligan, as sure as ever John Hobbs was choked.'

"'Don't every thief hang by his own neck?' retorted Katy; 'a crooked disciple! wasn't he distroyin' me?—a brute that I brought up myself—choking's too good for him; to be hidin' himself up the *chute*, o' purpose to keep me in a twingle-twangle.' She was striding off, but turned round abruptly with a censure of her own forgetfulness—'they sent me to tell you that Miss Marion is coming to see you, Master Walter; but the sight o' this discreditable villain drove the brains bang out o' me.'

"'I was too overjoyed to find fault; poor Breesthough, finding I would not interfere, gave himself up for lost, and heaved a sigh so doleful, agitating gently his scanty portion of a queen!—my heart was melted.—'Leave the dog here until to-morrow,' said I, 'only till to-morrow Katy.'

"'Are you draming o' digging up diamonds, to be for humoring the lazy *galoot*; that way sir? how *flawhoole* of your pity you are! what do he deserve, for making me b'lieve that he was massacred along with t'other boy?' She clutched him still tighter, and I saw the animal borne across the causeway, oscillating, to and fro, as he was swayed by the vigorous arm of Mrs. Mulligan."

Mrs. Steward has made a beautiful use of a household superstition common we think to all countries, but introduced with dramatic effect as follows:—

But our quotations are exceeding our limits—one national poem from the third volume, and we consign this very superior work to the undoubted approbation of the public.

THE GERALDINE'S DEATH SONG.

Speak low, speak low! the Banshee is crying—
Hark to the echo!—"She's dying—dying!"
What shadow flits dark'ning the face o' the water?
'Tis the swan of the lake, the Geraldine's daughter.

Hush! hush! have you heard what the Banshee said?
Oh list to the echo! "she's dead—she's dead!"
No shadow now dims the face of the water—
Gone is the wrath of the Geraldine's daughter.

"The day grew sullen; the wind swept through the ravine with a low portentous wail.—Was that the hearth round which we used to draw with joyous alertness?—A dreary whistle was all that it gave forth. My aunt shivered and raised her heavy eyes to the clock, which Katy had wound up that morning—it struck—mechanically I began to count—some pots of inderous embowelments gave way; the wheels and chains rattled, and the clock hammer, like a funeral bell, kept up a lengthened chime, tolling at short intervals its week's reckoning. A rustling drew my attention to the door, and there stood Mrs. Mulligan, aghast, and staring at the mysterious, ever-sounding clock, her limbs so stiffened by sheer horror of the incessant peal, that the fire apparatus she had collected to shed a little comfort on the scene, fell from her expanded apron. Helen drew a stool to my aunt's feet and chafed her hands. The clock, having told its sonorous tale, was silent. Katy fluctuating a moment between superstitious and good-natured impulses, looked again at her haggard mistress, and advanced; yet ever and anon, as she blew a cheering glow from the fast kindling embers, she would cast over her shoulder a glance indicative of wonder, anger, and dismay, towards the awful time-piece."

The following observation deserves to be remembered:—

"Lord Sandford is a will-worshipper—he has no moral mile-stone to keep him in the road of rectitude; no monitor to strike the warning when his whimsies lead him wrong. He is not false for the mere love of falsehood, but because he finds it pleasanter to tell lies than baulk his inclinations. Look at the mischief he has done—yet did he ever say 'twas my fault'—did he ever seem to *think* it was? Hearts are broken by the reckless, the unscrupulous, the insensible, as well as by the wicked—I can vouch for that; but this young man, besides, is full of self-conceit—he thinks "every thing he does is right because he does it.

The step of your train is heavy and slow ;
There's wringing of hands, there's breathing of wo :
What melody rolls over mountain and water ?
'Tis the funeral chaunt for the Geraldine's daughter.

The requiem sounds like the plaintive moan
Which the wind makes over the sepulchre-stone—
“ Oh ! why did she die ?—our heart's blood had brought her—
Oh ! why did she die ?—the Geraldine's daughter ! ”

The thistle-beard floats, the wild roses wave
With the blast that sweeps the newly made grave :
Stars dimly twinkle, hoarse falls the water ;
Night-birds are wailing the Geraldine's daughter !

Poems, by T. WESTWOOD. Hughes.

There are two distinct claims of poetic aspirants in the present era, each pursuing widely different paths, which of course lead to totally distinct results. The first road is travelled by few, for good sense is by no means the commonest quality in the world. These few are the persons, who possessing more genius than self-conceit, submit their productions to the judgment of those, who are used to the task of providing literature for the public in the several periodicals ; thus the productions of the tyro (and we are at all times glad to encourage the young and modest essayist) are subjected to some degree of professional criticism before they appear in print. In the course of time, the writers become known to the public, and, in many instances, their names are embalmed by the favor of their country, before they venture on an independent publication. Such probation has in turn been submitted to by Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and all the master minds of the present century, who have severally reaped the benefit of having served a regular literary apprenticeship. The other path is traversed in crowds by hundreds, nay, even by thousands of rash youths who print volumes of their first crude productions with which they are exceedingly enamoured, but which find favor with no individuals excepting their own dear selves—volumes never heard of, excepting in the short angry growls of disgusted critics, or the still more *insulting* notices emanating from the *pity* of kinder-hearted or siller reviewers. This is the true picture of the present state of modern poetical publications.

MAGAZINE.]

Most happy are we, when a volume reaches our hands belonging to the first right-minded class, for it is pleasant to give a meritorious author, and one, withal, whose talents we ourselves have nurtured and brought forward, his deserved meed of well won praise. Fortunately for himself, Mr. Westwood has patiently pursued the honourable course of winning other approbation than his own, and the consequence is, he has now produced a volume whose true elegance and polished metre will be sure to gain from the critical press that respect and attention which real merit, sooner or later, is sure to obtain. Much vivid poetic feeling is joined with sentiments of moral worth, and clothed in harmonious metre and perspicuous language. Several pieces have appeared in our pages.

The following beautiful and tender production, will strike answering chords in every refined female heart.

Come to me, sweetest sister ! let me gaze
Once more on that dear face, ere sight
desert

These dim, fast failing eyes, and feel again,
For the last time, the pressure of thine
hand,

That with its gentle firmness hath sustain'd
My drooping head so oft !

Thy cheek is pale
My constant friend, far paler than of old,
And lonely watching thro' the long night
hours,

By a sick brother's bed, with nought to
cheer,

Save thine own true affection, and a hope
Too faint to live, has left its pallid trace
Upon the once pure whiteness of thy brow.

Where is the light, my sister, that was wont
To shine from those soft eyes in days gone
by ?

And the quick joyous tones that made the voice
So like a bird's in sweetness!—Both are gone!

Both offered up with many a precious gift,
Ne'er to be won again—unbroken health,
Youth's freshness, and its store of buoyant hopes,

On the pure altar of a sister's love!
My blessed one! I may not hope to pay
The mighty debt—oh? thou hast been to me
Friend, parent, all! with an untiring love
Guiding, consoling, soothing, and when pain

Hath wrung from my rude lips reproachful words,
Seeking with all thy gentle eloquence,
And meek imploring looks, to win me back
To the true path again.—This hast thou done,

This been, my own true sister, but the time
Of parting is at hand, and I must bid
A last fond farewell to the only tie
That binds me still to earth.—Nay do not weep,

Dear one,—to me the thought hath nought
but joy;

I am as one, who, having long endured
Captivity and chains, till his worn heart
Has sicken'd with vain longings, looks on
Death,

Not fearfully, but with a welcoming smile—
Weep not for me! soon, soon the weary one
Will be at rest, his throbbing pulses stilled,
His spirit free.—E'en now methinks I hear
Sounds that are not of earth, the solemn tones

Of our home's parted band, that seem to call

Their child away.—Oh! do not mourn
beloved,

Too long and bitterly when I am gone,
And doubt not that we shall meet in that
bright world,

Beyond the grave.—Again those angel
sounds,

Float on the air, like melodies of home,
Faint, yet how sweet—The world is growing
dim—

I see but thee, my sister—I but feel
Thy tears upon my face—Hark! 'twas *her*
voice,

Our mother's—heard you not its murmur'd
tones?—

It summons me!—sister, one parting kiss—
Farewell! farewell!

But it is not only in pathos, Mr.
Westwood excels, the following will shew
that the author's genius can be playful,
and playful in good taste.

"Why Love himself

Doth kneel in worship at her beauty's shrine,—
How should'st thou 'scape uncaptured?"

THE PEAR OF FLORENCE

Last night, I had a pleasant dream—
Methought on a green bank I lay,
Watching the bright sunbeams play

On the bosom of a stream;
All the air was fill'd with sound,
All rich odours floated round;
Beauty peer'd with smiling face,
From each nook in that sweet place—

Had'st thou been there,
With thy form of fawn-like grace,
'Twould have been a scene as fair,
As Boccaccio's gardens were.

Rapidly the sunny hours
Hurried onward in their flight;
Fainter grew the golden light
In those leaf-enwoven bowers—
When adown the rippling river,
Arm'd with arrow, bow, and quiver
Floating in a wreath'd shell
Came a sprite I knew too well—

Had'st thou been by,
To have seen what their befall,
Mirth and wonder in thine eye
Would have fought for mastery.

When the urchin reach'd the bank
Where conceal'd in shade I lay,
Down, the fairy bark straightway
Through the pearly waters sank,
While, with weapons round him slung,
Forth the tiny archer sprung,
And away was hurrying,
When I pluck'd him by the wing;
Had'st thou been there,
To have seen the startled thing,
His dismay for ever after,
Would have been a theme for laughter.

As he twisted to and fro,
Pale with fright, and weeping sore,
He protested, o'er and o'er,
That if I would let him go,
With a secret he'd reward me,
Some strong spell that aye would guard me,
So that from that happy hour,
I should never dread love's power.—

Had'st thou been there,
'Twould have made the urchin cower,
Ere he trusted to my care
What might free me from thy snare.

But at last when weary grown,
I agreed to set him free,
If he would confess to me,
The name of her, that fairest one,
In whose breast confidently,
The little sprite most lov'd to lie;
O'erjoyed at this, without delay,
Whispering the name, he tripp'd away.

Had'st thou been by,
To have heard the cunning say,
I can guess thy soft blue eye
Would have flash'd triumphantly.
Twas a name thou'lt ne'er forget,—
E'en thine own, fair Margaret!

Kensington Gardens. A Poem. Saunders and Otley.

We are sincerely grieved when we cannot offer a word of encouragement to a young writer whose feelings are good, whose strain of morality is irreproachable, and who possesses occasionally some melody of versification. His little volume is not, however, sufficiently imbued with the spirit and life of genius to justify a quotation from its pages; the author's talents are at present in a crude and raw state, and, in fact, publication till judgment is somewhat matured, is (next to flattery), the greatest injury young men can bring upon themselves, by enemies and rivals being enabled to produce against them a concoction of follies to which they have had the imprudence to append their names. Ought not parents and friends to consider the truth of this statement, and prevent names being committed too early in print? Modesty is the companion of real merit, and young aspirants should feel themselves highly complimented by having any production published; instead of which, too many, alas! think that they are conferring favors. These very youths would be the very last to employ a tailor or a shoemaker, if he had not served a proper apprenticeship; and those who suppose either authorship or acting does not require a still longer probation than making a shoe or a jacket, make woeful mistakes to their own excessive injury.

La Bruja the Witch, or, a Picture of the Court of Rome.

HATCHARD.

WE gather from the preface of *La Bruja*, that the translator considers it one of the best specimens of modern Spanish Literature; if this be the case, either justice has not been rendered to it in its English dress, or small, indeed, are the merits of modern Spanish literature; for instance, there appears to us an entire lack of perspicuity and common sense in the following passage.

"The only *but* which my account contains, and I confess it without being put to the torture, is, the being somewhat heavy. However, my dear friends, would it be just that I should leave in the inkstand the third or the fourth part of that, which my *Witch* made me see with

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those eyes that will one day be consumed by the earth? This unbeweling of accounts I hate to the death. I shall not strip the bowels of mine for the world: it must be swallowed entire by those who desire it; and he who does not, let him be assured that he loses a great treat. There are in it strange occurrences, and no sounds nor even dreams by *Patillas*."

The work itself is the composition of one educated in the Catholic church who employs the medium of a fictitious sorceress to expose the various abuses which have, during many centuries, from time to time polluted the Catholic church. These serious charges, if a writer think they are at all likely to promote among his countrymen the cause of Christianity, whose principles are peace and good will, we should earnestly recommend to be made subjects of well tested historical discussion, and by no means, as said in a recent criticism, have them interblended with fictitious composition. Strange, indeed, does it appear to us, that evangelical publishers, who refuse to read or publish any imaginative works, even if replete with purity as well as exhibiting superior genius, could be induced to disgrace their press with a foul fiction which contains abominations, raked from the dust of centuries, when, in some parts of the world, at least, men were as uncivilized as the present inhabitants of the Sandwich islands, and religion was mixed up with everything foul and idolatrous. There are expressions in this volume unfit for any female to read; far better, indeed, would a lady be employed in perusing the veriest trash that ever issued from the humblest press, than in reading some pages of this polemic work. Not even the noble Christian principle of modern times—the expediency of nourishing in the human breast hatred against Catholicism can be a proper excuse for running the risk of placing before the eyes of women horrors unspeakable. We do not wish to exhort the author, his end is plainly enough marked out in the following sentence.

"Fortunately, the grand week of the people according to the happy expression of *Lafayette*, has placed in evidence before the most blind, how short a space of time is necessary to overthrow institutions and governments which do not keep pace with the progress of civilization."

Above all things, let the religious female avoid perusing polemic novels and romances; and if extremely scrupulous she will not read fiction even when used for the purposes of kindness and piety, at least let her not tolerate it when employed in bringing railing accusation against every thing which a Christian people should regard with sentiments of piety and reverence.

We have also another objection to this work. In the preface it is said that the Scripture quotations are from the Spanish, and that the English reader need not to be surprised that they differ somewhat, though not substantially, from his own. Unless there be substantially a difference, we confess that we have a great objection to any other than one general and approved translation of the Scriptures, as tending rather to unsettle the public mind, than confer a benefit upon the community.

Having thus offered our opinion of this work for lady-readers, we have no objection for the male sex to peruse it, since it contains much of truth in its exposures of the pretensions of Rome in its (supposed) miracles, and particularly with respect to those gullible *relics* on which she prides herself as much, as, on the other hand she grossly imposes upon a benighted and ignorant people.

We give the following glance at St. Peter's as a specimen of the satirical spirit of the *brochure* :—

But what are we doing here? let us see this wonder. Without the need of stairs, I found myself in front of the portico. I raised my eyes to the front of the temple, and in it I did not find the nobleness and the simplicity which is seen in that of the Escorial. I stepped back to observe the Cupola, and found it so distant from the peristyle that it seemed to belong to some other church. This defect, said, I, Herrera avoided in his church of St. Lorenzo, formed after a plan of a Greek cross: in this of Rome they would have avoided it also if they had only followed the plan of Michael Angelo Buonarroti. At the entrance by the gates I saw at one glance that the fluted columns were after the very worst taste; for the construction of which, Urban VIII. took the bronzes from the Pantheon: I was alarmed at the winged giants by the fountains of holy water, and by the multitude of colossal statues which represented persons, who in their lives, were not so great; though they had been able to

make play with the grandeur of the edifice, but not with those who enter it to offer their devotions. It is not the colossal dimensions, that make a temple magnificent; but the style, the consonance in the orders of the architecture, and the majesty which pertains to the house of God.

The little vignette of St. Peter's, the Ponte and Castello St. Angelo, drawn by J. Salmon and engraved by G. Winkles, deserve praise.

One word of warning we would venture to utter to readers,—the well-intentioned readers of the unchristian polemics which are now swarming from the press. Let them remember that there is a numerous and an active party opposers of Christianity under every denomination, employed with fiendish glee in actively gathering together the poisoned arrows which some of the misled believers in our Saviour, are busily shooting against those who are opposed to each other in sectarian strife, and are making use of them against the *vital points* of Christian belief common to all who call on "the Redeemer."

Library of Art and Science

WILLIAMS.

WINDSOR CASTLE.—1. North East view of the Prince of Wales and Brunswick Towers.

2. North West view of the Winchester Tower.

We have just been favored with two portions of a very noble and splendid undertaking now in progress by Mr. Williams, of that prince and pattern of beautiful and interesting fabrics Windsor Castle. The execution is such as cannot fail to give great satisfaction. The engravings are upon zinc, which is admirably adapted for giving softness of light and shade to buildings. This department is under Mr. G. Moon. No. 1 is really a specimen of good work and good taste—and when we add, what indeed stamps altogether the real value upon these admirable designs, that the drawings are furnished by Mr. Richard Gandy, who, as stated, was thirty-three years with the late and lamented Sir Jeffrey Wyattville, we feel confident that wherever known as well at home as abroad—there will be a commanding sale for so excellent and well-timed a work.

OLGA.

A RUSSIAN TALE.

"OLGA, my dove, if thus you continue to weep, soon will you melt like snow before an April sun; and thy beloved, on his return from the army, will scarcely be able to recognise thee."

"God alone knows when he will return," said the young girl, wiping her soft blue eyes with her stuff apron: "when our soldiers go, they bid adieu to the village for a great length of time. Besides, he looks so nobly on horseback, in his scarlet uniform and gold tags, that they will never give him leave of absence. Alas! for the soldier when he falls, there's only one man the less—another mother makes an offering of her son, and there ends the matter."

"The vicar declares that the war will not last long," continued the good woman, at the same time supplying her wheel a-fresh with flax, "and our brave troops will soon do the business of these miscreant Turks."

"May God hear you," replied the weeping Olga, heaving a deep sigh; and as hope in pure souls is ordinarily associated with religious sentiments, she crossed herself devoutly before an image of the Holy Virgin—suspended in one of the corners of the hut.

On a sudden, sounds in chorus, and accompanied by the *balaleika* (a kind of three-stringed guitar), were heard in the distance: by degrees these sounds became more distinct, and Olga cautiously opened the door of the *izba* (or peasant's cabin), to gaze at a marriage procession wending its way through the village. The wedded pair, just then returning from church, were on their road to the house of the bridegroom, accompanied by a numerous party of young lads and maidens clad in their holiday clothes, whose exuberant joy burst forth in loud acclamations. Next followed men and matrons walking with more sober pace, whilst the elders and the *starost*, or patriarch of the village, brought up the rear. Here was exhibited life in its three grand phases—youth with its hopeful dreams; mature age, which thinks ere it acts; and senility placed midway between the recollection of past enjoyments and the mysteries of another world.

"They are happy," said the sorrowing Olga, as she closed the door; "and I—but Heaven has no blessings for a poor slave!"

"Child," replied her mother, with a tone of authority, "offend not a beneficent God by these complaints—that God who best knows what he purposes for us."

As she finished these words, the *oupravitel*, or overseer, entered the hut. The good woman, no less frightened than surprised, arose from her seat and made an humble obeisance. Olga, however, contrived to keep herself concealed behind her mother. This man had only recently been appointed to his office, and the serf knew not then at what price and by what sacrifices those who were under him might escape his persecutions. "Andrew Petrowitch," stammered forth the mother, "I am a little in arrear with you, but I hope to be in a condition to pay you, in the course of a week, the tax which is owing."

The superintendent, without answering, cast around him a scrutinizing look of inquiry, as if he would take an inventory of every separate article within the humble dwelling. Perceiving Olga he beckoned her to come forwards. The young girl obeyed; averting her head, and, without daring to look upon the *oupravitel*, she silently stood before him, as if struck dumb, while her fingers were busied in pulling to pieces a field flower.

"What do you do with this pretty child?" asked the rapacious agent, at the same time passing his hand through the flowing tresses of the young girl.

"She helps me to spin," replied her mother; "only yesterday—but pardon if weary you by being too precise"—

"Proceed, Marguerite," continued Andrew Petrowitch.

"Yesterday, then," replied the good woman, "she was at her work at early dawn and when midnight struck she scarce thought of rest. See, then, how good a girl she is. But she is timid—'Olga, look up at the gentleman.'"

But Olga, quite confused, had made her escape before the maternal admonition was finished.

From this time the visits of the *oupravitel* became more frequent. One while he would offer Olga ribbons, which he had procured expressly for her from Moscow; at another, threaten her mother that he would sell her goods and furniture to pay the tax, and arrears which nevertheless she did not owe. Olga contented herself with only peeping at these ribbons out of the corner of her eye, declaring that she would never accept any ornament of dress save from her betrothed. Marguerite saw then nothing in prospect but utter ruin, or her daughter's dishonor. Circumstanced as she was, few serfs would have hesitated for a moment what course to pursue; and even in those countries where man is not the property of man, virtue rarely triumphs over interest. But this poor woman paused not a moment how she should act. Olga was her hope, her treasure, the stay of her existence; she prayed to God to rescue her daughter from the snares of the superintendent, or that, at least, he would endue her with resolution to put an end to her existence.

She now went in search of the village priest, acquainted him with the difficulty by which she was beset, entreating his blessing and advice. He was one of those lukewarm ministers who do good less indeed by conciliating the favor of Heaven than ultimately accomplishing those ends which they have privately in view. He had himself occasion to be displeased with the overseer, and he now resolved not to let slip the opportunity of satisfying his personal hatred, at the same time that he professed to take to himself the merit of offering his advice for the accomplishment of a good work. He, therefore, lent Marguerite the money which Andrew Petrowitch pretended was his due, well satisfied that the gratitude of the old woman would everywhere proclaim this signal act of generosity. The overseer, no longer daring openly to persecute a family whom the vicar took under his protection, dissembled his rage and deferred the execution of his projects until a more favorable opportunity. One did not fail shortly to offer itself.

One day he entered with high glee into Marguerite's dwelling; this hilarity betokened coming misfortune, and the good dame had not the courage to address him.

"Be of good cheer," said he to the poor woman, "thy daughter is going to set out for Moscow, my lord has written to me to bring him a young, clever, and industrious girl, and as such, I will take thy Olga with me."

Marguerite shedding a flood of tears, cast herself most piteously at the feet of Andrew Petrowitch, entreating him not to deprive her of the only hope of her old age; but the overseer was not a man to be touched with compassion at so trifling a matter; he coldly repeated that he had received his orders, and that, on this occasion, the priest's protection would nothing avail her. Now did Olga herself, muster up courage to second her mother's entreaties, and the poor little maiden looked so bewitching in her grief, that Andrew Petrowitch's passion increased tenfold. After thus torturing the poor woman, he moderated his rage a little; but infamous were the conditions he offered for their choice. Olga flung herself in bitter anguish into her mother's arms.

Suddenly the young serf dried up her tears, and in a resolute tone, exclaimed:

"I will go."

"Well said!" rejoined the overseer, not a little surprised at her new determination; "I will myself conduct thee to Moscow, and, as the journey is a long one, I shall have ample time to teach thee obedience."

Fixing their departure for the next morning, he quitted them to hasten the necessary preparations.

Olga's resolution was taken; drawing from her bosom a silver ring, the gift of her betrothed, she kissed it long and passionately, and internally swore to die rather than break her plighted troth. Marguerite watched her with looks of mingled fear and tenderness; she respected the will of her lord, of which the overseer, she knew, was the only instrument; and, human succour failing her, she knelt down to implore

justice at the fountain of perfection ; yet, whilst thus addressing her prayers to Heaven, she expected no immediate succour, neither had she power to take any decisive step ; for almost all the virtues of the slave converge to one centre—resignation. Night speedily enveloped that humble abode in darkness and silence and the landscape around lay in calm repose, save when at intervals the distant barking of dogs broke the solemn hush of nature and announced that a habitation was here and there scattered over those cultured plains.

When Olga believed that her poor mother was asleep, she arose softly, and knelt down beside her couch. After remaining long in prayer, she felt anxious yet once again to gaze upon her parent. The good woman, who had secretly watched all her daughter's movements, rose up in bed, stretched forward her trembling hands and gave her a mother's blessing.

"Olga," said she, in broken accents, "you are resolved then to leave me, to depart, alone, for Moscow,—may the holy angels guard thee thither!"

"Thereupon, quitting her couch, she tied up a small bundle of necessities, placed a loaf of rye bread beside it, clasped her daughter in her arms, led her to the threshold of the hut, put a few coins into her hand, and, bursting into tears, threw open the door.

"Adieu, my darling," again repeated the devoted mother ; "take not the public highways, but follow the skirts of the forests."

Olga once more embraced her mother, made the sign of the cross, and bravely set forth on her journey.

The next morning the overseer knocked as usual at the door ; at the same time, a *kibitka*, to which three Ukraine horses were harnessed, stood waiting, without.

"Marguerite," said the *oupravitel*, "is not your daughter ready yet?"

Marguerite made him no reply, and her tears flowed afresh. The rage of Andrew Petrowitch may be readily conceived, when, after an hour of restless and angry expectation, he learned from the poor woman that her daughter had disappeared : he himself caused a strict but ineffectual search to be made, not only in the village, but through the environs.

Olga, meanwhile, pursued her lonely journey towards Moscow, avoiding the towns, and creeping along under the shelter of copse and dingle whenever she imagined herself to be observed. Sometimes the cross-roads confused her ; and then in order not to lose her way, she took the direction indicated by the wheel tracks, concluding that the most frequented road must be that which led to the capital. Thus she continued to walk onwards all night and even until the evening of the following day. Exhausted by fatigue, her feet lacerated by flints and thorns, she was on more than one occasion tempted to seek the rights of hospitality in some way-side hut ; but the dread of being taken back to the village and whipped as a run-a-way, restrained her from so doing. Then she thought of Ivan, and resolutely held on her way. The night, had, however, become so dark that further progress was impossible. Olga, therefore, dragged her weary limbs towards a grange which she perceived a little distance off, and, half-dead with fatigue, threw herself down upon a heap of straw.

The first rays of the rising sun wakened the young Maiden—when a sigh warned her that she was not alone. Trembling, she cast her eyes around her, and perceived an old man covered with rags, who, on the preceeding night, had sought the same shelter. He was crouched, in a corner, and appeared to be repairing his worn-out shoes with the bark of a tree ; his long white beard inspired respect, and, a deep scar divided the furrows on his brow. The compassionate Olga approached the old man, "My father," said she, as she tendered him the little money she possessed, "partake with a poor fugitive from her humble resources." She likewise offered him the bread she had left. The old man gazed at her with surprise.

"God alone must have sent you, child," said he, "old and infirm, I am a beggar upon the soil which I have defended—I have knocked at the doors of the rich—and the rich have sternly driven me away, but I have almost always found compassion from the poor. Misfortune which we are apt to attribute to the Almighty, doubtless sanctifies his dispensations."

He then divided the bread and offered part to the young girl. Single-minded beings reciprocate, with confidence, as flowers freely exhale perfume. Olga related her misfortunes to the mendicant soldier who accompanied her as far as the gates of Moscow; there they separated.

The beauty of the buildings, the multitude and richness of the temples, with their cupolas of gold, silver and azure glittered in far perspective; this splendour of the ancient capital wrought by the hard industry of an entire nation, all these objects so new to the eyes of Olga, bewildered her with fear and astonishment. At length, she found out the palace of the Count de R * * *, but paused a long time at the door, ere she ventured to enter.

Andrew Petrowitch, however, having renewed, though vainly, his industrious search after the girl, had made choice of another in the village, and a few days afterwards set out for Moscow. Immediately upon his arrival at his lord's abode, he took good care to speak harshly of poor Olga, who, he said, had run away lest she should be obliged to work. He was just taking the Count's orders, when a message was brought to the latter that a young girl entreated permission of instantly speaking with him. Andrew Petrowitch had he have had his own will would have prevented this interview—for he doubted not in the least that the girl was Olga; and the peasant girl of fifteen who had walked two hundred miles to ask justice, could not fail to accuse him in her own defence.

"It is not fit," said he to the Count de R * * *, "that your excellency should be importuned by such people, that is the business of your overseer."

The count, accustomed to rely upon his officers, in respect to the minor details of his property, had already assented, when, on a sudden, the door was opened and a young girl threw herself at his feet. Andrew Petrowitch grew pale: nevertheless, he lost not his self-possession.

"Have you, indeed, the hardihood," he exclaimed, "to hope for forgiveness, after having thus turned vagabond. It is needful that the infliction of severe punishment should terrify other wretches who might be inclined to follow your example.

Olga, still prostrate, exclaimed, "I call Heaven to witness my innocence; I ask not for mercy, but justice."

The Count, greatly astonished, glanced alternately at the overseer and the suppliant peasant. There was so much natural dignity imprinted upon the countenance of the young girl—there was a something so persuasive in the tones of her voice, that he felt beyond measure desirous to hear her. Pointing to the overseer to withdraw, he raised the poor serf, and was moved to compassion by her naïve and ingenious recital.

"Olga," he, at length, said, "I am inclined to believe thee; nevertheless, I cannot do justice to thy complaints, unless by punishing my superintendent, nor take such a step upon your simple statement."

"My lord," replied Olga, "the vicar knows that I am innocent; if I had a fault wherewith I could have reproached myself, would I have come hither to seek punishment? The order to quit my mother, who is infirm, and who looks to me only for consolation and support, would indeed have grieved me much; but I would have patiently obeyed, well aware that my will even belongs to you, and if I am alone in Moscow, it is to free myself from those persecutions which you cannot possibly sanction."

The Count conducted Olga to his wife, who, after hearing the circumstances detailed, highly approved of her husband's conduct. During two days her thoughts were wholly engrossed with the interesting slave,—then they forgot her altogether, and one month afterwards she was sold to a German lady, whose husband had died in the Russian service.

Olga's new mistress had been handsome, and, like all those women who have vacuity of heart and head, she could not make up her mind to grow old. Willingly would she have purchased, with her titles and her fortune, the youthful grace and beauty of Olga: in her vexation, she compelled her to cut short her lovely tresses,

and, in lieu of the saraphane (or tight-fitting bodice), which becomingly exhibited her charming shape, she made her put on a loose blouse. The poor girl still more regretted her mother's home; and the luxury by which she was surrounded still more deeply made her feel that it glittered but to impress upon her that she was the property of another; yet, the more harshly she was treated, the more she endeavoured to be blameless. Sometimes, the gentle softness of her manner exhausted the spleen of her mistress, and she would explain in her transitory exhibitions of feeling:—

“Olga, if you were less awkward, I could really help you.” Then would indeed the young girl, with a forced smile, thank her mistress for all her kindness, and declare that she should be happy could she act without displeasing. Nevertheless, when this lady was again in her ill-humour she overwhelmed the poor Olga with abuse, commanding her to look downwards whenever she passed by a mirror, and unceasingly telling her that one of her low condition had no sex at all, neither a single thought apart from her service. In order to divert the *ennui* which weighed down her mistress' spirits, Madame Bernal was constantly receiving and paying visits; these were times of rest and respite for the poor handmaiden who then retired to her chamber, laid aside the detested livery of servitude, dressed herself in her humble peasant's dress and gave herself up to the recollections of her former simple existence. Then would her mother, her young companions, the sports of her childhood, and, especially, Ivan, vividly present themselves to her imagination; but, on a sudden, the ringing of the bell would recal her from those delightful reveries, and, in the twinkling of an eye, the pretty peasant was nothing more than a servant in a grand mansion in Moscow. Sometimes she would say to herself:—“My mother knows not even that I am alive; Ivan has perhaps been slain; but if Heaven has preserved his life, he is no less dead to Olga.” Then she would weep bitterly, and her evident dejection drew down upon her severe reprimand.

One day Olga resolved to starve herself; she placed the ring which Ivan had given her near her heart, and knelt down to pray Heaven to grant her firmness to execute this last self-sacrifice. In proportion as she prayed, her thoughts became more serene; she felt ashamed at having doubted the infinite mercies of the Most High, and, in the end, her overburdened heart was relieved by an abundant flood of tears. When she arose, she cast her eyes upon a newspaper; taking it up she examined it for a long time. “Oh, if I knew how to read,” she cried, “I should know all that passes in the army:” and, as if yielding to a sudden inspiration—“I will know how to read!—I will accomplish it!” This hope revived her, and the difficulty of accomplishing her object only further increased her determination to be successful. Again she thought long and intensely.—Suddenly she hears in the street the national air of *Ia tzyganka Molodaïa* (I am a young Bohemian). Noiselessly and slowly she opens the window, and sees a wandering minstrel surrounded by several young girls. Music awakens great interest in Russia; almost all their airs are of a melancholy character. The chant of the slave resembles bemoaning; and the national poetry of the north has a something of dull and heavy, partaking of the character of its institutions.

Olga rapidly descends the stairs, makes choice of several different songs, marks them from fear of intermixing them, and returns to her room crying out “God be praised! I shall know how to read!” She conceals her newly acquired treasure with the utmost care; these love-songs which will, in a short time, teach her how to learn Ivan's fate.

When night-time arrives, the maiden lights her lamp, and, with bended knee, upon her couch, takes one slip and endeavours to discern in the characters the value of those sounds which she already knows by heart. At the first she is completely puzzled by the characters; and the multitude of new images awakened by her thoughts overwhelm her with confusion: but she desires to succeed—she feels that she will succeed—and in the certainty of success falls asleep.

The following night Olga again pursues her task with the same zeal and earnestness. She felt certain of knowing accurately some of the words; and, looking

carefully through the different verses for the words which are repeated, she recognises them with such readiness that her joy is inexpressible. The rhyme, also, aids her further on her way, and she has perception enough to understand that the same sounds must be represented by similar signs; and, by analogy, she successfully pursues her task.

After twenty nights thus unceasingly and earnestly devoted to her task, the peasant girl succeeds in mastering the contents of one page. Olga knows how to read! From this moment she possesses a key to all human knowledge. Soon, however, Olga ceased to be satisfied with perusing only a newspaper, and, from that instant, her thoughts were acted upon by a complete revolution of sentiment. Her attention is first riveted inwardly upon herself, then by every surrounding object. She asks herself why Providence has enslaved her to be the victim of a vain, overbearing, and unjust woman; she feels that her soul belongs only to God, and sickens at the thought of her degrading servitude. In proportion as considerations of her own natural dignity gain the ascendant in her mind, she feels herself enchained in the sphere where chance has fixed her, and would sometimes, sorrowfully reflect whether previous ignorance were not preferable to this knowledge of her misfortune. Yet notwithstanding all these painful doubts, she has many secret sources of enjoyment, and diligently continues to study the letters which are now quite familiar to her eye, and, each day in doing so, the study becomes easier; but her knowledge of this acquirement she hides from every one, with just as much anxiety as another would the commission of a great crime; for, if known to her angry mistress she would be enraged beyond all bounds, since it would be imputed as a fault that she had dared to conceive, and, much more carry into effect, this first act of intellectual emancipation. She has read, or rather almost devoured, the very small number of books which were accessible to her, and now peruses the journals with intense interest. Thus, love, the cause of her sorrows, in sharpening her intelligence, has—in compassion, given her new means of mitigating her griefs.

One evening, agitated by an inexplicable presentiment in perusing the accounts from the theatre of war, she saw a long official bulletin of a recent victory on the part of the imperial troops. The corps of the imperial guard, being surprised, were routed by the fire from the enemy's cavalry; soon, however, rallying, they in turn totally routed the Turks. The Russian Colonel, it was further reported, stood indebted for his life, solely to the intrepid devotion of a young soldier, who had rushed into the midst of the greatest danger to rescue him, and the brave Ivan has been decorated with the cross of St. George upon the field of battle. Tears now obscured the eyes of the overjoyed Olga, and she sobbed, convulsively: "Tis he!" she ejaculated, and fell inanimate upon the floor. At the noise caused by her fall, her mistress hastened to the chamber, and found Olga lying senseless; a small lamp was burning near her couch; upon the table lay several books open, and a newspaper all crumpled was firmly grasped in her youthful hand. Curiosity, rather than compassion, led the woman to render her assistance. Olga speedily regained consciousness, and the first word she pronounced, was "Ivan!" Her mistress questioned her with feigned gentleness, to possess herself of her secret and add to the weight of servitude, that of mental suffering. Olga was on the point of confiding everything to her persuasive mistress—so greatly did her heart feel the necessity of sympathy; but one glance at that countenance, on which pride and cruelty held equal sway, caused her courage to fail and checked her replies. Questioned and threatened by turns, she, nevertheless, firmly maintained silence; the betrothed of the brave Ivan could not yield to fear; that secret instinct, which is like second-sight to the slave, warned her to refrain from speaking. Thereupon her mistress herself made the minutest search, and soon acquired proof that her young handmaiden knew how to read and write.

"Thou hast, no doubt, very culpable designs," said she, wrathfully, "since thou dar'st not avow them? The law shall, however, decide, whether you are innocent or not."

She immediately summoned a public officer—to afford a ground for her accusation,

hesitating not to declare that the slave carried on correspondence with evil-doers and that she had robbed her of several valuable articles. Poor Olga was dragged to the prison, having no hope before her save that ignominious chastisement which at once destroys alike the energies of mind and body, and too frequently urges vice into crime, and error into despair.

Amongst the books which Olga had read, was a collection of Ukases, regulating the rights of masters over their serfs, as well as certain enactments compulsory upon foreigners, naturalized in Russia, when, to use a Russian phrase, "they bought souls." Although such reading was not very attractive in its character, Olga had nevertheless perused the book with great attention, with the hope of discovering in what case a slave might become free; but, at the time, far from suspecting that one of those rare exceptions would be applicable to herself. The poor girl was thrust into a dungeon, with only a pitcher of water and a morsel of black bread, waiting the pronouncing of her sentence. On the morrow she was taken from her cell, and conducted along with several other accused slaves, before an officer invested with judicial functions. There is nothing more expeditious than these sort of examinations. The whip, the knout and the dungeon, were the ordinary punishments inflicted upon the runaway, the thief, and, not unfrequently, the courageous insubordinate.

Olga had remained standing apart by herself: the officer, knowing that the complainant enjoyed a certain degree of credit, had promised her not to spare the serf.

"Thou hast robbed thy mistress, it appears?" said the shrewd interrogating magistrate, with surly voice.

"Heaven is my witness," replied Olga, "that I have never entertained a thought of stealing: besides," continued she, in a firm voice, "those alone can yield to so culpable a temptation, who have the exclusive right of possessing property.

These bold words struck the judge with astonishment.

"I would rather," he said, "believe thy mistress than thyself: here is the deed of sale which proves the ownership of her who accuses thee."

"Permit me to examine it," said Olga.

"And what will you do with it?"

"Satisfy myself that it is legally correct."

The officer, astounded, allowed her to take the paper from his hand; she perused it with attention, and, suddenly, a ray of joy gleamed in her eyes.

"Heaven be praised!" she cried, with an indescribable expression of dignity. "I am free!"

"Free?"

"Free!—this document has not been renewed at the expiration of a year."

"Who made thee so knowing? I believe, in fact, that she is right; but the charge of theft?—said the magistrate.

"I claim to be tried as a free subject, and my innocence will be recognised."

"She knows as much as a secretary of state" whispered the judge; and he quitted the bench to consult some colleague better informed in such matters than himself. He was soon convinced that the slave was in the right: whereupon he suddenly changed his measures. He determined upon acquainting the governor of Moscow with such an extraordinary circumstance, in the hope that a portion of the interest that Olga could not fail of inspiring might light upon the minister. He therefore took a marvellous interest in the young girl's case, and wrote a circumstantial report, describing Olga as a girl of miraculous knowledge, and unjustly accused by her mistress. Whilst awaiting the result of such a step, he took upon himself to soften the captivity of Olga, and advised her to write a letter of supplication herself to the governor, Olga was at a loss to comprehend how this man, at first so stern and threatening, could now present himself as her protector; for an instant she gave him credit for his assumed generosity of character, and wrote the following letter to Prince Galitzin:—

"I was born the serf of the Count de R * * *; my kindred have all died in the
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service of our father the czar Alexander, my mother being the only relation left me in the world, and she is old, infirm. I was sold to the widow of the Advocate Barnel. Whilst in her service, the desire of learning what had become of my betrothed, who is serving in the Emperor's hussars, inspired me with the desire of knowing how to read. My mistress has accused me of theft, in order to punish me for having secretly put this project into execution. Fifteen months have elapsed since I was sold to her, and I have the proof that the deed of cession is informal. I belong, therefore, to the Emperor, and I supplicate your Highness to cause justice to be done to a poor girl who confidently places herself under your generous protection.

“OLGA.”

In such matters justice must be done to the Russian—viz., that when anything extraordinary happens to awaken attention, they neglect nothing to procure evidence for the man or thing they deem worthy of their estimation. Lomonossof, the father of Russian poetry, was the son of a fisherman, and without speaking of those suddenly raised by the imperial favor, which very commonly happens in a country wherein the will of the monarch is absolute, the names of a great number of eminent men might be cited who have been indebted for their good fortune solely to their merit and strength of character.

The governor was curious to behold the young girl who, in her letter, had expressed herself with a simplicity which contrasted favorably with the inflated style of his subordinates. He showed Olga's letter to several nobles, and amongst others to the Count de R * * *, the former master of the youthful serf, and learned from him the details which we have already related, and which only seemed to increase the interest felt in her behalf. Finally, he resolved at the same time to give the unjustly accused Olga a striking reparation and the Muscovite nobility a salutary warning. With this view, he invited all the distinguished personages of the city to an evening entertainment. The crowd assembled was considerable ; the Prince, surrounded by his family, had taken his seat, whilst grouped around him stood senators, general officers, and high functionaries ranged according to their several degrees of rank. The elegance and costly attire of the ladies contrasted with the varied costumes of the male guests, and the majority eagerly enquired what was the motive for all that ceremony. At a sign from the Prince, Olga was led into the saloon. A deep silence ensued : the governor walked forwards to meet the young slave, and all present spontaneously rose up. In the presence of that dazzling crowd Olga remained for an instant astounded : she covered her eyes with one hand, whilst the other was forcibly pressed to her bosom. At length, bowing lowly, she raised herself with mingled modesty and confidence. A buzz of admiration ran through the saloon.

“Olga,” said the governor to her, “you have asked for justice: if I had listened only to sentiments with which you inspired me, from this very moment I should declare you innocent and free ; but the justice that you invoke demands that I should question you, and, doubtless, such an ordeal has nothing terrible in it for your conscience. But first, I must hear her who accuses you.”

Madame Barnel was soon brought face to face with her, who, a few days previously had been the sport of her every caprice. Intimidated by so unexpected a solemnity, the heartless woman stammered forth her charge, frequently contradicting herself in the answers which she gave, and at length ended by declaring that every thing respecting which she had to reproach Olga, was the having manifested a desire to set herself above her condition in life, by acquiring knowledge “which,” added she gazing round upon the assembly, could not fail to prove dangerous to the nobility.

“The deed of cession is not regular,” resumed the prince in a tone of severity, and since the accusation of theft is abandoned, this girl is free and certes well worthy of being so. But her honor has been attacked ; she has a claim to reparation : I fix it at two thousand roubles—which you will forthwith pay over to her.

“My lord,” said Olga, “you have just declared me free and innocent—I ask nothing further : my poor mother will bless you !”

“Your mother is free also !” exclaimed the Count de B . . . ; the mother who has

given you birth shall no longer remain a slave, were she the only one upon my domain."

"And I," said a colonel of hussars who had his arm slung in a scarf, "I have contracted a debt of gratitude towards his brother: I ask the favor of being allowed to unite them."

So saying he presented to the former a young ensign, who advanced with a resolute bearing, and, respectfully carrying his hand to the front of his *shako*, remained fixed in that military position. The virtuous Princess Galitzin, taking off her velvet toque, gracefully presented it round to all bystanders, and collected in a few minutes a sufficient sum to secure to the young couple an easy competency. The loving pair now rushed into each other's arms, and, for a moment were wholly unmindful of the felicitations showered upon them.

When the first emotion of all present had a little subsided, the prince requested a moment's silence, and addressing himself to the Muscovite nobles who surrounded him:—

"All you who are the possessors of slaves," said he, "forget not that, under the *caftan* and the coarsest serge there may be found noble and virtuous hearts capable of performing the loftiest deeds! Ere we exercise severity, therefore, let us all remember that chastisement imprudently inflicted may chance to fall upon an Ivan or an Olga!"

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.—In his new farce, *the Irish Attorney*, Mr. Bernard has afforded ample scope for the reckless, good-humoured vein so happily characteristic of Mr. Power's acting. A Yorkshire Lawyer of the last century takes into partnership a dare-devil *élève* of a Galway practitioner, who boasts, as his best recommendation towards attaining a good practice, his having fought two duels and won a horse-race—indispensable qualifications in his native country, he affirms, wherewith to inspire in his clients confidence as to his professional abilities. The day after his arrival, in the absence of his partner, he commits a series of irregularities and enormities, making the clerks drunk, burning a voluminous brief in an action of trespass, because the ground of action militates against his ideas of personal freedom during a hunt, pockets a writ, instead of arresting a defendant, and helps him to escape; puts on a jockey-cap and jacket; rides and wins a race; and afterwards being desirous of seeing the sporting squirearchy of the neighbourhood under the table, imbibes a couple of brace of bottles; and as a windup to the day challenges a man to fight across a pocket-handkerchief. In

such cue, he encounters his exasperated partner, who vehemently upbraids him for his unheard of misconduct, and declares his resolution of immediately dissolving partnership. Shortly, however, to the utter astonishment of both, every eccentric act of the wild young Irishman, proving in its result of singular benefit to the firm, a reconciliation is as eagerly sought for by the senior, and, good-humouredly, acquiesced in by the former. The whole weight of the piece rested upon the shoulders of Power, and broadly and bravely did he bear it; the farce proved highly successful, and its repetition was hailed with warm approbation.

THE ECCALEOBION.—Amongst the numerous exhibitions of the metropolis which, much talked of are, nevertheless, soon forgotten, there is still to be seen by the curious enquirer into the operations of nature, the first productions of life in the bird, even from the egg upwards in the incubation or hatching of eggs by the graduated application of steam. A novelty which at first excited the extreme wonderment of the science-loving public.



THE QUEEN'S GAZETTE.

VIVAT REGINA.

April 29.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of her Majesty. Her Majesty and Prince Albert, the Queen Dowager, the Duchess of Kent and other members of the Royal Family, with most of the guests at the Royal table went to the Concert of Ancient Music, at the Hanover-square Rooms.

30.—The Marquis of Normandy and Viscount Melbourne had audiences of the Queen. Her Majesty and Prince Albert accompanied by the Hereditary Prince of Saxe Coburg Gotha, visited the Duchess of Kent at Ingestrie-house, Belgrave-square, and partook of *dejeuner* with Her Royal Highness. The Queen and Prince Albert afterwards took an airing in the parks, in a pony chaise.

May 1.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of her Majesty. The Queen and Prince Albert honoured the exhibition of the Royal Academy with a visit: and in the evening honored the German Opera at the Princes' Theatre with their presence.

2.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of her Majesty. The Duchess of Kent, attended by Lady Ann Maria Dawson, visited the Queen at Buckingham Palace, and remained to lunch with her Majesty and Prince Albert. The Queen and Prince Albert honored the Italian Opera with their presence.

3 (Sunday).—Prince Albert, the Queen Dowager, and the Duchess of Kent attended divine service in the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

4.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of the Queen. Her Majesty and Prince Albert took an airing in the parks in a pony phaeton. Her Majesty did Mr. Hayter the honour to sit for the picture of the Royal Marriage.

5.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of her Majesty. The Queen and Prince Albert took a drive in a pony phaeton and afterwards honored the Italian Opera with their presence.

6.—The Queen held a Levee at St. James's Palace.

7.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of her Majesty. The Queen and Prince Albert took an airing in a pony phaeton. Her Majesty the Queen Dowager visited the Queen. Her Majesty and Prince Albert, accompanied by the Hereditary Prince of Saxe Coburg Gotha, honored Covent Garden Theatre with their presence.

8.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of her Majesty. The Queen and Prince Albert took an airing in a pony phaeton.

9.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of her Majesty. The Duchess of Kent visited the

Queen. Her Majesty and Prince Albert honored the Italian Opera with their presence.

10 (Sunday).—The Queen and Prince Albert and the Queen Dowager attended divine service in the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

11.—The Marquis of Normandy and Viscount Melbourne had an audience of her Majesty. The Queen and Prince Albert took an airing in a pony phaeton in the parks. The Queen gave a state ball, the first since the Royal Marriage, at Buckingham Palace.

12.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of her Majesty. The Queen and Prince Albert were present at a juvenile fête, given by Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, at Marlborough House. The Queen and Prince Albert afterwards honoured the Italian Opera with their presence.

13.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of her Majesty. The Queen and Prince Albert took an airing in an open carriage and four.

14.—The Queen held a Drawing Room, at St. James's Palace.

15.—The Queen held a court at Buckingham Palace, for the reception of some of the Foreign Ministers. The Queen, attended by Lady Portman and the Hon. Col. Grey visited the Duchess of Sutherland at Stafford-house. Her Majesty and Prince Albert honored Covent Garden Theatre with her presence.

16. Viscount Melbourne had an audience of her Majesty. The Queen and Prince Albert took an airing in an open carriage in the parks and afterwards honored the Italian Opera with their presence.

17 (Sunday).—The Queen and Prince Albert and the Queen Dowager, attended divine service in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. Her Majesty and Prince Albert afterwards visited the Princess Augusta, at Clarence-house, St. James's.

18.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of Her Majesty.

19.—Viscount Melbourne and Lord John Russell had audience of the Queen. Her Majesty and Prince Albert, honored the Italian Opera with their presence.

20.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of the Queen: Her Majesty and Prince Albert honored the Court of Ancient Music, at the Hanover Square Rooms with their presence.

21.—Viscount Melbourne and Lord John Russell had audience of the Queen. Her Majesty and Prince Albert honored the Italian Opera with their presence.

22.—The Queen held a Court and Privy Council at Buckingham Palace.

23.—Viscount Melbourne had an audience of the Queen. Her Majesty and Prince Albert left Buckingham Palace, in an open carriage and four, for Claremont.

24.—(Sunday). The Queen Dowager attended Divine Service in the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

25.—The Queen held a Drawing Room at St. James's Palace, in celebration of Her Majesty's Birthday.

26.—The Princess Sophia Matilda visited Her Majesty. The Marquis of Normanby and Viscount Melbourne had audiences of the Queen. Her Majesty and Prince Albert, accompanied by the Prince of Leiningen, honored the Italian Opera with their presence.

27.—Viscount Melbourne and Lord Hill had audiences of Her Majesty. The Queen and Prince Albert took an airing in the Parks in an open carriage.

28.—Viscount Melbourne and the Judge Advocate-General had audience of Her Majesty. The Queen and Prince Albert took an airing in the Park in an open carriage and four. Her Majesty and Prince Albert, accompanied by the Prince of Leiningen, honored the German Opera with their presence.

29.—The Queen held a Court at Buckingham Palace, at which several of the Foreign Ministers had audience. The Queen and Prince Albert, took an airing in an open carriage and four. Her Majesty gave a concert at Buckingham Palace.

30.—Viscount Melbourne and Lord Hill had audience of her Majesty. The Queen and Prince Albert took an airing in an open carriage. Her Majesty and Prince Albert, accompanied by the Prince of Leiningen, honored the Italian Opera with their presence.

31 (Sunday).—The Queen and Prince Albert, and the Queen Dowager attended divine service in the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

GUESTS AT THE ROYAL TABLE.

H. M. the Queen Dowager, April 29.
H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, April 29, May 4, 6, 8, 13, 15, 20, 22, 25, 27, 29.
H. S. H. the Hereditary Prince of Saxe Coburg Gotha, April 29.
Prince of Leiningen, May 20, 22*, 25, 27, 29.
Viscount Melbourne, May 7, 8, 13, 18, 20, 22, 27, 29.
Col. Bouverie, April 29, May 4.
Hon. Col. Grey, May 2, 12*, 15*, 16*, 19*, 20*.
Countess of Charlemont, April 29.
Hon. Miss Spring Rice, April 29, May 2.
Baron Stockmar, May 8.
Lord Byron, April 29, May 2, 5*, 7*.
Lady A. M. Dawson, April 29, May 4, 7, 8, 13, 14, 20, 22, 25, 27, 29.
Right Hon. G. S. Byng, May 8.
Marchioness of Normanby, April 29, May 2, 5*, 7*, 25.
Marquis of Normanby, May 6.
Hon. Miss Pitt, April 29, May 5*, 7*, 12*.
Earl of Errol, May 7, 15, 27, 29.
Earl of Uxbridge, April 29, May 4, 7, 14, 18, 20*, 22.

I. L.—JUNE, 1840.

Lord Robert Grosvenor, April 29. May 14, 20,* 27.

Hon. Colonel Cavendish, April 29, May 5*, 7*, 19*, 29.

Colonel Wylde, May 2, 5*, 7*, 12*, 15*, 16*, 20,* 26*.

Lord Holland, May 7.

Baroness Lehzen, April 29.

Hon. C. A. Murray, April 29, May 5*, 8*, 20*, 21*.

Mr. Seymour, April 29, May 5*, 7*, 8, 15*, 16*, 19*, 20*, 25, 26*.

Baron de Lowenfels, April 29, May 2, 4, 5.

Baron de Grueben, April 29, May 2, 6, 7*.

Mr. G. E. Anson, May 8.

Hon. W. Cowper, May 4, 13.

Colonel Couper, May 14.

H. S. H. the Duchess Ida of Saxe Weimar, April 29.

H. R. H. Duke of Cambridge, April 29.

H. R. H. Duchess of Cambridge April 29.

H. R. H. Prince George of Cambridge, April 29.

H. R. H. Princess Augusta of Cambridge, April 29.

Duke of Wellington, April 29.

Earl Howe, April 29.

Lord Burghersh, April 29.

Lady Frances Clinton, April 29.

Lady Augusta Somerset, April 29.

Baron Knesbeck, April 29.

Sir F. Stovin, April 29, May 2, 5*, 7*.

Sir H. Vivian, May 4.

Earl and Countess Grey, May 6.

Lady Georgiana Grey, May 6.

Earl of Liverpool, May 6.

Countess of Lichfield, May 6.

Lady Ann Anson, May 6.

Earl of Cardigan, May 6.

Earl Morley, May 6, 13, 18, 20*.

Lord Hill, May 6.

Col. Cowper, May 6.

Lady Portman, May 12*, 14, 15*.

Viscount Torrington, May 12*, 14, 15*, 16*, 19*, 20*, 21*.

Hon Major Keppel, May 12*, 15*, 16*, 19*, 20*, 21*.

Earl of Surrey, May 13, 18, 20, 29.

Earl and Countess of Sandwich, May 14, 19*, 20*, 21*, 26*.

Viscount and Viscountess Powerscourt, May 14.

Lord and Lady Barham, May 14.

Hon. Miss Cocks, May 16*, 19*, 20*, 21*.

Hon. Miss Cavendish, May 16*, 20*.

Marquis of Hertford, May 18, 20.

Marquis and Marchioness of Westminster, May 18, 20.

Earl and Countess of Clanwilliam, May 18, 20.

Lord and Lady Norreys, May 18, 20.

Col. and Lady Isabella Wemyss, May 18, 20.

Sir W. Lumley, May 18, 20.

Earl of Morley, May 20, 25, 29.

Marquis of Headfort, May 26*.

Hon. Col. Grey, May 26*.

Rt. Hon. F. Baring, May 27.

R. Hon. H. Mrs. Labouchere, May 27.

(Those marked thus * attended Her Majesty to the Theatre.)

General Monthly Register of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, at Home and Abroad.

No. 11, Carey-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields :—

Office for the PRINTED ALPHABETICAL REGISTRATION OF MARRIAGES, BIRTHS, and DEATHS, after a plan proposed some years back to Government, and, by petition, to both houses of Parliament, by the founder of the Harrow Road Cemetery and the new system of exurban Burial in England, —part of which plan, viz., that a certificate should accompany each corpse that a double entry might be made, viz., in the Parish where the death takes place as well as at the place of interment, printed anno, 1824, will be found embodied in the instructions of the Registrar-General of Births, Marriages and Deaths, printed some where about the year 1837—12 years afterwards! The public as well as the private advantages of this mode of Registration over every other system, if not at once self-apparent, is strikingly displayed in the name of John Woolley, Esq. in a recent number.—His residence was in Kent—he died at Brighton, and he is buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery: a few years hence how laborious might be the search, and how great the expense to discover the simple fact where he was interred. So also with persons marrying when distant from home.

So valuable, indeed, do we consider this plan, that we doubt not ere long few persons concerned will be inconsiderate enough not to register with this Establishment. So also as respects Births—how often is the house, in which born, altogether unknown—the place even forgotten—when, such a record as this registration affords might be of infinite value; and there are, indeed, very few Life Insurance establishments which would not at once receive this *proof presumptive* of the day of birth as *proof positive* of an individual's age.

BIRTHS.

Alexander, lady of W. S. —, Esq., C. S., of a son; Calcutta, Dec. 25.
Berkeley, Hon. Mrs. Craven Fitzhardinge, of a dau.; in Mansfield Street, May 28.
Boyd, lady of D. —, Esq., surgeon of a son; Bangalore, E.I., Dec. 22.
Campbell, lady of Lieut. J. H. —, of a son; Dum Dum, E.I., Jan. 7.
Carwell, lady of J. A. —, Esq., of a dau.; Calcutta, Dec. 21.
Cobden, Lady of the Rev. E. C. Halsted, Vicar of Charlton, Wilts, of a dau.; in Cavendish Square, May 5.
Cotton, lady of W. E. P. —, Esq., of a son and heir; Secunderabad, E.I., Dec. 30.
Currie, lady of A. B. —, Esq., C. S., of twin daughters; Etawah, E.I., Dec. 24.
Cheape, lady of Captain —, Major of Brigade, of a daughter; Meerut, E.I., Dec. 1.
Cruise, lady of R. —, Esq., of a son; Delony Factory, E.I., Dec. 27.
Edwards, Lady of Thomas — Esq., of Hertford Street, May Fair, of a son; at Waltham Abbey, May 23.
Flavell, Lady of Rev. John —, of a dau.; at Ridlington, Norfolk, May 20.
Faulkner, Mrs. S. Macnamara, of a dau.; at her father's residence, Paragon, Blackheath, May 6.
Fenton, Lady of John, Esq., of a dau.; Grove End Place, St. John's Wood, May 11.
Garstin, wife of the Rev. A. —, of a son; Calcutta, Jan. 11.
Gilchrist, lady of Surgeon W. —, of a son; Hoonsoor, E.I., Dec. 29.
Green, Lady of Robert, Esq., of a dau., Eltham, May 2.
Hampton, lady of Captain J. H. —, of a son; Mirzapore, E.I., Nov. 25.
Hennah, Lady of Thomas, Esq., of a dau.; Brixton Surrey, May 8.
Hæberlin, lady of the Rev. Dr. —, of a son; Calcutta, Jan. 13.

Hobart, lady of Adjutant N. —, Carnatic European Veteran Battalion, of a dau.; Vizagapatam, E.I., Nov. 28.
Kindersley, lady of Edward Cockburn —, Esq., of a dau. in Hartley Street, May 27.
Maclean, wife of William, Esq., of a dau.; Denmark Hill, May 28.
Madden, lady of Lieutenant and Quarter-Master J. M. —, of a son; Secunderabad, E.I., Dec. 30.
Middleton, lady of Lieutenant J. F., 32d N.I., of a son; Dacca, E.I., Jan. 1.
Miller, Lady of Rev. John C —, of Chelsea, of a dau. still born; May 23.
Miles, Lady of the Rev. Charles Popham, of a dau.; Whitehead's Grove, Chelsea, May 27.
M'Mullin, lady of J. R. —, Esq., 50th N. I., of a son; the Fort of Chuma, E.I., Jan. 4.
Rice, lady of T. B. —, Esq., of a daughter; Rajmahul, E.I., Jan. 3.
Richards, Lady of Griffith, Esq., of a dau.; Upper Bedford Place, May 27.
Roberts, Lady of Colonel H. T. —, C. B. of a son; at Milford Lodge, near Lymington, Hants, May 21.
Ross, lady of Alex. —, Esq., C.S., of a son and heir; Meerut, E.I., Dec. 9.
Robertson, lady of D. —, Esq., C.S., of a son; Calcutta, Jan. 11.
Russell, Lady of James —, Esq., of a dau.; in Russell Square, May 25.
Ryan, lady of E. B. —, Esq., of a son; Calcutta; Dec. 31.
Smith, Lady of Christmas —, Esq., of a son; Bideford, Devon, May 23.
Spens, lady of Major A. —, 74th N.I., of a daughter; Nusseerabad, Jan. 1.
Taylor, lady of C. B. —, Esq., of a son; Calcutta, Dec. 19.
Unwin, Lady of William H —, Esq., of a son; at Allcan, Perthshire, May 20.
Vesey, the Lady Emma, of a dau.; in Dover Street, May 26.
Woodward, Lady of Rev. J. II. of a dau.; Bristol, May 12.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

MARRIAGES.

- Andrews, Ellen, third daughter of Wm. —, Esq., of Salisbury, to John Robert Bernard Esq., of Port-au-Prince, St. Domingo; St. Thomas's Church, Salisbury, April 27.
- Austin, Lucie, only child of John —, Esq., to Sir Alexander Duff Gordon, Bart; Kensington, May 16.
- Baily, Mrs. widow of William —, Esq., late of Jamaica and Horton-lodge, Bucks, to Richard Joseph Freer, Esq., late of Hettingfordbury, Herts; Midvale-lodge, Portland place, Jersey, April 28.
- Barlow, Jane Maria, only child of the late Lieut. Col. Fred. —, 61st Regt., to Philip, de Sausmarez, Lieut. R.N., son of the late Thomas —, Esq., Attorney-Gen. of Guernsey; St. Martin's Church, Guernsey, April 30.
- Barnet, Ellen, 2nd. dau. of Philip — Esq., of Bristol, to Hyman Elias, Esq. of Woburn-place, Russell Square; April 29.
- Barnett, Elizabeth Longridge, eld. dau. of the late Benj. —, Esq., of Spring-garden-cottage, Stepney, to Robert Barrett, eld. son of George Lockwood, —, Esq., of Longmeadowhouse, Exeter; St. Mary's, Whitechapel, May 16.
- Bennet, Harriet Charlotte, only dau. of the late W. R. B. —, Esq., Bengal civil service, to Lieut. James Ramsay, Calcutta; Feb. 3.
- Bisdee, Sarah, ygst. dau. of Thomas —, Esq., of Hutton, to Dudley F. Carter, Esq., of Stanhope Street, Regent's Park; Hutton, Somerset, May 11.
- Brien, Susan, eld. dau. of Robert —, Esq., of Myddelton Square, to John Fosse Harding, Esq. ygst. son of the late Robert —, Esq., of Mount Sandford-house, Devon; St. James's Clerkwell, May 27.
- Buck, Ann Elizabeth, only child of William —, Esq., late of Gibraltar, Monmouthshire, to the Rev. Arthur Montague Wyatt, incumbent of Perry Barr, Staffordshire; Mitchell Troy, Monmouthshire, May 11.
- Christie, Agnes, third daughter of the late William —, Esq., of Edinburgh, to Charles Arthur, Dodd, eld. son of C. —, Esq., of North Terrace, Camberwell; Camberwell Old Church, April 30.
- Cobby, Charlotte Cecilia, eld. dau. of Charles —, Esq., of Brighton, to C. L. Gray, Esq., of Haverstock-hill, Brighton, April 23.
- Cox, Emilie, widow of the late Maj. Gen. Sir George Matthias —, Bart., to the Count, de Crouy; first at the Catholic Chapel, York Place, and afterwards at St. John's, Paddington, May 5.
- Crispin, Maria, Agnes, Jane, ygst. and only surviving dau. of the late John —, Esq., of Hackney, Middlesex, to Charles Moody, Esq. of Camden-town; St. Pancras Church, London, May 9.
- Day, Carolina, ygst. dau. of William —, Esq., of Croydon-common, to James Holmes Lovell, Esq., of Brightwaltham, Berks; Croydon Church, May 12.
- Degage, Madlle. Caroline, to W. Trevor Law, Esq.; Turreedpore, E. I., Feb. 1.
- Edwards, Eliza Maria, eld. dau. of F. W. —, Esq., of Plymouth, to the Rev. C. S. Kohlhoff; Madras, Feb. 1.
- Fisher, Frances, daughter of the Rev. Charles —, rector of Ovington, Essex, to William Fisher, Esq., Madras, C. S.; Bombay, Feb. 26.
- Fownes, Maria Somerville, eld. dau. of the late John Yarde —, Esq., of Plymouth, to Rev. Stephen Davies, M. A. of Old Basing, Hauts; Neatt, Glamorganshire, May 13.
- Fox, Fanny, only daughter of Thomas —, Esq., of Beaminster, to John Dillon, Esq. 32d. regiment; Beaminster, April 30.
- Gibson, Hannah Matilda, 3rd. dau. of John Holmes —, Esq., of Grove-house, Ramsgate, to Augustus Percival Calland, Esq. 3rd. son of Charles —, Esq., of Norton Street, Portland Place, and of Kittle-hill and Upper-forest, Glamorganshire; St. George's Church, Ramsgate, May 28.
- Gray, Ellen, 2d. dau. of C. L. —, Esq., of Haverstock-hill, to C. T. Kilner, Esq.; St. Pancras New Church, April 18.
- Gregory, Jane, 2nd. dau. of J. —, Esq., of Upper Montague-street, Russell-square, to Raymond Yates, Esq.; Barrackpore, E. I., Jan. 25.
- Guy, Charlotte, dau. of the late John —, Esq., of Hampton-wick, Middlesex, to the Rev. Edmond Williamson, of Campton Rectory, Bedford; St. John's Church, Devizes, May 29.
- Hale, Anne, ygst. dau. of the Rev. John —, rector of Holton Beckering, to William Longstaff, Esq., of Fiskerton-hall, Lincolnshire; Holton Beckering, Lincolnshire, May 28.
- Hammond, Seymour Louisa, ygst. dau. of Charles —, Esq., to George, eld. son of William George Harrison, Esq., of Upper Bedford-place, London, St. Saviour's, Walcot, Bath, April 28.
- Hanbury, Eleanor Willet, eld. dau. of Osgood —, jun. Esq., of Lombard-street, banker, to the Rev. William Ayling, of Tillington, near Tetworth; Norwood Church, May 12.
- Hand, Matilda, widow of the late Capt. —, to Archibald Macdonald, Esq.; Baroda, E. I., Feb. 10.
- Hare, Mary Anne, eld. dau. of the late Charles —, Esq., of Berkeley-square, to Alexander Mackenzie Downie, Esq., M. D.; St. George's, Beaudon-hill, Bristol, May 12.
- Harrison, Sarah Ann Elizabeth, 2nd. dau. of John —, Esq., R. N., late of Upmarden, to Captain John Davies, Bombay army, 4th. son of the late S. —, Esq., of the Glens, Epsom; Bombay, March 17.
- Hart, Emily, ygst. dau. of Henry —, Esq., M. D., H. M's 31st Regt., to E. F. Radcliffe, Esq., Patna, E. I., Jan. 15.
- Hay, Elizabeth Catherine, 2nd. dau. of E. W. A. Drummond —, Esq., H. M. Consul Gen. at Tangier, to William Greenwood Chapman, Esq. 2nd. son of James —, Esq., of Paul's Cray-hill, Kent; Hythe, Kent, May 1.
- Hough, Elizabeth E. Mordaunt, eld. dau. of the Rev. George —, A. M., of Cape Town, to Henry Cowie, Esq.; Calcutta, Feb. 1.
- Hunter, Ann, 2nd. dau. of Gen. — of Burnside, Forfarshire, to Lieut. Todd, Ind. A.; Poona, E. I., Feb. 3.
- Iggulden, Eliz., ygst. dau. of William —, Esq., of Naples, to James Minet, Esq., 2nd. son of the late J. —, Esq., of Baldwyas; Feb. 20.
- Irby, the Hon. Rachael Emily, dau. of Lord Boston, to William Jones Prowse, Esq., Com. R. N.; Hedsor, May 7.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

- Keiley, Elizabeth, *eld. dau.* of William H— Esq., of Glanaley, Waterford, and of Lansdowne-crescent, Cheltenham, to Forrester Wilson, Esq., of Devonshire-place, London *Leckhampton Church, near Cheltenham*, May 9.
- Kilgour, Mary, *5th. dau.* of the late George —, Esq., of Balcairn, Aberdeenshire, and Woburn-place, London, to Stephen Burchell, Esq., of Red-lion-square; *Ipswich*, May 16.
- Lyndon, Fanny Eliza, *eld. dau.* of the late George —, Esq., of Gray's Inn, to Edmund Fowle Wood, Esq. *2nd. son* of the late James —, Esq., of Sandwich, Kent; *Holy Trinity Church, Tunbridge Wells*, May 27.
- Maycock, Sarah, only dau. of the late James Dottin —, Esq., to George Sharp, Esq. B.A.; *Bathwick Church, Bath*, May, 7.
- McLeod, Harriet Mackay, *eld. dau.* of Capt. —, Royal Hospital, Chelsea, to Thomas Hill, Esq., of North Brixton; *St. Luke's, Chelsea*, May 14.
- Millington, Mary Jane, *ygst. dau.* of Robert —, Esq., of Ordsall-house, Nottinghamshire, to James Knowles, Esq., of Garside-house, near Bolton; *Ordsall*, May 12.
- Moore, Caroline, dau. of the Rev. Dr. —, to the Rev. J. Howard Marsden, B.D., fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Rector of Great Oakley; *Spalding*, May 7.
- Mott, Henrietta, *eld. dau.* of John —, Esq., of the Close, Lichfield, to William, *2nd. son* of the Rev. Thomas Cotton Fell, of Great Sheepy, Leicestershire; *Cathedral Church of Lichfield*, May 5.
- Newsam, Elizabeth, dau. of Thomas —, Esq., of Cambridge, to John Leslie Stewart, Esq., son of the late R. —, Esq., of London; *Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land*, Jan. 2.
- Nicolls, Augusta Jane, *dau.* of General Sir Jasper —, to Edward Peters, Commander in chief in India; *Calcutta, E. I.*, Feb. 11.
- Norton, Susanna, *dau.* of the late John Bridger —, Esq., of Shoreham, Sussex, to Commander T. Smith, R.N.; *Henfield*, May 5.
- Paterson, Mary Christian Casamajor, only dau. of Lieut. Col. John Floyd —, late 13th Lt. Drags., to Dr. Cowper, 29th Regt.; *St. James's Church*, May 19.
- Penn, Caroline, *eld. dau.* of the late Henry —, Esq., of Manor-terrace, Chelsea, to Charles Freeman, Esq., of Park-lodge, Fulham; *St. Luke's, Chelsea*, May 7.
- Perkins, Sarah Marriott, *only surv. dau.* of the late Benjamin Marriott, Esq., of Jamaica, to James Carson, Esq.; *St. Andrews, Jamaica*, March 10.
- Powell, Sarah Sophia, *dau.* of the late David —, Esq., of Loughton, Essex, to George F. Goddard, Esq., son of the venerable Archdeacon —, of Ibstock, Leicestershire; *Loughton*, May 19.
- Pryce, Blanche, *sec. dau.* of John Bruce —, Esq., of Duffryn, to the Rev. James Colquhoun Campbell, vicar of Roath; *St. Nicholas Church, Glamorganshire*; May 13.
- Rawson, Mary, *eld. dau.* of the late Sir William —, to John Goddard Richards, Esq., of Ardmine, Wexford; *Dublin*, May 5.
- Reeks, Elizabeth, *eld. dau.* of William — Esq., of Portsmouth, to John Hutton Annesley, Esq., of Moreland-cottage, near Purbrook, Hants; *Portsmouth*, May 5.
- Rust, Phebe, *ygst. dau.* of the late Ebenezer —, Esq., of Greenwich, to Thomas, *ygst. son* of John Fulham Turner, Esq., of Walthamstow; *Abney Chapel, Stoke Newington*, May 19.
- Rynd, Maria, *dau.* of the late Goodlatte —, Esq., of Ryndville-castle, Ireland, to Pedro Josada Guerra, Esq., Consul General at Paris; *St. George's, Camberwell*, May 16.
- Sanderson, Miss J., to Richard Willis, Esq.; *Bombay*, Feb. 11.
- Sedley, Martha, *dau.* of the late R. —, Esq., of Danville, county Cork, to A. T. Hawkins, Esq.; *Calcutta*, Feb. 6.
- Smedly, Mary, *eld. dau.* of the late Rev. Edward —, of Dulwich, to Edward Hursee Hart, Capt. 19th. Bombay Native Infantry, *2d. son* of the late Rev. G. —, of Glenalla, Donegal; *St. James's Church*, May 26.
- Sothorn, Harriet Susan, *eld. dau.* of James — Esq., of Eastwood-house, Rotherham, to David Bromilow, Esq., of Merton-bank, St. Helen's, Lancashire; *Rotherham Church, Yorkshire*, May 11.
- Spode, Anne Maria, *eld. dau.* of Josiah —, Esq., of Van Diemen's Land, to the Hon. David Erskine; *Hobart Town*, Nov. 12.
- Stack, Elizabeth, Fitzmaurice, only dau. of William —, Esq., of Listowhill, county of Surrey, to James Frederick Lackenstein Esq. *Calcutta; St. Pancras Church, Marylebone*, May 21.
- Stainton, Elizabeth, *eld. dau.* of Henry —, Esq., of Lewisham, to Samuel William Brown, Esq., of the same place; *Lewisham Church*, May 7.
- Tompson, Lucy, *only dau.* of the late Rev. John Grundy —, of White Roothing, Essex, to James Butlin, Esq., of Westfield-house, Warwickshire; *Grantham*, May 26.
- Thompson, Jane, *dau.* of the late E. —, Esq., to Donald Macdonald, Esq.; *Calcutta*, Feb. 11.
- Turner, Mary, *3rd. dau.* of the late John —, Esq., to Duncan Gordon Wardell, Esq.; *Calcutta*, Feb. 15.
- Underwood, Sophia, *dau.* of the late Francis —, Esq., of London, to Joseph Large, Esq., of Devonshire-buildings, Bath; *Walthamstow, Essex*, May 4.
- Watkins, Miss A. to John Alexander Foster Esq.; *Calcutta*, Jan. 27.
- Weightman, Sarah, *eld. dau.* of W. A. W. —, Esq., of Spelthorne-grove, Upper Sunbury, to Alfred Penny, Esq., of Annett's Crescent, Islington; *Sunbury, Middlesex*, May 14.
- Wemyss, Eliz. Huntly, *3rd. dau.* of James —, Esq., C. S., to William Muir, Esq., C. S.; *Cawnpore, E. I.*, Feb. 8.
- White, Laura Agnes, *eld. dau.* of the Rev. T. P. —, incumbent minister of St. John the Baptist, Winchester, to the Rev. W. Williams, vicar of St. Bartholomew, Hyde, in that city; *St. Thomas's, Winchester*, May 26.
- Williams, Catherine Anne, *ygst. dau.* of Hugh —, Esq., of Machynlleth, Montgomeryshire, to Richard Cobden, Esq., of Manchester; *All Souls, Langham-place*, May 14.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

DEATHS.

- Abernethie, Col. Thomas, K. H., aged 82, Dix's Fields, Exeter, May 10.
- Anderson, George, Esq., aged 44, at Bathampton Villa, near Bath, May 14.
- Ashton, the Right Hon. the Lord, aged 85, of Woodlawn, Galway, and Chapel House, near Southampton. He is succeeded in the title and family estates by his nephew, Frederic French; at Bath, May 1.
- Badham, Dr. John, aged 33, second son of Professor —, Nice, May 20.
- Bagshawe, Capt. Francis D. 5th Regt. Bengal, E. I., 7th son of the late Sir W. C. —, of the Oaks, Derbyshire, Bombay, March 7.
- Beresford, Lady Francis, aged 69, in Lower Grosvenor Street, *lately*.
- Bolland, Sir William, aged 66, late a Baron of H. M. Court of Exchequer, in Hyde Park Terrace, May 14.
- Boyle, Charles, Esq., aged 45, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law, May 7.
- Burton, Mary, aged 90, widow of Capt. —, late of the Coldstream Guards, April 19.
- Churchill, Lord Charles Spencer, 2nd. son of George the late Duke of Marlborough, April 29.
- De Teurville, Countess; Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park, Mar. 10.
- Dean, Robt. M., Esq., aged 52, of Reading, late of Caversham; Pentonville, Feb. 2.
- Dias, Roger, Esq., aged 22; Calcutta, Nov. 24, 1839.
- D'Cruz, Aurelia, Mrs., 4th. dau. of the late J. J. Vasconcellos, Esq., on her way from Guvalior to Agra, aged 27; Dholpoor, E. I., Nov. 8, 1839.
- Douglas, Henry, Esq., a civil servant of 1779, on the Annuity List, leaving, it is said, 25 lacs of Rupees; Patna, E. I. *lately*.
- Ellis, Major, H. M. 62d Regt., aged 29; Spencer's Hotel, Calcutta, Dec. 16, 1839.
- Evans, Robt., Esq., Ranelagh Street, Pimlico, March 6.
- Ferguson, Thos. Esq., aged 55, late Merchant at Calcutta, Nov. 19, 1839.
- Forbes, David, Surgeon, 1st Regt. L. C., of the cholera; Kurrachee, E. I., Nov. 20, 1839.
- Gaskin, Mary Elizabeth, wife of John Sheafe —, Esq., member of Her Majesty's Council in Barbadoes; Upper Montagu-Street, Montagu-Square, Mar. 18.
- Goodman, Samuel, son of Mr. W —, aged 2 yrs. 5 mo. of Lewisham, Kent; buried in the *South Metropolitan Cemetery*, Mar. 5.
- Goodridge, A. F., Esq., M. D., only son of Jno. —, Esq., R. N. late Master Attendant at the Cape of Good Hope; Candonga Miner, in the Brazils, Nov. 1, 1839.
- Govey, T. B. Capt. comdr. of the Ship Asia; at sea on the voyage from Batavia, *lately*.
- Gravatt, T., Lieut. H. M. 2d. or Queen's Royal Regt.; killed at the storming of Khelatt, Nov. 13, 1839.
- Greenwood, Wm. Rev., aged 56, acting chaplain of Burdwan; Calcutta, Nov. 24, 1839.
- Green, Elizabeth, relict of the late Jas. —, Esq., of Linton Abbey, Nottinghamshire; Blackheath, Feb. 10.
- Janvrin, Lieut. of H. M. 4th L. Drags. with the army of the Indus; *lately*.
- Harc, Chas., Esq., aged 56; at his residence Berkeley-Square, March 11.
- Hart, S. Brevet, Major, aged 47, of diarrhœa, 43d Regt., N. I.; Candahar, E. I., Oct. 10, 1839.
- Hartley, George, Esq., aged 30; Dacca, E. I. Nov. 23, 1839.
- Harvey, Mary, lady of Wm. —, Esq.; Portland Terrace, Regent's Park, Feb. 3.
- Hastings, Wm., Esq., aged 85, late of the Excise Office; Kensington, Feb. 3.
- Hills, Scott George, Esq., aged 30, of Kishnaghur; Calcutta, Dec. 12, 1839.
- Hooper, Capt., aged 82, late of the Hon. E. I. Comp. Serv.; New Dorset Place, Clapham, Feb. 16.
- Harris, Wm. Capt. aged 65, late of the Comp. Service, of paralysis; Cochin, E. I., Nov. 21.
- Harrison, Arthur, Esq., aged 21, of Christ Church, Oxford, May 6.
- Hay, Capt. comdr. *Lady of the Lake*; at sea on the voyage to Calcutta, *lately*.
- Houghton, Adelaide Jane, dau. of Jas. — Esq., Earl Street, Blackfriars, aged 10 yrs. 2 mo.; buried in the *South Metropolitan Cemetery*, Feb. 22.
- Mentque, Carolina Susana, aged 42, wife of the Vicompte de, one of the granddaughters of George, 3d Duke of Marlborough, and 2nd surviving dau. of the Hon. John and Lady Elizabeth Spencer, formerly of Wheatfield, Oxfordshire, at Brighton, May 5.
- Montague, Charles Francis, aged 14, only son of H. S. —, Esq., of Thurlow House, Clapham, drowned at Eton, May 17.
- Monypenny, Philips Dunn, aged 28, ygst. son of the late Robert —, Esq., of Merrington place, Rovedon, Kent, suddenly in Lincoln's Inn Hall, April 29.
- Mortimer, Charles, Esq., aged 69, late Treasurer to the Hon., the E. I. Comp., Streatham Common, May 11.
- Paulo, Alexander Thomas de Morales Sarmiento, Viscount de, aged 54, lately a Peer of Portugal, and Portuguese Minister at Madrid. He was the elder brother of Baron de Moncorvo, Portuguese Minister at the English Court; at Rio de Moinhos near Vzien, Portugal, April 16.
- Rickets, Rear Admiral William, aged 68, Knockholt, near Seven Oaks, May 17.
- Torrans, Col. Robert, aged 56, late Adj. Gen. of H. M. Troops in the East Indies, in Baker Street, Portman Square, *lately*.
- Wallace Mrs. Ferrier of Cairnhill Ayrshire, April 9.

[List of charges—for inserting a Marriage, not exceeding 5 lines, 3s.; a Birth or Death, not exceeding 3 lines, 2s.; each line beyond, 6d.—Letters pre-paid, transmitting notifications for insertion, with an order for payment in London, will meet due attention.]

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TO

THE COURT MAGAZINE, MONTHLY CRITIC, LADYS MAGAZINE, AND MUSEUM.

UNITED SERIES, VOLUME V., 1840.

Improved Series, Enlarged, and Ancient Portrait Series Vol. XVI., 1840.

DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER.

The Binder will be careful to observe strictly the following directions:—

The Volume commences with the emblematical Title-page in the present Magazine.

The position of each Portrait, as well as of the Fashions is mentioned hereafter, in the following Index.

Tissue paper is to be carefully placed before each Portrait, and between the Plates of Fashions.

The Volume is to be as little cut down as possible, and the prints replaced in the book on the sides pierced.

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LIST OF EMBELLISHMENTS.

VIOLANTE OF MILAN, Duchess of Orleans, daughter of Giovanni Galiazio Visconti, and the Princess Isabella of France, born 1373—married 1389 to Louis Duke of Tourraine, afterwards created Duke of Orleans—and died at Blois in the year 1408, aged 35 years; this princess was mother-in-law of Isabella, second wife of Richard II. of England. Whole length portrait of. No. 82 of the ancient Series. facing page 1

THE LADY JANE GREY, from the original, by Vanderwerff (*de facto*) Queen of England, daughter of the Marquis of Dorset and Frances Brandon, born 1537—married 1553 to Lord Guilford Dudley, son of the Duke of Northumberland, proclaimed queen the same year, in virtue of a testamentary document obtained by her ambitious parent from Edward VI. Beheaded 1554. No. 83 of the series of authentic Ancient Portraits facing page 81

THE EMPRESS MARIA THERESA Queen Regent of Hungary and Bohemia, mother of Marie Antoinette, and daughter of Charles VI. Emperor of Germany and the Empress Elizabeth; born 1717, married 1735 to Francis Duke of Lorraine. After the death of her father, all the powers of Europe, except England, combined against her, and compelled her, after a succession of disasters, to fly from Vienna; but by the aid of her ally George II., her claims as Empress Queen were finally established. Died 1780. Whole length portrait of, after Schell, from the original in the gallery at Versailles. No. 84 of the ancient series. Page 177.

CHRISTINA, Queen of Sweden, (founder of the order of the Amaranth) Portrait of from the original of Bourdon, daughter of the great Gustavus Adolphus—the champion of Protestantism, and Maria Elenora, daughter of John Sigismund, elector of Brandenburg—born 1626. The fall of Gustavus at the battle of Lutzen placed her on the throne at the age of five years: her name then stood at the head of the Protestant alliance which was combating the Emperor—who was completely defeated by the counsels of her great minister Oxenstiern, and the generalship of Tortenson and Axel Banier her generals. At the age of eighteen she was herself invested with the responsibilities of government, wielding her powers with extraordinary and masculine sagacity. One of her early measures was the conclusion of the thirty year's war—1648. Christina received offers of alliance from every unmarried potentate of Europe, but, in the independent spirit of our own Elizabeth, she rejected them all. Being earnestly solicited by her people to marry Charles Gustavus her cousin who was himself devotedly attached to her, she recognised him as her successor, instead of making him her husband. In the year 1654, soon after founding the order of the Amaranth (an order including ladies) she voluntarily resigned her sceptre to Charles Gustavus, and quitted her kingdom. The subsequent execution or rather butchery of her grand equerry Monadelschi, while on a visit at the French Court, has left an indelible stain on her memory. She died at Rome 1689, almost a pensioner on the Pope's bounty.

No. 85 of the series. . . . facing page 281

CHRISTINE OF PISA.—Portrait of, from an illuminated M.S. in the British Museum, daughter of a learned Italian, Thomas di Pisa, born at Bologna, 1363. Invited with her father to the Court of Charles the Wise of France, she was early distinguished by her great aptitude for learning. She was married to Etienne Castel, a young gentleman of Picardy. After his death she pursued literature as a profession, and became an object of love to the Earl of Salisbury, English Ambassador of Richard II., while (wholly unknown to her) his wife was yet alive. Under the patronage of Philip le Hardi, Duke of Burgundy, she commenced a history of his brother Charles the Wise's Reign, but owing to the Duke's death it was never completed. Charles VI. granted a pension to this celebrated literary lady, but being irregularly paid she had to struggle with many difficulties. Her illuminated books are the ornament of the finest M.S. collections now in

the British Museum. She is represented in our portrait whilst writing in the very valuable MS. from which her Portrait is taken, which is at this time in the British Museum. No. 86 of the series facing page 81

JEANNE D'ARC, the daughter of a peasant of Domremy a village of Lorraine, born in 1401. At the age of eighteen, conceiving herself to have received a Divine mission to free her country from the domination of the English, she sought the court of Charles VII., at Chinon, and, on communicating to that monarch the revelations she alleged had been made her by the saints, was, at first, somewhat coldly received. The earnestness of her manner, however, coupled with certain secret intelligence, communicated by her privately to Charles, together with, perhaps, the dire necessity of the times, had the effect of gaining more serious attention to her bold and singular project: ultimately a body of men was placed under her orders, and she entered upon her military career by conducting a convoy of provisions to the relief of Orleans, accompanied by the brave Dunois and other commanders. In a few days after her arrival the English raised the siege, and thus was the first part of Jeanne's mission accomplished; the next was to conduct Charles VII. to Rheims, there to be crowned. Such a step was deemed by all the generals of the royal army highly imprudent, but the persuasions of the Maid of Orleans at last gained a reluctant consent, and after several brilliant victories over the English and Burgundian troops, Charles entered Rheims in triumph, and his coronation quickly followed. After the ceremony Jeanne d'Arc flung herself at the king's feet and requested permission to quit the army, and once more seek her humble home. Charles, however, unwilling to part with one who had proved so useful an agent in the recovery of his dominions, prevailed upon her to remain. Jeanne reluctantly consented, but now seemed to have lost that self-reliance which she had previously manifested on every occasion. After fighting one or two obstinate battles, but without marked success on either side, Jeanne was taken prisoner, under the walls of Compiègne, by the troops of John of Luxembourg, under circumstances which warrant the suspicion of treachery on the part of some of her companions in arms. Imprisoned for several months, she was at length purchased out of the hands of that nobleman by the English, without any attempt being made to ransom her on the part of Charles VII. or her countrymen. By the active agency of the Bishop of Beauvais she was arraigned before an inquisitorial tribunal, charged with sorcery, heresy, and other crimes; and after a procedure, or rather persecution for several months, attended with unexampled infamy and horrible cruelty, she was declared, as a relapsed heretic, unfit to remain any longer in the bosom of the church, and mercilessly given over to the secular power. Placed in the hands of the bailiff of Rouen, she was, even without sentence being passed upon her, dragged to the stake, and perished in the flames, May 31, 1431. Whole length portrait of, (from an illuminated *Menestrel* in the British Museum.) before she put on armour and at the moment of her being presented to the King. No. 87.

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